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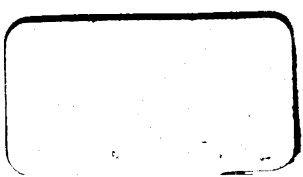

V. Baulch.

Mrs. Margaret Prior.

# WALKS

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FOURTEENTH EDITION.

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BRICK CHURCH [illegible] ROW

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# WALKS OF USEFULNESS.

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OR,

## REMINISCENCES OF MRS. MARGARET PRIOR.

"Lovely was the death of her whose life was love."

"They that be wise, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the st rs for ever and ever."—DAN. xii. 3

FOURTEENTH EDITION.

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TO THE

## AMERICAN FEMALE MORAL REFORM SOCIETY.

LADIES—

A special request from several of your number has encouraged me to compile this little volume, and I consider it my duty to the deceased to dedicate it to the society in whose service the last few years of her valuable life were spent. I am aware that your object in desiring its publication, is simply that it may do good; and if this object shall be gained, the labor bestowed in preparing it will be abundantly rewarded. Whatever avails shall arise from its sale, you will please devote sacredly to the cause of benevolence.

Your friend and fellow-laborer,

S. R. INGRAHAM.

# PREFACE.

The following pages embrace a brief sketch of the character and labors of *a mother in Israel*, whose Christian course was a standing testimony of the power of faith. Her example is commended to the careful attention of the reader, with the ardent desire that it may be followed, as she followed Christ. This devoted woman moved but in the common walks of life, and possessed no extraordinary facilities for doing good, beyond the reach of most Christians whose hearts are set upon similar objects. She had received only a plain education in her youth, but was a close observer of men and things; possessed an unfailing fund of good sense, a deep knowledge of human nature and the depravity of the unsanctified heart, and a rich Christian experience. The peculiar trait in her religious character was, simple faith in the word of God. Wherever she could find a "Thus saith the Lord," her soul anchored upon it, and rested as a child upon the arm of its parent. *She believed God.* In that belief she found all her wants more than supplied. Religion was her life. Her soul was habitually filled with peace and love, and often uttered praises, exalting and

magnifying the name of the Lord; yet she ever felt that she had no fund in store for future use, but must "*live by the moment*," "looking to Jesus." *This* was the secret of her extraordinary usefulness. During the last five years of her life she was supposed to have been instrumental in the conversion of more than *one hundred souls*. An accurate account of all her deeds of charity, would probably more than fill a folio volume. A few only among the many are here briefly narrated. In collecting the following statistics, so much more offered, that the question, how much shall be inserted and how much omitted? has been a source of some solicitude. Particularly was this the case in relation to the journal kept between the years 1837 and 1842. A large portion of this is omitted, not because it lacked interest, but to avoid swelling the volume to a larger size than was at first intended. We are aware that the "Letters from friends" contain testimony somewhat similar in kind, and that, to the eye of the critic, there may be a seeming impropriety in devoting so much space to this portion of the memoir. It will be found, however, that each writer has stated some things, not named by others, sufficient to form an agreeable variety; and that, as a *whole*—like the records in the gospels—they tend to corroborate the general statements through out the work.

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# WALKS OF USEFULNESS,

OR

## REMINISCENCES OF MRS. MARGARET PRIOR.

## CHAPTER I.

**Early life.—Marriage.—Death of children.—Death of husband.—Profession of religion.—Removal to New-York.—Second marriage.—Conversion.—Religious experience.—Benevolent efforts to aid the poor during 1818-'19.**

MRS. MARGARET PRIOR, the subject of this memoir, was born in the year 1773, in Fredericksburgh, Virginia. She was the daughter of Mr. William Barrett, a respectable farmer of that place. Both her parents were professors of religion. Her mother was removed by death when she was but a child, and a stepmother supplied her place. She was taught at an early age to be industrious and frugal, and to rely upon herself. Though surrounded by the blessings of home and friends, she soon learned that vicissitudes are the common lot; and therefore, to provide against emergencies, should they ever come, she acquired a trade, by which, with ordinary health, she could

obtain an independent livelihood. A the age of sixteen she was married to Mr. William Allen then a linen merchant of Baltimore, and subsequently commander of a merchant vessel. She resided in Baltimore several years, during which time she became the mother of several children all of whom, with one exception, died in their infancy. When her only surviving child was about a year and a half old, her husband's vessel was wrecked, and he was lost at sea. These repeated strokes were deeply felt; but no record is left of her particular state of mind while smarting under such sore bereavements. It appears, however, that sometime previous to Mr. Allen's death, when at the age of twenty-seven, her mind became impressed with the importance of religion, and she was led to make a public profession, by uniting with the Baptist church, of which she remained a member in good standing for several years. Shortly after the death of Mr. Allen, she removed to New York, where she could have the society and counsel of an elder sister, who resided in the city.

In the year 1814, some six years after the death of her first husband, she was married to Mr. William Prior, a gentleman connected with the society of Friends, and somewhat distinguished for his benevolence and public spirit. She was again happily united to one who had secured her best

been made desolate, yet as the sacred endearments of domestic life again smiled around her, she found herself ready to cling with renewed ardor to these lent blessings. Her disposition was naturally sprightly, amiable, and affectionate; consequently she found a high degree of enjoyment in all the social relations. During the latter part of the year 1815, she began to apprehend that there was something in the religion of the gospel with which she was yet unacquainted. She had long been connected with the visible church, and her theory had been in the main correct; but her heart had not felt the power of saving faith. The Bible, instead of being read, and studied, and believed, as we read the communications of a friend and benefactor, had been read as a mere matter of *duty;* while the idea of communion with God, through the daily and prayerful study of his word, and the teachings of his Spirit, had no place in her darkened mind. She was conscious of a degree of conformity to the world, and especially of a love of dress, incompatible with her theory of Christian practice. At length she came to the conclusion that religion was *all*, or it was nothing, and that thus far she had been self-deceived—had worn a mere garb of profession, that would be of little worth when her soul should stand undressed before its Maker. While in this state of mind, an invitation was given her to attend a

Methodist church, that was separated from her residence only by an adjoining yard. Having imbibed strong prejudices against the Methodists, the request was refused; but her own church being at some distance, she was induced one sabbath morning to select a place beneath a shade-tree, in her yard, where she could hear unperceived. During the service the truth came home with new power, and made an impression that led her to feel that she must hear it *there* again; and the next time she was induced to go within the door, and remain, a most attentive hearer. It was not long before she placed herself, in deep anguish of spirit, at the altar, among those who were inquiring what they should do to be saved. Her gay attire contrasted so strongly with the plainness and simplicity around her, that she attracted special notice—and her exercises of mind soon awakened a deep interest in her case. Her eye was directed to the Cross; she beheld the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world as slain for *her*, as having loved and given himself for her; and the view was so clear, that it filled her soul with peace, and she went her way rejoicing. From this time onward it may be truly said, her path became "as the shining light, shining more and more, unto the perfect day."

Her conflicts with temptation were frequent and often protracted; but she was habitually enabled

to exclaim in the result, "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Whenever a question of duty seemed doubtful, even in little things, her mind was deeply exercised, and she could not rest till she felt that the will of the Lord was clear. The study of the Bible became a source of such enjoyment that it was, literally, more than her meat and drink. For more than a year it was her constant practice to read it upon her knees, in her closet, many times a day and often at night, sometimes getting up after all in her house were fast asleep, and stealing away where she could be alone with her Bible and her God. Often on such occasions, while "in prayer her soul drew near the Lord," her lips were tuned to praise, and she could adopt the language of the poet—

> "The more thy glories strike my sight,
> The lower still I lie;
> Thus while I sink my joys arise,
> Immeasurably high."

Religion was now found to be a glorious reality, making her happy in God, "all the day long." Her views of her own great unworthiness and entire dependance, and of the nature and desert of sin, were such as are often imparted to the believer when Jesus is revealed to the soul, through the Word and the Spirit; and she soon attained such habitual deadness to the world, heavenly-mindedness, and entire consecration to the service

of Christ, that she was eminently prepared to be a living witness of the power of faith. During the year 1819 she united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and remained a beloved member of that communion till her death. The reasons she gave for uniting with this people were, that there appeared to be more Christian simplicity, and a richer daily experience of the love of Christ among its members, at that time, than elsewhere.

From this date onward, Mrs. Prior was ever actively engaged in the cause of benevolence. Soon after the New York Orphan Asylum was instituted she became one of its board of managers, was also a stated visiter at the house of refuge; and many of the inmates of both these institutions will, doubtless, remember her faithful counsel and earnest prayers both in this world and another. She was in the habit of visiting the asylum on the holydays, and distributing baskets of presents to the children. She said they were deprived of their parents, and had no friends to bestow the little gifts that other children expect on such occasions; and the privilege of conferring such favors was a source of quite as much enjoyment to her as to them.

During the winter of 1818 and '19, the weather was uncommonly severe, and no public fund was provided in the city for supplying the necessities of the poor. She had visited much among the

destitute of the ninth ward, and in order to extend some relief to them, she made an arrangement with a benevolent lady who lived next door to her residence, to prepare soup three times a week, and gave notice that they might come for it at stated times. All who applied were visited personally, and, if found deserving, received tickets permitting them to come again. The necessary ingredients were given by Mr. Prior and others who favored the object; no pains were spared to make it a palatable beverage, and during the two winters over seven hundred gallons were distributed among the sick and suffering; and many were probably thus kept from actual starvation. These, and similar deeds of mercy, tended to enlarge her heart; while she watered others she was watered also herself, and felt continually the truth of the assertion, "It is more blessed to give than to receive.'

## CHAPTER II.

Domestic character.—Instances of self-denial.—Residence at Bowery Hill.—Walks of usefulness.—Organizes and sustains a school for poor children.—Mind exercised in behalf of destitute orphans.—Adopted a sick infant from the Orphan Asylum.—Consequent trials.—Early conversion and death of the child.—Adopts another motherless infant.

> Departed Saint! how lovely was thy life!
> How fine the symmetry that sweetly graced
> Thy character in every varied shade.
> Thou hadst a woman's heart—a woman's love,
> In woman's best estate—redeemed by grace.
> A mother's pity for those not thy own
> Waked tender chords—chords ever tuned to love
> Such *friends* as thou, the poor too often find
> 'Like angels' visits, few and far between.'

Lest the reader should suppose, from the past or subsequent chapters, that the beloved subject of this memoir was led by her interest for others to neglect the duties of *home*, it may be proper to state, that the united testimony of her family, and of all who knew her, would prove the reverse of this. She was remarkably devoted to her husband—regarded his comfort and his temporal interests with unremitting care; and few know or practise better "the art of making *home* happy," or more highly appreciate duty in this respect, than did this humble, self-denying Christian. Often have we heard her remark, when speaking of the

indiscretion and remissness of many who sustain the responsible relation of "wife," "A wise woman buildeth up her house, but a foolish one pulleth it down." She possessed a singular comprehensiveness of mind, a judgment and practical wisdom of the highest order, and a remarkable quickness and delicacy of feeling, that led her to discern the right almost intuitively; and her example in all the domestic relations was ever in accordance with her perceptions of right. She was an early riser. In her household arrangements, the rule was strictly observed, "A place for everything, and everything in its place." No visiter at her house ever saw anything like confusion, or want of neatness, in drawers, closets, or wardrobe. System and order were also manifest in all the daily routine that came under her direction.

She kept an account of whatever was brought in, and graduated her family expenses on a scale of economy that enabled her daily to save something for the poor. As an instance of this,—her husband allowed a dollar per week, to hire assistance in washing. If at any time she fell short of the amount she wished to give to a special object, instead of hiring aid, she would go into the wash-room herself, and with the help of the domestic, have everything done and put away before her husband returned from his store at evening, give

her dollar to the charitable purpose, and he know not that she had even wet her hands. It may be said, perhaps, there was no necessity for this, as Mr. Prior was benevolent, and ever ready to aid her charitable projects. True, it was not needful; but then this was her way of doing the thing, and she felt that the personal effort was made a blessing to herself, of greater value than the sum saved by it.

During most of the time intervening between 1819 and 1828 her residence was on Bowery hill, in the upper part of the city. As this was a period of more than ordinary interest in the history of her eventful life, it may gratify the reader to be introduced to her little domicil, that he may give "a local habitation and a name" to the spot of earth where this beloved disciple for a time

> "Held converse with the skies,
> And filled her urn where those pure waters rise."

The site of ground embracing her residence was on a small elevation, overlooking a portion of the city, and the two beautiful rivers by which it is bounded on either side. Her house was large and commodious, surrounded by a pleasant yard and wide garden, filled with a choice collection of flowers and shrubbery, and environed with fruit and shade trees. A row of poplars and horse-chestnut overshadowed the walk that led from the yard to the street; and thus, though in the midst

of a great city, she was not shut out from the beauties of nature on a small scale, and her love of the works of God was so ardent, that her heart frequently overflowed with gratitude for what her eyes beheld. Mrs. M——, a beloved Christian sister, with whom she often took sweet counsel, and walked, or rode, to the house of God in company, occupied a similar situation, a few rods from her dwelling; and to her we are indebted for most of the statements contained in this chapter. Mrs. M—— asserts, that in her visits of mercy during these years, they walked together at least *one hundred miles;* that among those visited, Mrs. P. would select individuals, and sometimes destitute mothers and children, and support them in some cases for months together, till they were placed in a situation to sustain themselves.

In 1822, after visiting in the neighborhood around her, and learning its moral wants, she established a school for the children of the poor, hired a teacher, and visited it weekly for conversation and prayer.* In order that this laudable enterprise might be continued, several Christian friends to whom she applied, contributed pecuniary aid from time to time.

After the death of her seventh child, her mind was much exercised about becoming a mother to the motherless. She carried the matter once and again to the mercy-seat, and at length resolved,

* Mrs. Prior contributed personally $100 per annum to sustain this school.

with her husband's consent, to adopt an orphan child that they could love and cherish as their own. After some consultation the arrangement was made to select such a child from the orphan asylum. Mrs. Prior accordingly went to the institution and communicated her intention. She passed from room to room, observing some with whose looks she was pleased, but fixing upon none. As she entered the nursery, the first object that attracted her attention was a little infant lying in its nurse's arms, wan and wasted with sickness. It moaned piteously as she approached it, and reached its tiny arms toward her as if it would have said, "*Do take me.*" The suggestion at once came to her mind, "There's no charity in taking a *healthy, pretty child*, but there would be in taking *a sick one.*" She said had an audible voice from Heaven whispered this in her ear, she would not have felt more strongly impressed that if an act of *charity* was designed, duty called her to choose this child in preference to any other. It was but a few months old, by some accident had received a severe injury of the spine, and had been sick almost from its birth. She learned that its mother was a Christian, and with her dying breath had resigned it to the keeping of her covenant God—apparently in the strongest exercise of faith. Mrs. Prior was troubled in spirit, for she had sought counsel of the Lord in this mattter, and now felt that his

will was manifest—but she was not ready for the sacrifice. She went home in silence with a load at her heart, purposing to state the case to her husband, and thinking if he objected, as she expected he would, it might relieve her from further sense of responsibility. Mr. Prior listened patiently to the matter, but gave no decided opinion for more than a week. During this time her exercise of mind was such, that she was made fully willing to encounter any self-denial required, in case her husband gave his free consent. She had made a renewed consecration of all her powers to her blessed Master, for any service he might appoint; and his love had been again revealed to her as an ocean without bottom or shore. She felt that the wide arm of mercy was spread out, enfolding a world in its embrace, and that her highest honor and happiness would be, to have her will and affections sweetly mingling and commingling in this ocean of love, and appropriated only to uses of benevolence—such benevolence, in kind, as moved the heart of the Son of God, while fulfilling his embassy to earth.

One sabbath after a season of silent meditation, Mr. P. came in and said to her very pleasantly, "Margaret, thee can take that child, if thee pleases." The question was thus settled, and poor Adeline—for that was her name—found foster parents, who, as far as possible, supplied

what few children who have once lost it ever know—

"A mother's love, — a father's care."

Owing to the injury alluded to, the child retained the helplessness of infancy till over three years old, and could neither sit nor stand. It was ascertained that her back, instead of being badly injured was *broken;* her sufferings were often intense, and the skill of physicians failed to impart relief. She was nursed with maternal tenderness by day and night, but the labor of taking care of her was truly arduous, requiring a degree of fortitude and unwearied patience, that even parents are seldom called to exercise. Mrs. Prior regarded this as a special dispensation of Providence for the trial of her faith; and it proved a school in which she was taught many salutary lessons. She found occasionally that there was still much in her naturally high and independent spirit that needed to be subdued and moulded, so that in all circumstances it might be patient and Christ-like. The adversary often assailed her in such a manner that when she had been broken of her rest at night, or obliged to perform repeated tiresome offices for the child by day, she was so strongly tempted to impatience, that the perspiration would stand in drops upon her face, while her heart was lifted in ejaculatory supplication for *grace to help.* When thus employed, with poor Adeline in her

arms, she would frequently repeat aloud the words of inspiration, "Let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing;" and, to her surprise, the first words her little charge attempted to utter, were lisped in broken accents—"Et patence hab it perfet wut, at 'e may pe perfet an tire, wantin notin."

When the little sufferer was between three and four years old, as Mrs. Prior sat ruminating one day upon the care and toil that had been so long bestowed upon her, and the inefficacy of all known means of relief, her mind was directed to the Great Physician, and the thought suddenly occurred to her that a kind of stay might be prepared that would give support to the slender, broken body, and perhaps relieve her. She immediately went to a chest of linen, tore some strong cloth into strips, and bandaged the chest and limbs. From this time the child gained strength and was soon able to sit alone, and afterward to stand and walk. Her disposition became amiable, docile, and very affectionate, and this, with her peculiar suffering, entwined her more and more closely around the maternal heart that had endured so much on her behalf. She improved rapidly, and soon evinced an understanding of religious truth remarkable for one of her years.

When between ten and eleven years old, it was manifest that her back and chest were growing

together in such a manner that life could not long be preserved. For sometime previous to this development, she had been regarded as one of "the lambs" that Jesus had "gathered with his arm," and folded to his bosom: and the evidence of early piety in her case was so marked, that none who knew her doubted its being genuine. She met death with a smile, and went down to the dark valley rejoicing in her Savior, fully expecting soon to sing his praises among that company of little children, whose hosannas mingle in the music of the heavenly choir.

> "Short pain, short grief, frail child, were thine;
> Now, joys eternal and divine."

When this painfully pleasing scene had closed, Mrs. Prior was led to rejoice greatly in the Lord, that he had permitted her to be instrumental in polishing a gem to sparkle for ever in her Redeemer's crown. From this time till she went to join her in glory, she seemed to cherish the impression, that her loved Adeline was made a ministering spirit to watch around her path, and beside her bed, and that sleeping or waking, she was often near.

Previous to Adeline's death, Mrs. P. had adopted another infant, whose mother had died when it was but five days old. Though at that time over fifty years of age, she also brought up this child by hand, and spared no pains to train her in the nur-

ture and admonition of the Lord. She was the occasion of much solicitude during the years of childhood, and ever the subject of daily prayer. This child survives Mrs. P., and was privileged to watch by the dying bed, and perform those little offices of kindness that parents so much prize, till the heart that loved her had ceased to beat.

## CHAPTER III.

**Testimony of her class-leader.—Incidents related by Henry ——.—Method adopted in convincing him of sin.—Labors for an impenitent family, all of whom were subsequently converted.—Interest in the Temperance cause.—Trial because members of the church dealt in alcohol.—Leaves her class for some months.—Conflict with temptations.—Rich experience.**

> "Sweet is the tear that from some Howard's eye
> Drops on the cheek of one he lifts from earth."
>
> COLERIDGE.

BESIDE the two children alluded to in the last chapter, Mrs. Prior took several of different ages, kept them for a time, and taught them correct habits, and obedience to the commands of God. Her attachment to children was peculiarly strong; and as love begets love, she ever found her affection reciprocated by the wide circle of youth among whom she had the happiness to move.

Mr. F——, an aged father, who was for eight years her class-leader, recently communicated the following: When the people were collecting to attend her funeral, previous to the service, a man accosted him who used to live with her when a boy. Mr. F—— did not at first recognise him; but as he inquired, "Don't you remember Henry?" the associations of other years were at once re-

called. They conversed a few moments in reference to her many acts of benevolence, when the man remarked with some emotion, "No one can know more of that than I do. I have many a time carried as much provision as I could lift, and distributed by her direction to one poor family and another; and sometimes when my arms were too full she would help me." The immortal Coleridge has beautifully said:

> "He that works me good with unmoved face,
> Does it but half: he chills me while he aids
> My Benefactor, not my Brother Man!"

Such a philanthropist was not Mrs. Prior. While distributing her alms, she ever sympathized in the sorrows of the afflicted, counselled them concerning temporal matters, as one who had a mother's heart, then talked to them about the soul, and tenderly entreated them to read and obey the word of God. Mr. —— stated, that when he first saw her, he was a poor boy, roaming in the streets. She took him into her house and kept him several years. [Whether he felt that he owed to her his present respectable appearance and pleasant settlement in life, he did not say; but it is not improbable, had the inquiry been made, that his testimony would have been to that effect.] He remarked, that a small circumstance occurred when he lived with her, that always made him feel ashamed when he thought of it. It was this. Mrs. Prior had gone

out for the afternoon, and left him alone with the domestic. Being disposed to play, he put a corn upon a fishhook, and threw it in the yard to a chicken. The chick swallowed the bait, hook and all. The hook caught in the throat, and all his efforts to extricate it proved unavailing. He was greatly troubled, fearing Mrs. Prior would be highly displeased with him, and so he cut the line from the hook as close to the bill as possible, and charged the girl not to tell. Mrs. Prior came home, and nothing was said of what had happened. The poor chick drooped two or three days and died. The hook was found in its throat, and Henry suspected with having done the mischief. To screen himself from blame he denied it, but the servant girl betrayed him; and as he refused to confess his fault, Mrs. Prior took him to an upper room alone, locked the door, desired him to kneel, and knelt beside him, and then told the Lord, weeping, "what a wicked boy he had been in telling a lie, and persisting in it,—how greatly he had sinned against *him* by so doing: she was sorry he had killed the chicken and caused it to suffer, but that was a trifle compared with *denying the truth.*" Thus she prayed and labored with him for an hour. He held out as long as possible, but at length her tenderness overcame him,—he was subdued, and confessed the whole—was greatly humbled—and an impression was made on

his mind never to be forgotten. Mr. F—— states, that while in his class, she was constantly engaged in carrying out some benevolent purpose. At one time a destitute but interesting family lived near her, who were all impenitent. The father had struggled faithfully and long to rise above extreme want, but could seldom obtain employment—was at this time without any, and truly disheartened. Mrs. Prior, after understanding the circumstances, hired him to work in her garden, so that she might have an opportunity to talk to him daily about the subject of religion. She also supplied the wants of his wife and four children. In a little time the man was hopefully converted. He became dangerously ill, and was confined for several weeks. During his sickness, her attentions continued unremitting, and the confidence and gratitude of the family were so fully secured, that her word became as an oracle among them. The father died in faith, testifying of his love to Christ with his dying breath. The mother was in feeble health, and Mrs. Prior took two of the daughters to her home, till further provision could be made for them, obtained assistance for the others, and continued her efforts in their behalf till the whole family gave evidence of saving conversion. There are several living witnesses of this exhibition of her fidelity to the law of love. Mr. F—— states farther, that her testimony at class-meeting evinced

deep humility, and was ever calculated to "abase self, and exalt Christ." She would often remark, "My greatest desire is, that self may be entirely crucified, and that my blessed Jesus may be all in all." Whatever good resulted from her labors she attributed to grace alone; and when led to speak of it, her end seemed to be, to praise and magnify the name of the Lord, that he permitted so vile a worm to do anything in his service.

She was early enlisted in the temperance cause, and labored untiringly to persuade men, women, and children, to sign the pledge. Several individuals who were members of the church dealt in alcohol. This exceedingly distressed her; she expostulated with them in love and faithfulness, and often with tears; but their *interest* was concerned, and they would not be persuaded to abandon the guilty traffic. She was so much tried on this account that she did not meet with her class, or go to the communion table, for several months. During this period she was assailed by many and fierce temptations. Plausible arguments were presented to her mind in favor of regarding all time as alike holy, and of serving the Lord in her own way, out of the pale of the visible church. She did not lose her hold of Christ, or in any way backslide; but she had a sore conflict with the powers of darkness. She once remarked, that her experience at this time taught her, as nothing else

could have done, how to sympathize with others in similar trials.

Previous to this it had become her habitual practice to impute all moral actions to the influence of either a good or bad spirit in connexion with human agency. Consequently whatever view of truth or error was presented it was prayerfully canvassed, and the question proposed, "Is it in accordance with the word of God?" "Was it dictated by the Holy Spirit?" or, "Did it come from the father of lies?" This practice was continued to the end of life, and made many a rough way smooth in her weary pilgrimage. The sabbath question was soon settled by an appeal to "the law and the testimony;" also the question about the church. Her design in staying away from the communion had been to rebuke the sin alluded to; but at the end of ten months she received a special baptism of the Spirit, and her heart was so filled with love that she returned to her class meeting, to pour out her overflowing emotions in testimony of what God had done for her soul. She was no more disposed to justify the sale of ardent spirits than before, but had come to the conclusion that as the sin of her brethren had been reproved both privately and openly, she could do no more; the communion table was not *theirs*, but the Lord's, and if they dared to come to it without clean hands and pure hearts, they alone must account for it, and

nothing could be gained by her continued sacrifice of the privileges she so much prized.

When quite young, like too many others, she acquired the habit of using snuff, and continued it for many years, without much reflection upon the inconsistency of the practice. A time came, however, when she was led to feel that she must resign this cherished indulgence. After beginning to labor in behalf of temperance, an individual who had been many times entreated in vain to sign the pledge, reminded her of her love of snuff, and her unwillingness to relinquish it. She saw and felt the force of the reproof, and at once took the matter to her closet. A friend writes who once heard her relate this circumstance, "She said, 'On querying with the unseen monitor the reason of the sacrifice that seemed to be required of me, the answer to my mind was, "I will have thee without spot or blemish," my heart responded, "Lord, I am full of spots and blemishes."' And the touching manner in which she expressed this, and the internal purity so evident in her countenance, I can never forget."

It cost a severe struggle, but after the conquest was gained she realized that a clog had been rolled off—a strong chain broken, and to use her own words, that "she was indeed the Lord's freewoman." She returned with renewed strength to work in his vineyard, feeling that "He made her

feet like hinds' feet," and that the desire of her heart would be given her. The individual above alluded to was visited, and told, with tears of gratitude, that the Lord had enabled her to overcome her love of snuff, that she had given it up for ever, and that she expected he would now sign the temperance pledge and never break it more. He could not resist her appeal, but was constrained to put his name to the pledge, and henceforth kept it inviolate.

From this time forward, the consciousness that she was a slave to no wrong habit, was a source of far more pleasure than can ever be found in any sinful indulgence. Her experience in this respect was blessed to many others. She could plead with the temperate drinker and the lover of tobacco, as one who knew how to sympathize from having triumphed over a similar difficulty; and often inspired courage and resolution where another might have failed.

## CHAPTER IV.

Death of Mr. Prior.—Bereavement deeply felt.—Change of circumstances.—Origin of the question, "Can not something be done to stay the tide of vice in our city?"—Believing prayer.—Knowledge of the condition and wants of the young.—Beginning and end of the career of vice.—Organization of the A. F. M. R. Society.—Becomes one of its board of managers.—Motive.—Sympathy for the wretched.—Interest in relation to the half orphan asylum.—Employed by the A. F. M. R. Society as a city missionary.

"Life is a state of trial, not reward,
Though rough the passage, blissful is the port."

SEPTEMBER 14th, 1829, Mrs. Prior was again called to drink deep of the cup of sorrow. Her kind husband who had been so long her counsellor and best earthly stay, was summoned to the spirit-land. God had changed his countenance, and he was laid away in the narrow-house appointed for all the living. Her home and her heart were made desolate, and for a time she felt crushed beneath a weight of grief; nevertheless she was enabled to rejoice in God, and bow with sweet submission to his will. She had many times looked into the grave and seen it close over the cherished objects of her tenderest affection—and this heavy blow seemed to open afresh the

wounds that time had but partly healed—and though a murmuring word or thought found no place, yet her remaining ties to earth were so few and the attractions toward heaven so strong, that for several months it seemed to require *special grace* to lead her to enter her accustomed walks of usefulness with wonted cheerfulness and zeal

Her pleasant residence on Bowery hill was exchanged for another less retired, and though she never wanted for the comforts that pecuniary means afford, yet she felt more like a pilgrim and stranger on the earth than she had done before. The weekly meetings for prayer, so long sustained at her house, were interrupted by her change of residence. In this meeting she had, with others, often enjoyed seasons—

> "When heart met heart before the mercy-seat,
> And converse held on high and holy themes,
> Till earth and heaven seemed blent."

The little band who had been gathered there were frequently brought so nigh the Cross by the precious blood of Jesus, that they seemed by faith, to touch the hem of his garment, and they had often "thought God heard them" and that their prayers were answered. These seasons were now—

> "Among the records of the far dark past."

The flowers and shrubbery that her hand had

twined and nurtured with so much care, were faded. The garden and walk, and all the premises upon the hill, were swept away, in order to bring the elevation to a level with the ground around it.

> "Scenes of my hope! the aching eye ye leave,
> Like yon bright lines that paint the clouds at eve,
> Tearful and saddening with the saddened blaze,
> Mine eye the gleam pursues with wistful gaze,
> Sees shades on shades, with deeper tint impend,
> Till, chill and damp, the moonless night descend."

It was on this hill, and in that praying circle alluded to above, that the condition of "*the long train of deluded ones*" in our city, first moved the deep fountains of Christian sympathy, and the inquiry originated, "Can not something be done?" All was dark and forbidding to human view, but these sisters felt that there was help in *God* and efficacy in prayer. Their requests were made known to him with the consciousness that his ear was ever open to their cry, and when in his providence one was raised up to enter this untried field, to face the taunts and revilings of the ungodly, and pour light in upon this moral darkness—they saw the girdings of an unseen arm about the youthful champion, and though the ground he scanned seemed to have been occupied solely by the prince of darkness, they felt that it was to be so no longer. Mrs. Prior was among the first who took this brother by the hand and bade him God speed in his work; and while he lived her closet witnessed

the fervency of her daily supplications in his behalf.

Her personal knowledge of the condition of many of the youth of this city, their depravity, and exposures to temptation, made her heart yearn over them. From what has been before stated it will be inferred that her deep interest in children and youth, led her to regard whatever concerned their well-being with maternal solicitude. Her connection with the house of refuge, where she was a constant visiter, had led her to dwell much upon the causes and consequences of early crime among the class who were gathered there. Here she saw the result of its *beginnings*, in the hospital and penitentiary—another department of her frequent labors—she saw its *end*. Among the hundreds who were tenants of both these places, it was manifest that parental neglect, want of early instruction and proper care, had made them what they were. In her walks of usefulness about the city, she saw that those who were gathered into these institutions, were but a mere cipher, compared with the numbers of the same class who were still at large, corrupting others by their influence, and preparing for an early grave of infamy. She dwelt much upon the consideration that they were victims of sin and shame, and though none seemed to care for them, they were "*somebody's children*," allied to the race by a com-

mon bond of humanity, placed here on trial for eternal life or death, going with us to the same judgment, and soon to have their immortal destiny decided according to the deeds done in the body. From what had come under her own observation, she was prepared to gauge, in some measure, the deep anguish of soul, the withering blight of cherished hopes—the unuttered and unutterable agony endured by the class alluded to—and those connected with them, in consequence of early profligacy, and she could not dwell upon it unmoved. To one who had learned like her—

"For others woes to feel,
To love and weep, though wanting power to heal,"

a picture like this, once seen, could not soon be forgotten. And then she knew also that these lost ones, who had so awakened her compassion, were rapidly passing away; and when she inquired *who* would probably fill their places, she saw that the victims were to come from the youthful groups that are now gathered in our sabbath, infant, and day schools; from among the prattlers around the domestic hearth and the warm embraces of a mother's love. This was not a vain fancy, she reasoned from analogy, from cause to effect, and she saw that unless some means were adopted to stay the evil, it could not be averted without a miracle.

Early in the year 1833 the Moral Reform So-

ciety was originated. She saw in this a bow of promise. PREVENTION was its aim, and its motto, "Blessed are the pure in heart." She thought, let parents everywhere teach their children to be *pure in heart*, and a blessing will be found that will reach this case, and dry up these many streams of misery and death. She became one of its first and most efficient managers, and probably its continued success may be attributed more to her faith and prayers, than to the instrumentality of any one now living. Her interest in this cause continued uniformly strong, but other charitable objects were never neglected when she supposed her influence could do anything for their promotion.

Her visits and labors in behalf of the orphan asylum, etc., brought her in contact with many widowed mothers and fathers who were dependant on their own exertions for their daily support, consequently often obliged to leave their little ones with no attendant, and sometimes were utterly unable to supply their pressing wants. The orphan asylum made no provision for such. Her mind was exercised in relation to this matter. She knew not what could be done, but was led to pray about it for several weeks. She expressed her views to a Christian sister who had occasionally written for the Mother's Magazine, and de

sired her to unite with her in prayer for this object. As the result of their interview this lady wrote an appeal to the Christian public, for the columns of the magazine, which they unitedly spread before the Lord, and then sent it to the press. It was followed by other communications and other minds were moved. After some time the half orphan asylum, now a flourishing and useful institution, was commenced, and her most sanguine hopes were realized. Whether this result was in answer to her prayers or those of others, she knew not, but she saw in it the desire of her heart, and her usual expression, "Bless the Lord, O! my soul," was uttered with overflowing gratitude.

In the year 1837, Mrs. Prior was first employed by the A. F. M. R. Society, as a city missionary, and furnished with tracts and papers, with instructions to visit from house to house, as she had so long been accustomed to do in her tract districts. She was also requested to render reports of her labors at the stated meetings of the society, that extracts might be gathered suitable for their periodical. She remarked that she had used her pen but little for many years, and at her advanced age she felt unable to commit items to paper prepared for the press. It was suggested that she employ some one to write for her, and after some deliber-

ation, she chose the writer of this memoir as her amanuensis. Her reports, as given verbally, were briefly narrated, together with her remarks, and then read to her for correction and alteration, so that the statements and sentiments expressed might be entirely her own. She generally came to us with such a variety of incident, that after hearing her through, it was somewhat difficult to begin and end right. She perceived this, and often while we were writing would sit in silent prayer, with her eyes closed, asking the Lord to make the communication she had given *fully understood*, and what was said about it, the means of doing *good*. When her reports were read to the board or publishing committee, she would frequently relate other circumstances connected with the incidents alluded to, but not proper for publication, with so much simplicity and pathos, that her little auditory were sometimes affected to tears before she had done speaking. Selections made from these reports were from time to time inserted in the Advocate. Had her feelings of delicacy been alone consulted, their publicity would have been avoided; but as the friends of benevolence who aided in sustaining the society's efforts were concerned to know the results, she yielded to their wishes, on condition that her name should be withheld. After the first few

months she visited in connexion with others, and none but those personally acquainted could distinguish her journal from theirs. In accordance with the wishes of a wide circle of friends, we have made various extracts from her journal in the following pages

## CHAPTER V

Letters—from Mrs. M. A. Hawkins.—Mrs. P. Hunt.—* * * *.—Anonymous.—Mrs. M. Dye.—Mrs. M. I. Hubbard.—Mrs. J. A. D——.—Mrs. P. McDowall.—Miss J. A. Reed.

* * * *

SINCE the preparation of this little work was commenced, the following among other communications have been received, and are inserted entire, with the exception of a few brief paragraphs, containing statements made elsewhere. Some were written by request, others are a free-will offering. Our object in placing them before the reader in the present form is, that their united testimony may show in what estimation Mrs. Prior's character and labors were held by those who knew her most intimately.

NEW YORK, *June*, 1843.

* * * * * * * *

I rejoice, my dear sister, that you are making the effort to compile facts in the life of our late lamented sister Prior, and have no doubt, if what is known can be collected and arranged, it may with the blessing of God lead many to glorify our Father who is in heaven.

It was not my privilege to know Mrs. Prior till the year 1833. At that time our sister McDowal

had moved to a neighborhood with which she was unacquainted, and commenced her usual work of gathering the females of the different families into a little prayer meeting. In one of these praying circles, in a small rear building, I first met Mrs. Prior. She led the meeting, alternately praying, singing, exhorting, or inviting others to do the same; and I shall never forget her faithfulness in reproving a young girl present adorned with a profusion of jewelry. I know not what became of this individual, but several who attended these meetings afterward united with the visible church. In the course of this year the Board of the F. M. R. Society was originated, and I again met this sister at its stated meetings. During the time devoted to business on these occasions, she seldom spoke much, but her countenance indicated that her heart was lifted in prayer. This attracted notice, and one sister remarked aside, that she felt reproved by her appearance, and believed her prayers would accomplish more than all our plans. She continued to assist in the various efforts put forth by this society till the winter of '35, when she went to reside a few months in Poughkeepsie. She spent her time while there in distributing tracts, etc., and doing good as she had opportunity. On her return to the city, our society had experienced some difficulty in obtaining suitable missionaries to visit from house to house. Sister

P. had observed at some of our consultations, "I don't know but the Lord will send *me* into this field yet." It was well known that no one could have been chosen better fitted, and the time soon came when she felt it her duty to commence the work, under the auspices of the society. She was the first female missionary thus employed, and who can predict where the blessed effects of her example, in this respect, will end? Many are now following in her steps, and though dead, she yet speaketh. Truly may it be said of her, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." As a missionary, proclaiming the gospel from house to house, she was wonderfully successful; yet she did not please *all*—even good people sometimes treated her coolly. Her feelings were often tried by indifference or open opposition, so that she was moved to tears; and her only solace was found in committing the matter to the Lord. * * * I trust none will be discouraged who may read the record of this dear sister's efforts, and while trying to do something of the same kind, find themselves unable to accomplish the *good* they had expected, only here and there discovering a little fruit, and receiving many hints, both from friends and foes, that they are not in the path of duty. Let me entreat such to seek wisdom, as did our departed sister, from him who giveth lib-

erally, and upbraideth not, remembering that if *he is for you*, labor put forth, and seed sown in faith, can not be in vain. "In due time ye shall reap, *if ye faint not.*" * * *

I trust you will avoid the usual fault of biographers, that of presenting but one side of the character, for I am persuaded that many real Christians are thus perplexed and disheartened. The evidence is wanting that the subject of the memoir to which their attention is directed, was one of like passions with themselves; therefore, they do not expect to make similar attainments. My experience thus far in the Christian life has tended to confirm the observation, that "while the sincere Christian does design to order all his life in conformity to the law of God, yet the infirmities of the flesh, and the power of our arch-enemy Satan, do so combine, as sometimes to betray us into wrong states of feeling and action." This was true of our sister Prior, daily denying self, taking up her cross, following whithersoever her Savior led, nightly spreading her work before the mercy-seat, and inquiring wherein she might have offended in thought, word, or deed, and receiving comfort from the blessed assurance, that "if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and *to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.*" Naturally high-spirited, and of an ardent temperament, she was liable to apply things to

herself not intended, and sometimes to speak from the impulse of the moment; but if she retired to rest before she had asked forgiveness where she might have been wrong, she was sure on the morrow to seek the earliest opportunity to do so. Thus self was abased, and God honored; the power of grace triumphed, and the Christian conquered. She rather sought than shunned the Cross: her frequent reply to those who sympathized in her trials, or complained of their own, was, "No cross, no crown." There were many members of the church with which she stood connected, who, without examining for themselves, had imbibed the popular prejudice against the cause of moral reform. After she had openly identified herself with its advocates, some of these brethren and sisters became reserved and distant; the warm current of Christian affection ever manifested before, seemed suddenly congealed. Had she been guilty of some flagrant misdemeanor, "not to be repented of," the averted eye and cold greeting could not have intimated more plainly a disposition to say, "Stand by thyself." She was too quick to discern, not to be aware of the existing state of feeling; and to her sensitive, loving spirit, the trial was rather hard. She was conscious that it must be highly displeasing to the Savior to witness this uncandid, prejudiced state of mind among his own children, and her heart was grieved more

on account of their *sin*, than because of personal feeling. However, she resolved to "love on and love ever"—going forward in that path of duty which to her mind had been made manifest as the sun at noonday. A year or two previous to her death she had the happiness to meet a degree of returning confidence and kindness from those who had so long stood aloof, which she received with pleasure and gratitude. The Psalmist has said, "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he will show them his covenant." Mrs Prior's daily experience bore witness to this precious truth. Her simplicity in prayer and strong faith were truly remarkable, and I think none who marked her course from day to day could doubt that she had power with God. It was on this account that she was so near to me, and for this cause it was so painful for us to part with her; but, "are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation?" * * * *

Affectionately yours

M. A. HAWKINS.

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BROOKLYN, JULY 21, 1843.

* * * * I am glad you are preparing a memoir of our departed sister Prior. I presume all who have read her reports as one of the visi-

ing committee of the A. F. M. R. Society will be anxious to learn more of her. She possessed one trait of character in which she always appeared to me peculiarly assimilated to her Master. It was in her sympathy with the sick and afflicted; she was not only ready to weep with those who wept, and to administer words of comfort and consolation to them, but where pecuniary aid was needed she was equally ready to bestow; and when her own resources failed, she would call upon her Christian friends, and obtain from them the means by which she caused many a widow's heart to sing for joy. I have myself experienced, while watching over the dying bed of a beloved child, how deeply she could sympathize with the afflicted; and I can not better describe the effect these visits had upon that dear child, than by quoting her own words. One day after Mrs. Prior had left the room, she exclaimed, "Oh mother, if it is so sweet to meet Christians here, what will it be in heaven?" She appeared to adopt the language of the psalmist with all her heart, "I have none in heaven but thee, and there is none on earth I desire beside thee;" and to be constantly looking forward with pleasure to the time when she should be absent from the body and present with the Lord. I recollect her saying to me soon after May-day, the last time but one that she moved, "I have been very much fatigued, but the

Savior seemed to say, 'Be patient, you will not have it to do many times more.'" In conversing with a Christian sister who had followed most of her family to the grave, and who was dwelling upon the idea of meeting them in heaven, she replied, "I have long since learned to regard God as the *ocean*, and my children and friends as *drops* which I received from it, and which have again returned to mingle with it."

It is often said that we magnify the virtues and forget the faults of our friends when they are dead. However this may be, the following remark I have often made in her lifetime, "It is my opinion that very few ministers in this city have been directly instrumental in the salvation of more sinners than she was, while employed by the M. R. Society." It might be said with truth of her as of the early disciples, she "went everywhere preaching the word." I met a friend the other day from the west, we were speaking of Mrs. P., I asked, "Did you ever see her?" she replied "Yes, once, and I shall never forget the impression she made upon my mind as I listened to her recital of some of the scenes of sorrow and suffering she had witnessed. I could not help thinking she was literally 'eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame.'" I mention this to show the impression she made upon strangers. * * * *

Yours truly, P. HUNT.

DEAR MADAM: Knowing that you are about to publish a memoir of the late venerable and highly esteemed Margaret Prior, it is with great pleasure I improve the privilege of furnishing one or two incidents which attest not only her faithfulness and fearlessness, but the fulfilment of the promises of God, who hath said, "In *all* thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths," "My grace is sufficient for thee," &c. Those of us who enjoyed the pleasure of an intimate acquaintance with her, well know that the descending torrent, the piercing blast accompanied by hail or snow, did not prevent her from going abroad on her errands of mercy while health would admit, till she had nearly numbered her threescore years and ten. One morning as the rain was falling, after seeking direction from the Lord, she went out as usual to attend to the wants of the needy whom she had found in the highways and lanes of the city; and had not proceeded far when she was accosted by a pretty-faced interesting-looking Irish girl, of about 16, who inquired the direct way to W—— st., producing a ticket she had just received from an intelligence office, with the number of a dwelling where she expected a situation as chamber-maid. Learning that the poor girl could not read, Mrs. Prior kindly offered to accompany her. During the walk she stated that she had been early deprived by death of a faith-

ful mother, and being in indigent circumstances had encountered the perils of the deep, with the hope of obtaining permanent and profitable employment. Such advice as the case required was imparted, and so much did the sympathies of the dear old lady become enlisted in the homeless stranger, that she went with her to the door of the house, hoping to enlist the sympathies of her employer. Instead, however, of being received with that courtesy and kindness which her age demanded, she was rebuked with such indignity as led her to make inquiry in the neighborhood respecting the character of the house, which she learned was decidedly bad. Alarmed for the safety of the girl she returned to the place just as the young stranger was leaving the door, having engaged to serve for $8.00 per month, and to return immediately after getting her clothes. When informed by Mrs. Prior that the house was disreputable she expressed much gratitude that the discovery had been made before she entered with her little *all*, adding that no price would induce her to return, as she preferred a virtuous life to great riches. The good old lady offered to procure a place for her, where her present and future interests would be cared for; but desired first to see the person at the intelligence office who could be instrumental in effecting the ruin of the innocent and unwary. After making her statements to him, he professed

entire ignorance of the woman's device, and said he was happy to be informed, and would be cautious in future, though he had furnished the same woman with eight or ten servants per month, and had found it difficult to please the harpy, as she was very particular to have those sent who (to use her own words) were "good-looking." The girl was provided for immediately in a pious family, where she still continues very much respected, having learned to read, and has also given evidence of saving conversion. She ceases not to express her gratitude to Mrs. P. for the trouble and anxiety she manifested in her behalf, and by which alone she was rescued.

At another time she called on me wearied in mind and body, and related with much emotion a hazardous interview she had just had at the house of a fortune-teller. She had been requested by a Christian friend to call at the place and leave tracts, &c. The friend accompanied her and they were met at the door by the dealer in the black art, who accosted them in a low tone, saying: "Ladies I am sorry you can not have your fortunes told just now, but there are so many waiting, you will have to sit some time first." She assured him that he had mistaken their object, but they walked in, and took seats in the parlor where were a number of females genteelly dressed—with double veils—waiting to be told their future des-

tiny. As the magician entered his private room with one of them, being left alone with the others, Mrs. Prior embraced the opportunity to converse with them about the *future destiny of their souls.* They listened attentively, and some wept. She knelt to pray with them, but as soon as the voice of prayer was heard, the fortune-teller came from his room in great wrath and bade her rise and leave his house. Unmoved by his rage she continued prayer, but as several of the women began to leave and he saw that he should lose his fees, he grew more angry, and saying she should not leave by the door she entered, hastily locked it; and, with her friend, she was obliged to make her escape by a back way through a narrow *nine-pin alley.* Here there were a large collection of men engaged in sport; she stopped and spent a few moments distributing her tracts and preaching the gospel to them. Some used harsh language, but others listened silently. She was much overcome while relating the circumstance, but felt that the Lord had strengthened her to be a witness for him in the presence of his enemies.

We who have had the privilege of administering to her a draught of cold water, and a piece of bread, when she entered our dwellings weary and fatigued by her excessive labor to do good to the perishing are admonished by her precious example to be "Diligent in business, fervent in

spirit, serving the Lord." Does she not even now whisper to us from her bright abode, "Be not weary in well-doing. for in due time *ye* shall reap if ye faint not?" That the friends who knew and loved her on earth may so improve the grace given them that they may all ultimately, through grace in Christ Jesus, unite with her in casting their crowns at his feet, and sing with the redeemed "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto *thy name* be honor and glory for ever," is the prayer of your unworthy fellow-laborer in the cause of moral purity.

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BLOOMINGDALE, *July*, 1843.

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Impressions are often formed in early youth, which neither time nor a diversity of circumstances can wholly obliterate; they blend as it were with our very nature, and seem to connect themselves intimately with all the subsequent relations of life. The most pleasing, and probably the most beneficial impressions of my younger days were received from the frequent visits of Mrs. Prior at the house of my grandmother, between whom and herself there existed for many years a close friendship. Though young and weak in judgment, there was an instinctive feeling within, which bade me

acknowledge her inestimable worth; and I learned to love and respect her long before I knew why. The manner in which she admonished me for my childish faults, and pointed out the path of duty, won upon my young heart, and produced that affection and esteem which time served only to strengthen and confirm. To her I am indebted for my first correct ideas of the Bible. Accustomed at school to consider it as a task from which so many verses were to be learned by rote, or at home, as an ordinary exercise of daily occurrence, and like most children, who think books are given them but to tax the power of memory, I did not examine into its meaning, or profit by its precepts. She early perceived this, and endeavored by describing the great goodness and mercy of God, and selecting those passages in scripture which most forcibly illustrate both, to awaken in my mind a sense of our dependance on our Creator, and the awful retribution which must be the result of disobedience to his commands. As years increased, the love and affection of the child became merged in the admiration and just appreciation of riper youth; kindly offices which at first seemed the result of individual attachment, a further acquaintance convinced me were but the promptings of a heart devoted to the good of being. Her philanthropy was as disinterested as it was extended, and as active as it was enlarged. * * *

I recollect one instance of her benevolence that is but a specimen of many others. In consequence of the extreme heat during one of the summer months, several cartmen had lost horses, upon whose labor their families depended for daily bread. She no sooner learned this, than she immediately went to her neighbors soliciting a sufficient sum to buy these poor cartmen other horses, that they might resume their work: sometimes she met with rebuffs, at other times remonstrances; but she was enabled to conquer all obstacles and obtain her end. On one occasion in going to market she lost a three dollar bill, and when returning home she discovered her loss: she said, silently, "Lord, if it be thy will that I should find this bill, the first *poor* I meet shall receive the benefit of it." On retracing her steps she found the bill, and a family of six poor children were fed by it for several days. The objects of her benevolence were ever the poor, the weak, the needy, and on their hearts her memory is engraved and hallowed with tears of gratitude. * * *

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NEW-YORK, *July*, 1843.

It was my privilege to be intimately acquainted with sister Prior during the last six years of her life. We were members of the same church, and

coadjutors in the work of moral reform. I first saw her at a love-feast, where in exalted strains she bore testimony to the faithfulness of a covenant-keeping God, who had, I think the night before, answered the prayers of many years in the conversion of her only son.

As a *Christian* she was most exemplary. She delighted in the ordinances of God's house; her seat was rarely vacant, and her fixed and devout attention bespoke the interest she felt in the ministry of the word.

To her, sacramental seasons were truly *spiritual feasts:* usually the swelling emotions of her heart found vent in tears; and sometimes, in her abounding joy, she would audibly ascribe praise to God.

She greatly prized her class-meeting, and there, as well as in meetings for prayer, her heartfelt and powerful exhortations to faithfulness in duty, and consecration to the cause of Christ, were a means of quickening and encouragement to many who heard her.

In *private* she was equally exemplary; every Christian grace adorned her character. In her devoted attachment to *the closet* might be found the *cause* of her fidelity and remarkable success in public. Prayer was her life. Nor did she offer unbelieving petitions to God: her's was "the *fervent, effectual prayer*, that availeth much;" and in her enlarged desires she embraced the world.

Often the promise was literally fulfilled, "Before ye call I will answer, and while ye are yet speaking I will hear." She was favored with remarkable answers to prayer.

It was her custom to devote her evenings exclusively to religious exercises: then the doings of each day passed under strict review, her motives and actions were subjected to the scripture test, and all was commended to God in humble prayer and faith. *Thus* was she strengthened for the laborious duties of each succeeding day.

She diligently studied the word of God: to her the sacred volume was an inexhaustible mine of wealth, and every opportunity was improved to enrich herself from its treasures. In her walks of usefulness she carried with her a testament, which she read while waiting to see those on whom she called The Bible was her standard, her rule of faith and practice. Consequently, it was her aim to "take up her cross daily, deny herself wholly, and follow Christ fully." Her whole life was regulated upon the principle, "Ye are *not your own*, ye are *bought with a price;* therefore, glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are *his*."

Her remarkable conscientiousness was apparent in everything, especially in her *exact observance of truth*. In relating occurrences, or expressing opinions, she was extremely guarded, using such

terms only as might convey the desired impression. Her conversation was seasoned with grace, and calculated to edify her hearers. She abhorred "evil-speaking," and never allowed an individual to detract from the character of another in her presence.

*In dress* she observed plainness, neatness, and durability. She had been fond of tasteful apparel, had worn fine needlework, &c., sometime after she professed religion; but when she advanced in religious experience, and became enlightened on this point, whatever she supposed that the Savior would disapprove, was cheerfully sacrificed. Her ornamented dresses were cut up into infants' caps, and distributed among the poor. For many years she wore the simple garb of the Friends, but finally abandoned it, because she could be so readily identified, that after the first or second time, she found it difficult to obtain admission into houses where her warnings and reproofs were unwelcome.

*She redeemed the time*, bestowing on those objects the largest proportion which by the world are little regarded. She made visits and calls only when she expected to receive or impart benefit. These interviews were always short, the conversation confined to religious topics, and usually concluded with prayer.

Her principles were carried out with great con-

sistency, never suffering her to patronise the vicious and unprincipled. When *temperance stores* were first established, she took great pains, and subjected herself to much inconvenience, to give them all her custom. She frequently called on the dealers who pursued the nefarious traffic in her neighborhood, and assured them, that but for this, she would be glad to trade with them, and added such searching appeals to conscience, and earnest exhortations to abandon it, as were sometimes successful.

She was pointed and faithful, though *very kind*, in reproving sin; no transgressor whom she could reach escaped rebuke, and she thus often incurred the displeasure of the ungodly. At one time several individuals were so incensed against her, that she told me she suspected an effort would be made to waylay and injure her. Whenever it was consistent, before reproving an individual, it was made the subject of special prayer.

But Mrs. Prior's *benevolence*, her active, laborious, untiring, disinterested efforts to *do good*, were what particularly *distinguished her*. She lived not for herself, but to relieve human misery, and win souls to Christ. The world was her field of labor, and every son and daughter of Adam shared in her sympathies.

St. Paul's description of a useful woman (1 Tim. 5, 10) may with great propriety be applied to her,

"She brought up children," "lodged strangers," "washed the saints' feet," "relieved the afflicted," and "diligently followed every good work." In the use of all that she possessed, she regarded herself as the Lord's steward: he had commanded, "Occupy till I come,"—and when he came, he found his "own with increase." These efforts were not confined to a few years, but characterized her whole Christian life.

She was frequently called from home to attend the sick and afflicted; and in order that her domestic affairs might receive due attention, and no opportunity be given for reproach, she often took the requisite time from hours allotted to sleep to attend to them.

She was jealous of the time that the care of *superfluous rooms and furniture* demanded, and once succeeded in gaining her husband's consent to close her parlors for a year.

Her house was an asylum for the friendless: I have known her take in a deserted wife and her little ones, and maintain them several weeks. Applications for pecuniary assistance were promptly met, and generally exceeded the expectations of applicants.

She was remarkable for devising ways and means of usefulness: her mind was fruitful in *expedients*. The wisdom of the serpent, and the harmlessness of the dove, were happily blended in

her efforts. In a neglected district she would, from her own purse, hire the use of some poor widow's room, pay her for preparing it, and statedly gather in the neighboring women for prayer. In the vicinity of a revival, she would make special effort to induce the people to attend church frequently allowing the industrious poor what they could make in the time thus occupied. At the door of a brothel, when other means have failed, she has gained access to the inmates by sending word that an old lady had "jewels for them," referring to the society's tract. And under similar circumstances, by assuming the appearance of a washer-woman, she has been permitted to see, and effected the rescue of, one who was unwillingly detained in an earthly hell. Sometimes by means of an alley or private door she would enter these houses unobserved, and her appearance among the wretched inmates would be as unexpected, and unwelcome, as though she were a visitant from the spirit-land.

In places where the mingled effects of idleness, destitution, and crime, would cause the benevolent to despair of affording more than temporary relief her mind would fix instinctively upon the point at which a thorough reformation must begin, and with energy and faith she has carried on the blessed work, until families have been redeemed, and prepared to fill reputable stations in society. In some

cases, after securing the gratitude of a degraded family by relieving pressing want, she has sent for lime, instructed and assisted them in the use of it, given directions for cleaning the apartment, and promised to call at a certain time and *reward* them if it were attended to. Then in a clean room she would impart wholesome instruction, incite them to industry, procure work for them, clothe the children, and place them in Sunday school, &c. It is my opinion that she never abandoned such a family, until satisfied that she had done everything that could be done for their temporal and eternal salvation.

At my request, she visited a family where the husband and wife were unhappy in their union, and through whose mutual mismanagement a daughter of about fifteen was in danger of being ruined. By her kind, motherly manner, she won the confidence of the wife, who frankly related her grievances, and thus opened the way for suitable counsel to both mother and daughter. The girl expressed a willingness to work, and Mrs. P. told her, if she would neatly execute some sewing her mother needed by a given time, she would handsomely reward her and procure her other work. The task was accomplished, and the promises fulfilled. Her visits were frequently repeated, and in a short time the whole aspect of affairs was changed,—the girl was rescued

from the snares that beset her, the family was happy.

It was evidently her purpose to promote the spiritual and temporal welfare of all whom she met. "Instant in season, and out of season," no individual was overlooked, no opportunity neglected. This was strikingly illustrated in travelling. The year preceding her death, she attended the semi-annual meeting at Utica. As was her custom, she carried with her a liberal supply of tracts and Moral Reform Advocates, and early on the passage she presented them to all who were accessible within or without the cabin; they were perused with apparent interest, and in many cases exchanged for others. The evening was spent in religious conversation with several of the passengers. When her friends were about to leave the boat, Mrs. P. was missing. She was found aside, urging upon the chambermaid the great duty of giving her heart to Christ.

That summer she visited Springfield, New Jersey. She arrived on Saturday evening, and spent the night and the Sabbath with a valued friend.

On Monday morning the carriage was prepared to carry her to another friend's, perhaps one mile distant; but she positively refused to ride, saying, she "came not to ride, but to work for the Lord." She walked, and called in each house on the way, left tracts and papers, conversed, and occasionally

prayed with the inmates. When she set out to return, she walked to the Springfield depot, a distance of three miles, and labored as before About half way, she providentially entered a house just in season to save the life of an individual, who was in imminent danger, and would in all probability have died, but for her timely assistance. The rest of the way was more thickly settled, but she visited *every house*. At the tavern, she found several ladies in the sitting-room, upon whom she faithfully urged the claims of the gospel. At the depot she received some assistance from a gentlemen, to whom, as soon as they were seated, she addressed her usual question, "Do you love the Savior?" He replied, that it was a long time since he had been asked that question, and that he was a *professor* of religion. He candidly related his state of mind, which was somewhat peculiar; and from her rich experience in the divine life, and extensive knowledge of the word of God, she was enabled to impart counsel and encouragement that resulted, as was afterward ascertained, in a revival of the work of grace in his heart. She also recommended the Advocate and the principles of moral reform to his attention (as she did on every suitable occasion), and he at once subscribed for the paper.

In conversing with the impenitent she could not quiet *her* conscience, by *indirect allusions*, or a few

*general remarks* concerning the importance of religion. She did not "soften the truth, or smooth her tongue," lest she should give offence, but faithfully made known to them their duty.

On one occasion she handed a lady a tract at the door, accompanied by a few words on the importance of the subject of which it treated. She had walked but a few steps from the house when she felt that she had not done her whole duty, and eturned. She apologised to the lady, who again met her, by saying, "I have but half done my errand;" and then warned her in so kind a manner that she could say, "If you perish, my skirts are clean of your blood."

Probably no person in this city could, from personal observation, more correctly gauge the amount of crime and wretchedness existing in it than Mrs. Prior. For many years she had diligently traversed its lanes and by ways, and explored its garrets and cellars, and daily witnessed the appalling effects of sin. As she advanced in age, these exciting scenes affected her nervous system, and frequently deprived her of sleep. Sometimes *whole nights* were spent in weeping and supplication, on account of the abominations that surrounded her. When thus exercised she felt that it would be a privilege to spend the evening of life in retirement, and comparative quiet; but she saw the field white to the harvest and the laborers few

and the love of Christ, and of souls, constrained her to toil on.

In her last sickness, on account of indisposition, I seldom saw her. At one time she sent for me; during our interview I remarked I thought I should feel comparatively cheerful in view of death, if I had been more useful; I was scarcely willing to leave the world when I had done so little in it. She replied, that she "had never before been left to depend on *naked faith*, as in this sickness," and added, "Of all the good works that I have done, I can see nothing; they are completely hidden. I can see nothing but the Cross, *nothing but the Cross.*"

She spoke most affectionately of the Christian sisters with whom she had been so long associated in the board, and Executive Committee, of the Moral Reform Society; of the importance of their being much in prayer, and entirely devoted, and exhorted me to continue my own efforts; then, as with a prophet's vision, she gazed into the future, and predicted glorious things for the cause she loved.

The last interview I was favored with, she was suffering much; she remarked, in substance, that it is not enough to *do* the will of God, we must also *suffer it;* that the "Captain of our salvation" was made perfect *through suffering*, and that this fiery process was necessary, to make her meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. * * *

To Mrs. Prior's counsel, prayers, and example, *I am much indebted; how much*, I can not know until disembodied. In her character there is much to admire and imitate, but it is only the *reflected* image of the Savior. She shone in borrowed light

May we follow her *as she followed Christ*, and share in her *glorious reward*.

MARGARET DYE.

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NEW YORK, *July*, 1843.

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I AM happy to have this opportunity to add my simple testimony to the moral worth of our dear sister Prior. From an intimate personal acquaintance as a fellow visiter I was led to esteem her as a devoted saint of whom the world was not worthy. She was constantly on the watch for opportunities to benefit both the bodies and souls of her fellow creatures; and was never discouraged or hindered in the work of doing good by apparently unpropitious circumstances, but urged her way over every obstacle to the entire accomplishment of her wishes. In her were combined qualities that are rarely united in one individual. Great energy, untiring zeal, extraordinary firmness and decision, unshrinking perseverance, and strong faith, were prominent traits in her charac-

ter. She frequently went abroad on errands of mercy, when the weather would have been thought, by most, unfit for females to be out. I remember, distinctly, her calling on me one cold rainy day in December, after having been out the greater part of the day engaged in her laborious duties. I expressed my surprise to see her abroad in such weather, but she took my hand and kissing me, replied in her usual sweet earnest way, "Sister, there's a great work to be done, and time is short; Jesus has been very precious to my soul to-day, and—

"When I am happy in him,
December 's as pleasant as May."

She delighted much in the character of the Savior, and had a most happy faculty of representing him as peculiarly adapted to the necessities of every sinner. When speaking to the impenitent of redeeming, dying love, she would frequently break out singing—

"Jesus, the name that calms my fears,
That bids my sorrows cease,
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace."

Precious sister, may thy mantle fall upon many who shall "Go and do likewise." * * * *

M. I. HUBBARD

GREENBUSH, *July* 28, 1843.

* * * * * IT was my privilege for many years to enjoy an intimate acquaintance with Mrs. Prior, and between the dear departed and myself there existed a strong affection, like that of mother and daughter. I spent many months in her family before and after her widowhood, and know, from daily observation, that hers was not a light that glared abroad and shone dimly at home. She was the true Christian in every relation which she sustained as a wife, a mother, a mistress, and friend. The question may be asked by those who knew her in public—but not in private life, "How could a woman so much *from* home, attend properly to her duties *at* home? I answer that her principal aim was to live to the glory of God, hence her domestic arrangements were ordered in subserviency to his glory. Unnecessary visiting, idle gossiping, undue attention to dress, and needless expenditure, formed no part of her daily work. With the assistance of a servant, who was sometimes but a small girl, she despatched the work of the family in the early part of the day, leaving a part of each day for works of charity at home or abroad. Her excellent husband cordially co-operated with her in all her benevolent efforts, and his kindness to her was amply repaid by her cheerful acquiescence in all his wishes, the neat and quiet order of his house, and her polite

and affectionate attentions to him at all times. On remarking to her one day that few ladies thought it necessary to meet their husbands at the door upon their return from business, and place a chair for them as they entered the room; she answered with a sweet smile, "I wish to be an example to wives. I meet with many young married women in my visits, and always inculcate the duty of making their homes cheerful and pleasant to their husbands, so that they will have no excuse to seek for happiness *away* from their home."

I was much with her when placed in other circumstances. Moving in a house out of town to which considerable land was attached, she was kept for a time from engaging in works of active benevolence. Like Martha, she was "cumbered with much serving," and felt that she was in danger of becoming worldly minded; but what could she do? God had withdrawn her from the work in which she delighted and placed her in a situation, where, surrounded with cares and worldly influences, she must serve him without the aid of Christian society, and often, without the enjoyment of sanctuary privileges. This she deeply deplored, but it led her to look more within, to watch more closely the temper and spirit with which she performed her daily duties, and taught her, in after days, to exercise more tenderness and feel more sympathy for those who were pressed heavily

with worldly cares. In this situation she also had outward trials which sorely pressed her heart; and then her own short-comings, and proneness to impatience under her Father's rod, added to her outward trials, led her sometimes to cry out in anguish as did David, Ps. lxxxviii., "My soul is full of troubles, thou hast afflicted me with all thy waves. Mine eye mourneth by reason of affliction, Lord, I have called daily upon thee, I have stretched out my hands unto thee. Deep calleth unto deep, all thy waves and thy billows have gone over me." But heavier billows were in reserve for her. She was laid upon a bed of sickness, as also was her husband. The sympathy they felt for each other retarded their recovery. Both alternated between life and death. At last the case was decided, Mr. Prior's spirit returned to God and our dear sister was left to toil a few years longer in the vineyard of her Master; to witness the conversion of her only son, to rear to womanhood the little orphan whom she had taken, and engage in a new object of benevolence for which she seemed peculiarly fitted, and in which her heart was deeply interested. She was written widow, and she felt that it was a name of sorrow. How sincerely she mourned the loss of her best earthly friend, and how deeply she felt that this world was a cold desolate place, was only known to her Savior, and the few who knew the deep workings of her

widowed heart. But she spread her case before the mercy-seat, and found God her refuge, a very present help in every time of trouble. He had led her in six troubles, and in the seventh did not forsake her; but was with her in the dark and cloudy day, whispering to her soul, "It is I, be not afraid."

Friends gathered around, to weep with and comfort her, for "she had instructed many, and strengthened the weak hands;" her words had upholden him that was falling, and strengthened the feeble knees; and now, when her turn came, all were ready to sympathize with and sooth her. Her business was soon settled to her satisfaction, and she engaged again in the work of benevolence, with a heart deadened to the world, and a spirit subdued by affliction, resolving to be a "widow indeed;" and such she truly was, and continued to be until her death. May none who read her walks of usefulness feel discouraged because they can not fully imitate her example! I remember she once remarked to a young friend who expressed a wish to walk in her steps, to this effect: "It would not become *you* to do *my* work. I am an aged person, my appearance is plain, my countenance grave [and I may add, her person commanding and dignified]; I can go through the markets and public places and no one dare insult me; whereas, your youthful appearance might provoke insult.

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Serve God, my dear, in that sphere of life in which you are called to move. Do the work which the Savior puts into your hands, in obedience to his word and the teachings of his Spirit; but do not feel that you are called to do the work of others. Each servant has his own appropriate work assigned—see to it, that you do it *well*. Then you may hope to hear the welcome plaudit, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.' "

She practised strict economy, in order that she might have more to give the poor. I have known her to wear her under garments patched, that she might give *them*, her best ones, alleging as a reason, that they, perhaps, had nothing to patch with.

Among the numerous objects of benevolence in which she was engaged, she was frequently brought in contact with minds of a high order. While she felt the spirit of her station, and could act well the part assigned her, she could not like them express in flowing language and correct diction the thoughts and feelings of her heart. She was not a polished shaft in the Almighty's quiver, yet like the woman in the gospel, she did what she could.

She loved all who bore the image of her Savior, irrespective of denominational differences. A beautiful sentiment by a distinguished author of the present day expresses the views she held upon the subject of Christian union: "Truth may be compared to the light of the sun. The light

comes from heaven colorless and ever the same; and yet it takes different hues on earth, varying according to the objects on which it falls. Thus different formularies may sometimes express the same Christian truth, viewed under different aspects. How dull would be this visible creation if all its boundless variety of shape and color were to give place to one unbroken uniformity! How melancholy would be its aspects, if all created beings did but compose a solitary and vast unity! The unity which comes from Heaven doubtless has its place; but the diversity of human nature has its proper place also. In religion we must neither leave out God nor man. Without *unity* your religion can not be of God—without diversity it can not be the religion of man,—and it ought to be of both."—*D'Aubigne's Reformation*, vol. 3, book xi.

I might say many things more of our dear departed friend, to whom I feel *personally indebted, beyond what I have language to express;* but my letter is already too long, and I will close by subjoining the following lines written by Rev. Jonas King* :—

"Sister, thou hast gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown,
Where tears are wiped from every eye
And sorrow is unknown.

* Christian Lyre, vol i, p. 202.

From the burden of the flesh,
From care and sin released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

"The toilsome way thou 'st travelled o'er
And hast borne the heavy load;
But Christ hath led thy weary feet
To reach his blest abode.
Thou 'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus,
On his Father's faithful breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

"Sin can never taint thee now,
Nor can doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
And the Holy Spirit fail.
And then thou 'rt sure to meet the good,
Whom on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

"And when the Lord shall summon us,
Whom thou hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world,
As sure a welcome find:
May each, like thee, depart in peace,
To be a glorious, happy guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

Yours, with Christian regards,

J. A. D.

TERRY'S VILLE, *July* 28, 1843.

* * * * * I am happy to comply with your request, in giving my testimony in relation to our departed sister Prior. She was one of the first among the sisters interested in the cause of reform to aid and encourage my husband in the important work in which he was engaged. He ever found her an able and wise counsellor in times of difficulty and trial; and believing that the prayers of the righteous avail much, he placed implicit confidence in hers.

He regarded her as an eminent servant of the Lord; and there was abundant evidence, that she was deeply interested in the work to which she was devoted. During the time of his trial before the Synod, at that important crisis, the midnight hour was witness to her intercessions in his behalf, that the Lord would sustain and comfort him.

A little incident in her history just now occurs to mind, which I will mention. She one day called upon me and accompanied Mr. McDowall and myself to the museum, to see a Chinese lady who was attracting considerable attention in the city at that time. While there witnessing the applause and attentior of those who were present, Mrs. Prior was led to address her on the subject of her eternal salvation. So affecting was her appeal to her, that many who were present could not refrain from weeping. The tears flowed pro-

fusely from the eyes of the interesting girl while Mrs. P. conversed with her, saying, she hoped her visit to this country would prove an invaluable blessing to her soul.

There are many things of interest which I might relate, but they are partly effaced from my memory, and you will probably gather them from other sources. * * * *

I sometimes attended the prayer-meeting to which you allude, that was so long sustained at her house on Bowery hill, and shall never forget those precious seasons. My last interview with this dear sister was one of tender interest. Being on a visit to New York, soon after my arrival in the city, I learned she was considered dangerously ill—and having some business of importance with her, I hastened to her residence, and, to my surprise, found her apparently near her last change; but her mind was calm, and in a heavenly frame. She felt that her sickness was unto death, and expressed much joy at my coming, saying, she had much to say to me. I was desirous to see her, that I might have her advice concerning the publication of some MSS. She wished me especially to desire the dear sister who was about to prepare them for the press, to "humble *self* and exalt *Christ*," and in her usual faithfulness repeated this request several times. During the conversation she spoke of her son with deep

emotion. His spiritual interests seemed to lay with weight upon her heart. Tears ran down her cheeks as she exclaimed, "*The Lord bless my son!*" She was aware that over-exertion and exposure to the cold, while laboring to save the wretched and the outcast, had brought her to this bed of sickness; but she rejoiced that she had been laboring for her blessed Master; and, as was said of Mary, may it not be said of her, "She hath done what she could"? As I was about leaving her, she affectionately urged me to call again in the afterpart of the day, as she might then be able to say more about some dear friends who had gone a little before her, and who she believed were surrounding the throne of God. But I saw her no more. In about two hours she fell asleep in Jesus, and went to reap the blessed fruit of all her toil.

May the Lord be with you, by the special influences of his Spirit, in preparing this little work. I trust that the memoir may prove a great blessing,—and although the subject of it has finished her labors here, and gone to her reward, that she may through this medium effectually speak to the living.

Yours, dear sister, in Christian love,

PHEBE MCDOWALL.

NEWARK, *August* 7, 1843.

* * * * Mrs. Prior was one of the few of whom it may be said "the world was made *better* for her having lived in it." Like her compassionate Savior she "went about doing good;" words are powerless to set forth the loveliness of her character; but her memory will ever be enshrined in the hearts of those whom she lived to bless.

Never shall I forget her calm, dignified manner, her wise and maternal counsels, her tender, yet faithful reproofs. It seems but yesterday when, to a dear brother who had recently indulged hope in Christ, I heard her say, in her usual impressive tone, "*Keep your soul full of eyes, young man, keep your soul full of eyes.*"

As an individual I honored her judgment. When my heart has rebelled against the discipline of Heaven, and the path of duty seemed dark, like an angel-guide she sought to lead me where she felt I could most honor Christ, saying, "The Lord hath need of thee," "be faithful to his cause."

Her counsel was priceless treasure, but since her lips were sealed in death, I have learned more fully to appreciate her words of love and wisdom.

The refinement and delicacy that seemed inherent in her natural character, the good sense ever manifested in the use of words, and expressions chosen to indicate her views and feelings in relation to the cause of moral purity, recommend-

ed both herself and the cause, even to entire strangers, who had before been greatly prejudiced. No one, however strong might be their dislike to the principles she advocated, could ever accuse her of coarseness or vulgarity, or regard her as wanting in that quick sense of propriety so neces sary to usefulness or loveliness in the female character. Her "chaste conversation" on all occasions, and in all circumstances, was, indeed, a most worthy example for youth or age.

Truly, efforts and counsels, and prayers like hers, are no common blessings. Happy indeed will be her survivors who imbibe her spirit, and look forward to a like glorious "crown of rejoicing."

May the Holy Spirit abundantly bless the history of a life so eminently devoted to works of benevolence, is the ardent desire of,

Yours affectionately,

JULIA A. REED.

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NEW YORK, *Dec.* 14, 1843.

* * * * My recollections of the departed saint are all pleasant. From the moment when I first looked upon her placid and benevolent countenance, up to the last hour of earthly intercourse, she was to me a truly maternal friend. God, in his wise providence, had just before taken from me a mother most tenderly beloved, and my heart clung to Mrs. Prior with an affection that had in

it something of the filial character. When, afterward, I saw her day by day pursuing her noiseless and self-denying labors of love—when I saw her humility, her faithfulness to the souls of others, and her untiring benevolence—I forgot selfish affection, in my admiration of what the grace of God could accomplish in and through frail humanity.

It has always seemed to me a peculiarly lovely feature in Mrs. Prior's character, that with all her activity and strength of purpose, she was so truly *feminine*. No coarseness was mingled with her plainness of speech, no boisterousness with her zeal. Her feelings, her sensibilities, her tastes, were all characterized by a gentleness and delicacy seldom surpassed. Those who read the records of her heroic daring and her unconquerable energy, in these pages, may be surprised to learn that she was almost childlike in her love of birds and flowers, and indeed of all that is beautiful in nature or art. She saw in these things a promise and a type of that better inheritance reserved for the saints, and found her strength daily renewed by this looking "through Nature up to Nature's God." I have never, in a somewhat extended sphere of observation, met with any one who united so much simplicity and strength of character—so much masculine courage and firmness, with womanly tenderness and refinement. Had she possessed early advantages of education equal to those enjoyed by young ladies of her own rank at the present day, I think she would have shone a star of the first magnitude. As it was, there were few among her numerous acquaintances who did not feel that they might sit at her feet, and learn lessons of heavenly wisdom more valuable than all that the schools can supply.

The punctuality, neatness, and love of order, which distinguished our friend, have been alluded to in the Memoir; but, for the sake of others, I wish to dwell a moment on the subject here. There are some who, in many respects,

are kindred spirits with Mrs. Prior, who think attention to these things incompatible with nobler pursuits, and their influence and usefulness are abridged accordingly. But amid all the labors and duties which filled up her time (and few have lived more literally for *others*), she always found time for scrupulous attention to personal neatness and propriety of appearance, and she *always kept her appointments*. I have often seen her wait patiently for others, but in the whole course of our acquaintance never knew others to wait for her. Is not this example worthy of general imitation?

If I have foreborne to speak particularly of the Christian character of Mrs. Prior, it is because others, who wrote previously, have dwelt upon it at large; and my object is simply to add a few sketches to the outline already drawn. It was deep piety that made her what she was; it was this that impelled and sustained her in her self-denying course. To use her own expressive language, she went out filled with the love of God, and after pouring it out all day in her intercourse with others, she returned home wearied and empty, until, by communion with her Father in heaven, she received fresh supplies from that exhaustless fountain, and forgot both trials and fatigue. Happy, happy spirit! thou hast rested from thy labors, and thy works follow thee. We bless God for the grace that shone so conspicuously in thee, and in the patience of faith would walk in thy footsteps, until we too are called to partake of thy blessedness in our Father's house. * * * * * *

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THE extracts from Mrs. Prior's journal, commenced on the next page, embrace a period of about five years, extending from the winter of 1837 to 1842. Where dates are wanting, the omission is chargeable to neglect in recording them at the time. It is but just to say, that these extracts comprise *less than half* the material that we have on hand, and may only be regarded as specimens of her *manner* of laboring, with the subsequent results.

## CHAPTER VI.

**Case of a dying wife who had sold her soul.—Two young women saved from suicide.—Interview with a family of Jews.—Deserted wife.—Admonitions in a quilting room.—Hopeful conversion of a young lady.—Conversion of a Catholic.—The end of an actress.—Conversion of an aged sinner.—A rich poor disciple.—Life threatened.—Poor family relieved.—Deplorable case of intemperance.—Happy death.—The dying infidel.—Wife of Lawyer F——.—Ill-gotten gain.—Providential incident.—Sufferings of the poor relieved.**

*Case of a dying wife.*—This morning a woman whose character had been suspicious before her marriage, was extremely ill, and her aunt who knew me sent a request that I would come and pray with her. Her husband was a universalist. They had this world's goods, and that was their portion. I found her very low and in great distress of body and mind. She uttered again and again, "*I can not die!* I can not leave my husband and my babe!" I conversed with her, and was proposing prayer, when the husband interposed and said, "You need not pray for her, she has no sin to answer for, and is as fit to die as you are." Just then the physician came in, and after seeing her a moment, told her frankly, "You can not live

an hour." With the greatest consternation she exclaimed, "*If I can not live an hour I am lost: I have sold my soul to the devil for dress!* Pray for me! Oh, pray for me. all who can, DO PRAY!" While uttering these and similar expressions, the chill of dissolution came over her—her countenance was changed, and her voice silenced in death. Sometime after the breath had ceased, the blood gushed copiously from the mouth and nose, and though we knew this was not uncommon in similar cases, yet it rendered the scene more awfully impressive. The husband did not now refuse us the privilege of calling upon the name of the Lord, and he probably felt though, he did not confess it, that the hour of death is full of terror to those without hope.

An unhappy mother called to-day and related the afflicting circumstances in which she was placed, and requested some aid in her attempts to find a poor lost daughter. She said she had four children, lived in a miserable basement in Church street, and obtained bread for her family by selling small articles in the market. Her eldest daughter was away, and she had been in the habit of leaving the second girl (who was in her fifteenth year) to look after two young children, while she went out to attend to her business. Some weeks since, she came home at night as usual, and to her surprise and grief, found this daughter missing

She soon learned from the neighbors sufficient to satisfy her, that she had been decoyed away through the artifices of a vile woman who lived near. She had sought her in different parts of the city, but as yet utterly in vain. She seemed to think that in some places to which she had been directed, the child had been secreted and a story framed to deceive her. Her heart seemed agonized in view of the condition of her wretched lost one, and how could it be otherwise. Truly this "mother's feelings could not be conceived, but by a mother." From her conversation one would suppose that she found some consolation in God, in this hour of darkness.

If this were a solitary instance it would be well, compared with the case as it is. Two poor young creatures have been found by the visiters the last week, whose mothers are probably ignorant of their residence or the circumstances in which they are kept.

* * * * * * * *

*Two young women saved from suicide.*—As I was passing through my district yesterday, a lady accosted me and inquired my name—also, if I was connected with the society who had opened a register of direction for respectable females. Some one had so well described my person that she was not mistaken in the individual she sought. She stated that two young girls, in whom she felt much

interested, were without employment, in debt for their board, and so reduced to want that they had threatened to *drown themselves*, unless some relief was afforded. They had been working for houses in the southern trade, until the great failures, and since could get nothing to do; were boarding with a widow who could ill afford to keep them without compensation; and she feared they might be led to some fatal step unless something was done for them soon. I took the number of their residence, called on them, and learned their true condition; conversed with them kindly and faithfully, and endeavored to convince them that they needed a Savior to shield them from impending woes, both temporal and eternal. Have to-day succeeded in placing them in families where they will be under Christian influence, with the prospect of a competent support. I felt greatly encouraged by this and other providences, and can truly say that every day's experience confirms the impression, that efforts for *prevention* promise more than any other; and instead of being lessened should be increased a hundred fold.

*Interview with a family of Jews.*—Near S. Church I was sent for, to visit an aged but pious woman, who had dislocated her hip by a severe fall, and was in consequence confined to her bed. The daughter, who supported her mother by the avails of her industry, sent for me to ask advice

respecting the course she should pursue. She could not leave her work to take care of her mother, without giving up the means of obtaining their daily subsistence, and she was utterly unable to hire a nurse to take care of her. God has more than once made me a mouth for the poor, and when I stated this case to some wealthy families in the neighborhood, my calls for relief were promptly met. Calling at one stately edifice near, I found it occupied by intelligent and benevolent Jews. I was conducted to an upper room where I found a mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother. The room was hung round with ancient pictures, according well with the appearance of its occupants. The Lord prepared the way for me to converse freely with them respecting Jesus Christ and his salvation. The old ladies entirely rejected me, and expressed themselves strong in the faith of a Messiah yet to come; still they treated me with great politeness. When I left, the younger lady accompanied me down stairs and then stated that she did not believe as her friends did; that the word of Jesus affected her much; that she often prayed to him in her heart, and longed for the day to come when she might teach him to her children, but was not yet sufficiently strong. I left, with an invitation to call again, and much encouraged with the hope that the redemption of this ancient people of God is drawing nigh.

*A deserted wife.—May 14th.* Some time since when visiting in —— street, I called at a house of respectable appearance, and as no one came to the door, I opened it, and entered without invitation. The mistress of the house was alone, and confined to the bed by disease, and anguish of mind. Struck with the distress visible in her countenance, I apologized for my abrupt entrance, and expressed a wish to converse with her on the concerns of her soul. She answered me, "I thank you for the kindness of your intentions, and were I less miserable, might wish to converse with you, but no one can comfort me. My case is beyond the reach of human help, and I only wish to be left alone with my sorrows." After a short time, however, she became more composed, and told me the tale of her domestic unhappiness; for the voice of sympathy was so strange to her that it seemed to open her heart, and win her entire confidence. Her husband had become a frequenter of the theatre, and kindred establishments; and though they were in comfortable circumstances, yet his life of profligacy drew so largely on his resources, that his wife and family were often in absolute want of the necessaries of life. This is by no means an isolated fact. In my visits through this great city, cases similar to this are almost constantly coming under my notice, where the husband and father, the son or brother, has

been led astray and ruined by a fondness for theatrical amusements. Could the virtuous ladies who go to the theatre see, at one glance, the thousands of their sex who are weeping in desolate places over their blasted hopes and ruined prospects, in consequence of this demoralizing institution, they would surely turn from this gateway of perdition with unmingled horror. It is not in the heart of *woman* to remain unmoved, when she sees the innocent suffering for the crimes of the guilty.

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I gave the poor invalid above alluded to all the advice and consolation in my power, and left her to the solitary indulgence of her grief. How truly miserable is the condition of those who have not the consolations of religion, when all earthly hopes are thus taken from them!—All here is gloom, and a still thicker darkness covers futurity, so that the poor sufferer can find no ray of consolation wherever she turns for relief. May the Star of Bethlehem arise on her benighted soul, and guide it to the haven where alone is to be found perfect rest and peace!

*Admonitions in a quilting-room.*—15*th.* Seven months since, when visiting in —— street, I found in one house ten or twelve young ladies seated round a quilting-frame. They were all in the bloom of youth and health, and gayly dressed, as if for a ball. I entered into conversation with the

mistress of the house, and requested her to take the paper. She told me she would receive it willingly, but was unable to *read*. The young ladies seemed inclined to ridicule all that was said, and considerable disorder prevailed in the room for a few moments. I addressed them very pointedly, warned them of the coming wrath, and pressed upon them the duty of immediate repentance. From the appearance of this family, my suspicions were aroused, and I inquired of a neighbor concerning their character. She told me they were not absolutely vicious, but given up to vanity and the pleasures of the world, and careless with regard to the company they kept. To-day, thinking it desirable to go over the scene of my former labors, and see if any fruit was visible, I entered this neighborhood again. In one house, where I supposed myself among strangers, I was recognised by a young girl, who expressed great pleasure at seeing me again. She reminded me of the scene around the quilting-frame, and said the remarks then made, were sent by the Spirit directly to her heart. The convictions thus fastened upon her mind never left her until she was brought to the foot of the cross as a helpless, undone sinner. She is now a member of the church, and seems to be an active, promising young Christian. What encouragement does this fact present to the faithful exertions of tract visiters, who may by a word in

season save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not which shall prosper, this or that."

*Conversion of a Catholic.*—17*th.* Greatly strengthened and encouraged by the answer to prayer mentioned under my last date, I went out, not knowing whither the Lord would lead me. In —— street, near Broadway, I found some time since, in a large house where every room was occupied by a different family, a very interesting young female, whose little children (twins) were both sick. She seemed willing to converse, and told me with tears that she would pray, but was unable to find time to read her prayer-book, for she was a Catholic. Her youthful and lovely appearance interested me deeply, and I inquired into her former history. She is a well-educated and highly respectable woman from Ireland, and having formed no acquaintances among her inferior neighbors, she is desolate indeed. She said she was reaping the bitter fruits of disobedience to parents, as she had married a young man who lived in her father's family, and fled with him to this country. He could now get very little employment, and they were suffering for the necessaries of life. I spent several hours with her, and begged of her to repent, and humble herself before God, and her parents, as that sin seemed to lie so

heavy on her heart; assuring her that God would teach her to pray without a prayer-book, if she would look to him for direction and assistance. Since that time I have visited her repeatedly, and have been enabled to be of some service to her in her poverty and affliction. To-day she met me with a cheerful, happy countenance, and told me what the Lord had done for her soul. "He has taught me to pray without my book, and I can now have comfort all the time, even when my hands are occupied with my sick children. I now feel the justice of all I have suffered, and am willing to humble myself before my offended parents, and submit entirely to their will." I requested her to write immediately to her parents, and state her situation without reserve, and promised to unite with her in pleading at the throne of grace for a favorable answer to her petition to be received again by them as a child. When I left her, my heart was raised to God in devout thanksgiving, that the bread thus cast on the waters, had been found before "many days." Let no Christian despise the day of small things. To the eye of sense, the daily visits of a few weak females, seems a feeble instrumentality to move on such a mass of sin and corruption as this city presents; but if angels rejoice over one sinner that repents, there is much to excite our gratitude and joy in the results of this system of visitation. The Lord

alone hath done it; to his holy name be all the glory!

*The end of an actress.*—

"The Theatre was from the very first
The favorite haunt of sin; tho' honest men,
Some very honest, wise, and worthy men,
Maintained it might be turned to good account;
And so perhaps it might; but never was.
From first to *last* it was an evil place."—POLLOK.

*June 15th.* As I was conversing with a woman on the second floor of a dwelling in —— street, this morning, my attention was attracted by a sound of distress, that seemed to issue from the room below. I was informed that it had been heard at intervals for several days, but that the door had been closed upon all who attempted to enter. I descended the steps, and desired admission, but was refused. I then demanded it, saying in a decided tone, if it was not granted, I would go immediately to a magistrate, whose duty it would be to open the door without permission, for I had heard groans that assured me there was distress within.

Presently the door was opened, and I entered an empty, desolate looking room, and saw before me the wreck of what had once been an intelligent and beautiful woman. After speaking kindly to her, I ascertained that her sister was very ill in an adjoining apartment, and was permitted to see her. I found her on a pallet of straw, on the

floor of a cold, dark, filthy room, very ill indeed, and apparently near to death. Intense suffering caused the groans we had heard. She was rational, and seemed grateful that I had found her. There was not a chair in the room, but I bent over her low couch, and talked to her of the love of Jesus, and her poor soul. She appeared like a convicted sinner, and desired earnestly that I would pray with her; and if ever the Spirit helped my infirmities, it was at this hour. The veil seemed removed that hides Eternity from the eye of the mind: I viewed the poor dust before me as "the food of worms," but the *spirit! O the undying spirit!* and the deeds of a life now almost over, would fix the impress upon its eternal destiny. The importance of *living*, and of *dying*—how it looks when life is waning, and the taper just about to expire

I learned before leaving this poor sufferer, that the sister who refused to let me in, was a violent opposer to religion. She had seen worldly good, but it had vanished; and her extreme poverty was so mortifying to her pride, that she allowed no one to enter her doors. She had been a noted *actress*, and the *theatre* had proved her ruin. What a picture was here presented of the *tendency of theatrical amusements!* I left, promising, in compliance with her request, to call again.

*Conversion of an aged sinner.*—16*th.* In one of

my visiting excursions four months since, I met with a very aged sinner, who was both naturally and spiritually *blind*. Her friends and children were all Universalists. I conversed and prayed with her—and read to her from the word of the Lord, "Except a man be born again, he can not see the kingdom of God." This declaration of Christ was accompanied by the convicting energy of the Holy Spirit, and fastened upon her conscience till it robbed her of her rest, and she began to seek in earnest for the pearl of great price.

I visited her many times, and found her week after week, much affected in view of her sins, but unwilling to believe the precious truth, "He is able to save to the uttermost, all who come unto God by Him."

To-day have had the inexpressible pleasure of finding her clothed and in her right mind, sitting at the feet of Jesus. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, praise his Holy name. I do indeed feel, that it is an unspeakable privilege to be made a servant of souls. My faith and hope in God are strong and unwavering. "Verily He will rejoice the soul of his servant, and none that trust in him shall be desolate."

*A rich poor disciple.*—17*th*. To-day have met with an interesting family in B—— street, two of whom have been recently converted to God. The circumstances of their case were very peculiar.

Their simple story is briefly this. The times were bad, and they felt unable to pay the rent of all their rooms, and let one of them to a poor woman whose husband was in the country. They did not know how very *poor* she was, nor that she was a Christian. She had not been with them long, before at stated times every day, they heard her voice as if in prayer to God. This annoyed them so much, that they wished, most heartily, that she was out of their house. One night, hearing her voice as usual, they listened at her door, and heard her praying the Lord to quiet her *hungry children* (they were crying for *bread*, and she had none to give them);—and presently again they heard her praising the Lord, for his mercy, that her little ones had forgotten their troubles, and were quietly asleep.

This was loud preaching to them, and the conviction of her sincerity forced itself upon them, also the reality of that religion they had so much despised.

The result was, they were brought to repentance, and led to exercise faith in a risen Savior. They now unite in thanking the Lord that this good woman ever came under their roof. Soon after the change in their feelings, they sought an acquaintance with her, assisted in supplying her wants, and consider themselves repaid four-fold for their charities, by the Christian intercourse

thus enjoyed. In hearing this relation, I could not help feeling, that if the professors of religion in our city would but manifest the consistency, and exercise the *faith*, of this poor humble disciple, our Redeemer would be honored, and heaven filled with new themes of praise, by the conversion of multitudes around us.

*Nov. 20th.* Visited the sick woman referred to under date of Nov. 15th. Found her near to death, and gained some satisfaction with reference to her hopes beyond the grave. She had felt at times for a day or two, willing to die, and then again as her sins appeared in dread array, there was an awful fear of standing at the bar of a holy God.

Before her departure, however, she seemed to cast herself upon the Savior, and expressed a desire to depart, that she might see him as he is, Her end was peaceful, and the hope is cherished that prayer was heard in her behalf.

Some weeks since, as I was visiting in one of my districts in the upper part of the city, I was led to speak plainly and faithfully to a man who had a family, but was known to be keeping a mistress at the same time. My age made me feel that as he was thrown in my way, there was no impropriety in attempting to set his sin before him. But it provoked his anger and he repeatedly threatened my life. I have since avoided the vicinity of his residence, until this morning. I

received a note requesting me to call immediately to see a sick man who was not expected to live. I saw by the No. that it was very near the house of Mr. ——. My courage was rather weak, for the request was so unusual, that I feared lest a plot had been laid to ensnare me. After commending the case to God, I went as requested, and was glad to learn that my fears had been groundless.

I found a man and his wife in great distress, in the attic of the house to which I had been directed. The husband had been given over by his physicians, and he felt that his preparation for death had not been begun. "O!" said he, "*pray for me!* I can not die, *I am not fit to die!*" The agony of his mind, and the distress of his poor wife made the scene truly affecting.

*A brand plucked from the burning.*—29*th.* Met with a woman who informed me that the departed McDowall had been the means of her temporal and eternal salvation. She spoke of him with much emotion, and after some hesitation, proceeded to tell me something of her history. She stated that she was on the point of establishing a house of ill-fame, when, most providentially, she heard him preach on the seventh commandment. The sermon was to her as "a nail in a sure place." She immediately abandoned her purpose, and has since sought an honest living, by honest means.

She now keeps a respectable boarding-house, is a regular subscriber to the Advocate, and appears to feel bound by ten thousand obligations to do all in her power for the advancement of moral purity.

A few doors from this I entered a dwelling, and found a number of sailors sitting together, apparently unoccupied. I gave to each of them a tract, and conversed with them about their soul's salvation. One of them said to his companions, "Be quiet, that I may hear all this lady says, she puts me so in mind of my dear mother." "Then you had a praying mother, had you?" "Yes," he replied, and his heart was touched to tenderness.

I learned from him that he attended the Mariners' church. At his request I gave him some copies of the Advocate to read.

*Dec. 5th.* Found to-day an afflicted woman whose husband was daily spending his small earnings at a porter-house, while he knew that she was suffering for the necessaries of life. Notwithstanding this severe trial, she seemed to possess "a calm and heavenly frame." She informed me that her extreme poverty had driven her to Christ—said, his presence and his word afforded a consolation and blessedness, such as the world could neither give nor take away.

*Poor family relieved.—7th.* The Lord has enabled me this day to administer again to the wants

of the wretched, and my soul bears witness to the truth of his own precious words, 'It is more blessed to *give* than to *receive*." One object of our charities was a family residing in —— street. They were found in a dark basement. The sick mother, with an infant, was lying in a miserable crib, without necessary bedding, and several small children were supplying a half worn out sheet-iron stove with *shavings*, which was all the fuel their means afforded. The husband and father had been removed by death a few days since. When I endeavored to express the sympathy that was awakened in view of their suffering condition, the poor woman seemed much affected, and said she considered her afflictions but the fruit of her disobedience. She had been tenderly brought up, and from her youth had realized the necessity of a change of heart, but had resisted the strivings of the spirit till now. I read to her from the word of the Lord, "They that seek shall find," &c. After directing her attention to the friend of sinners, I went to a benevolent lady living near, and informed her of the situation of this mother and children. She very kindly returned with me, and supplied their present wants liberally from her own purse. If all to whom the Lord has given an abundance, would follow the example of this good woman, how many in our city would rise up and call them blessed.

*Deplorable case.*—14*th.* I was invited by a Christian friend to call on a woman who was literally drinking herself to death. I went as requested, and found the scene too painful to describe. A fellow-being and a woman was before us, upon her bed, with a pitcher of brandy by her side, and three or four drunken companions around her. All were so intoxicated that expostulation was useless. In passing out, we saw the man at "the bar" dealing out his "distilled death" to customers, and inquired of him if the woman within was his wife? "Yes," he said. "And, do you know," I inquired, "that she is supplied with liquor by the pint?" "Yes." "Do you mean to kill her?" "She will have it," was the reply, "or scream so that it takes three or four to hold her." "But you could send her to the asylum, and must do so, or it will be my duty to *complain* of you." He bid me mind my business, which I assured him I should do, as that would be my business if he persisted.

*Happy death.*—18*th.* Another trophy of the mercy of the Lord may be recorded this day. I was invited, some time since, to visit a young girl in feeble health, whose mother was impenitent. The state of her mind was interesting. She desired prayer, and was grateful for religious instruction. I went once again, and presently found her a subject of pungent conviction.

A few days after, she was rejoicing in the love of Christ, and the change was indeed glorious. She sent for her young companions, prayed with and for them, and exhorted them earnestly not to defer repentance. She has to-day put on immortality, and we trust death is swallowed up in victory. She prayed for our society with her dying breath, giving thanks to the dear Savior for making the unworthy visiter the means of her conversion. *To his name alone be praise.* The mother appears deeply anxious about her own salvation, and seems to be just upon the point of submitting her heart to God.

*The dying infidel.—Jan.* 16*th*, 1838. Was invited by a lady to call on a family who kept a porter-house near Waverley Place. As she was young, she desired some one of my age to go to this place rather than herself. A father and son were there, very ill, and near to death. I obtained permission to see them, and found the son an infidel. I drew a chair near his bed-side, and tried to talk to him about salvation. He looked wildly, and said in an angry tone, "If I could reach my cane, I would put you down stairs." "He did not want any preaching," as he called it. "When he wanted preaching, he went to Tammany Hall." The name of God or Christ seemed to fill him with rage. It is the opinion of his physician that he can not live. I left him and entered the ad-

joining room, where his poor father was confined with consumption, apparently in the last stage. My feelings had so overpowered me that I could not speak for weeping. I made some apology to the sick man, saying "The infidelity of your son has quite overcome me;" and added, that "it was astonishing that one so young could be thus influenced by such principles." The father was affected, and blamed himself, as well he might, for the sin of his child; confessed that he had led him in the way to death, and said "he was distressed about his own soul, but God was *afar off*." After a season of prayer, I left him with a heavy heart, fearing I should see him and the unhappy son on the left hand of the Judge. The wife and mother was engaged in supplying customers at the bar; she did it, as she said, *for a living*. I expostulated with her, but to little purpose.

*Wife of Lawyer F——:*

* * * * "And sorrow oft
By man inflicted on his brother man;
Sorrow that made the reason drunk, and yet
Left much untasted—so the cup was filled;
Sorrow that, like an ocean, dark, deep, rough,
And shoreless, rolled its billows o'er the soul
Perpetually, and without hope of end."—POLLOK.

*24th.* Met with a subscriber in 13th street, whose heart is much enlisted in the cause of reform. She invited me to a room, on the second floor, and introduced me to a sick lady, as one of the visiting committee of the F. M. R. Society. She wa-

young, of a lovely countenance, and very diffident and retiring in her manner; was in a decline, and her symptoms foreboded a speedy dissolution. Her mind appeared tender; she wept as I spoke of a dying hour, and confessed that she was unprepared. She seemed grateful for my call, and desired me to come again. The lady of the house, with whom she boarded, made me acquainted with the peculiar circumstances of her case, which are briefly these: She called at her house with her husband, Lawyer F——, about six months since, and requested board. They wished to board in a private family, and as their appearance was respectable, Mrs. —— consented to receive them. The health of the lady was then good, and if the canker was corroding at the heart, it was buried so deep as not to be perceived. She occasionally observed with solicitude, her husband had very little business. Some time since, it was ascertained that his evenings were spent in gambling and other scenes of dissipation. The wife suffered in silence. Her external wants were well supplied; her rooms furnished in good taste, and a stranger would not have selected her as one among the children of affliction. The family with whom they boarded had an opportunity to witness, from day to day, the cause of her grief and her malady. She had never spoken of her unfaithful husband but in terms of

tenderness and affection. This he well knew; but he had become wedded to the gambling-room and the theatre, and every better feeling of his heart was so perverted that he could see the worthy companion of his youth wasting away by fell disease, and, knowing that his conduct was the fatal cause, pass on apparently without compunction or remorse. The lady remarked that he had paid his board bill regularly, but she would not have such a monster in her house were it not for his sick wife, who was too ill to be removed. Since Mrs. F—— had been under the care of a physician, he had gone by request to the druggist's for medicine, and instead of returning to administer it, had made his way to the theatre, and spent the evening, till the midnight hour, in sin and folly. This unhappy woman is hastening to an early grave without hope. Her friends in the country are not apprized of her condition; they suppose her husband is all to her which his voluntary and most sacred obligations require, and could they know his perfidy, parental and fraternal love would wrest this daughter from his hands, if it were not too late to save her. Should this page meet his eye, may it awaken reflection, and lead a guilty conscience to perform its office. Let the many who, like Mr. F——, sustain the relation of *husband*, and yet in heart and life, are traitors to their solemn vows, remember *there is a day at*

*hand* that will strike terror to their inmost souls. He who is their lawgiver and judge will repay recompense. *Here* the oppressor may be shielded by human institutions, and the oppressed find none to redress their wrongs; but *there* the tables will be turned, and the responsibility of all the social relations will be fully appreciated.

*Feb. 22d.* Have spent most of this day in reporting the cases of the suffering poor to the ward committees, whose duty it is to provide for their relief. As the funds are becoming diminished, many applicants are unheeded, unless some friend makes known their case for them. Indeed, the provision that has been made, does not begin to meet the wants of the destitute in several of the wards, and is but a mere apology for present relief. One aged and deserving woman informed me that she had stood from 9 till 12 o'clock, waiting by the door, in the cold, for the crowd to disperse, in order that she might obtain her allowance of potatoes, and was then obliged to go away empty. She was destitute of fuel and food, and ready to fold her hands in despair. The unexpected relief which the Lord enabled me to procure, changed her tears of anguish to those of joy and gratitude. The case of this helpless widow is similar in kind to that of thousands. Employment is not now to be had, even for those who have ever before been able to obtain an honest living—

and where Christian principle is wanting, and children are to be supported, many are left to comply with temptations, from which, in other circumstances, they would have shrunk with horror.

*Ill-gotten gain.*—*24th.* In Fourteenth street was made acquainted with the situation of a mother, who, with an infant and several little ones, was in feeble health, and suffering from want. After the usual civilities were exchanged, she inquired with earnestness if I knew her, and gave her name. I remembered her well—had known her in better days. Her father was wealthy, but had acquired his property by vending ardent spirits. He gave this daughter a handsome sum at her marriage. Her husband engaged in business, but failed—could not rise again, and became disheartened. He had no religion, and sought an antidote for his troubles in the *porter-houses* of the neighborhood. The remainder of his story, and that of his helpless family, can be easily anticipated. During the winter this afflicted woman has been reduced to such straits, that she has been obliged to disguise herself as a common beggar, and go to respectable families and solicit bread for her starving children. Her poverty had led her to seek for durable riches and righteousness. She was perusing her Bible with interest, and earnestly inquiring the way of salvation, but was not a child of the covenant, and had never heard the voice of prayer within her

father's doors. She remarked with tears, "the curse is not removed," "iniquities are visited," &c. (referring to the ill-gotten gain of her father, and the use that had been made of it by her intemperate husband). My visit here was truly providential, and by calling on some distant relatives of the family, and stating their wants, assistance was immediately obtained.

*Providential incident.*—

"Whence learned she this? O she was innocent—
And to be innocent is Nature's wisdom:
The fledged dove knows the prowlers of the air,
Feared soon as seen, and flutters back to shelter.

"O, surer than suspicion's hundred eyes
Is that fine sense which to the pure in heart
By mere opugnancy of their own goodness
Reveals the approach of evil."—COLERIDGE.

25*th*. I was led to visit some eight or ten families in the east part of the city, residing in the vicinity of the late fire. I inquired respecting the condition of the hundreds whose homes were burned up, and where they lived? In one place, was informed that a woman and child, who had lost all, were in a room above, but as she kept closed doors, I probably could not see her. Supposing I should not be refused, I went to her door, and after several raps, by saying in a raised tone, "an old lady who is a friend wishes to come in," I was admitted. She appeared diffident and agitated, but gave me a seat, and soon became composed. I spoke kindly of her losses, and inquired

for her husband. At this she began to weep, and said, that previous to the fire he went west to purchase lands, and had not yet returned. They were housekeeping, and she was left in the care of an old gentleman and lady under the same roof, who were very kind to her, until their mutual misfortunes had made them homeless.

In the midst of the calamity, while the flames were raging, and she was standing with her little one, not knowing where to go, a woman, whose appearance was respectable, came to her, and invited her to her house. She accompanied her, and was provided with a room, and requested to stay till her husband's return. The offer was considered generous, and accepted; but she was very soon insulted, and had reason to suppose that the house, or the people in it, were of a character which she had not at first suspected. A man had been at the door of her room several times, and offered her money. She resented his baseness, and kept the door locked against him, but was trembling with fear at the approach of every footstep. I inquired if she would like to leave, if I could get her a place to board, with some good family. She said modestly, "If I knew you"—— "but you too are a stranger." I satisfied her without difficulty as to that, and was enabled to encourage her to put her trust in the Lord, and look to him for aid. I succeeded in procuring her a

pleasant boarding-place with a sister in the church, and saw her removed without delay. My heart is glad in view of it—for I am conscious that through the mercy of God, this innocent female is now rescued from those who were plotting her destruction.

*Sufferings of the poor relieved.*—14*th*. Have visited during the past week about fifty families. It was satisfactory to see some, who had been assisted by us through the winter, now able to provide for themselves, and thanking and praising the Lord for the timely aid they had received. One aged man and his wife, both of whom were upward of seventy, and who had three little grandchildren depending upon them, had subsisted principally by charity through the season. Their hearts seemed full of prayer and praise; but whether they were serving Christ merely for the loaves and the fishes, we could not tell. They followed us out of the house, and implored for us the best of Heaven's blessings. At the next door, found a family in a most distressed condition. The father had died but a few days previous, and left a widow with four children. For a week they had lived only on a few potatoes, received from the ward committee. One little child of two years and a half had been sick for some weeks, and was pining away from actual want. Their distress was alleviated for the time, and they were earnestly exhorted to seek the bread of life.

At the farther extremity of a dark alley, and up to a pair of outside stairs, so broken as hardly to afford a safe passage, we found a poor woman afflicted with rheumatism. She was lying upon the floor, with a log of wood for her pillow. She had been obliged to part with her bed, and most of her clothing, to procure bread; and all she had left, which was a few old garments, she had spread under her on the floor, and over her hard pillow. She was evidently a great sufferer, but whether in consequence of vice, we were unable to determine.

## CHAPTER VII

General results of personal effort.—Specific cases.—Interview with a Romanist.—Farther particulars with regard to Lawyer F——.—Painful case of illness in a disreputable house.—Backslider reclaimed.—The aged blind woman.—Lunatic restored.—Death of a woman who had been benefited by Mrs. Prior's labors.—Result of Fanny Wright's lectures.—Conversion of a wine merchant.—A daughter hopefully converted, and family awakened.—Affecting history and death of an orphan.—Alliance of vice and misery.—Rough treatment.—Minister's daughter found in a house of infamy.—Mrs. Prior made prisoner.—Visit at the house of an infidel.—Hopeful conversion.—Young man from home.

*March*, 1838. During the past three months, I have visited on an average, about three hundred and fifty families per month; which makes the number visited during the winter more than a thousand. Many of these families have been found destitute of every comfort, and in many instances of nearly every *necessary* of life. To aid such, the rich have been applied to in person; and in almost every instance, ready assistance has been afforded. Temporal wants have been supplied; and in many cases, the truth of God having been communicated, the Spirit has applied it to the heart and conscience, and the result has been some most interesting conversions. Some who

had for a long time been prevented by poverty from attending the house of God, have had the word thus brought to their doors, and have accepted Christ, and through his righteousness, a few have gone out of the world, rejoicing in the hope of the glory of God.

I was invited by a Christian friend, about a month since, to call at what is considered a decent porter-house, in Greenwich street, where the wife of the keeper of the establishment lay wasting with consumption, with none to care for her soul. Her husband was unwilling that any Christian minister should visit her, although she greatly desired it. Contrary to my expectation, I was admitted, and allowed to converse with her on the subject of religion. I found her impressed with the importance of salvation, and ready at once to yield to the terms of the Gospel. She seemed with eagerness, and an uncommon strength of faith, to receive the Savior as her hope and portion.

I have been allowed to visit her several times, and her situation in a room adjoining the bar of her husband's establishment, exposed to the confused sound of vulgar conversation, impious oaths, and the varied implements of the gambling table, awakened my commiseration to a degree which I could not but express to the husband. He however took little notice of my request to have her removed to a more retired apartment. Her cheer-

ful submission to these distressing circumstances, I felt might serve as a lesson to many who, while surrounded by everything desirable, are still dissatisfied and repining.

I had opportunity for much observation while visiting this place. I here learned the estimation in which *porter-house* friends hold each other. There was a sea captain who had been wealthy, and consequently courted by this fraternity, until his estates were wasted on their lusts, and wine, but who was now rudely driven from their doors. The wife remarked, that this man had spent hundreds at her husband's bar, but now he had nothing left to make his company desirable. She seemed to regret deeply their manner of life, but saw no way to remedy the evil, while her husband's heart remained unsanctified.

*Hope in death.*—Another case of interest was that of Eliza J., a young girl who had come from service in a respectable family, where she had been abundantly supplied with the comforts of life, to the home of indigent parents, there to die with consumption. Her father made little or no provision for his family, and her mother, who had been supplied with little comforts from a share of her wages, was now left with her sick daughter entirely destitute.

In these distressing circumstances, the poor girl found that she possessed an unsubmissive spirit, a temper altogether at variance with the arrange-

ments of Providence; and out of these depths she called upon God to subdue sin in her soul, and he heard and delivered her. When I found her, she expressed her belief that the angel of mercy had sent me. The wants of her body were supplied, and her soul seemed filled with the fulness of God.

It is some months since I first visited her, and though she had suffered greatly, and had been unable during all this time to lie down, on account of the collection of phlegm in her throat, yet I felt it was truly good to sit and learn of her what God can do for the soul that trusts in him. She has now gone to her rest, the subject of a triumphant death, and doubtless of a glorious resurrection.

*March.*—Met with an interesting French family. It seems that the Lord had sent them to our shores, for the purpose of finding a Savior precious. I felt, while telling them of Jesus, and trying to understand their broken English, that, truly, they were "no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens, with the saints, and of the household of God." My heart was ready to leap for joy, at the evidence they all gave of being born again. It is surely encouragement for us to labor for the poor immigrants in our city, of whatever nation, or kindred, or tongue, they may be. The conversion of this whole family, has resulted

from the untiring efforts of the missionary employed to labor among this class of our citizens. I gained strength and encouragement from this visit, and hope it was comforting and profitable to them.

29*th*. Visited a poor woman in Sixteenth-st., in distress. Her sufferings had been great since the distribution of food by the ward committees had ceased, and she knew of no means of relief. She had a daughter of fifteen years of age for whom I felt a deep interest. I took them home with me, and supplied their wants.

*Interview with a Romanist.—April 2d.* Revisited some families in Sixteenth st., in company with a friend. Conversed with one woman, in whom I felt a special interest the first time I saw her. She was sick with inflammation of the throat, and the spirit of the Lord had been opening to her view the hidden iniquity of her own heart. She manifested much joy at seeing me, and desired to have me speak of the things she held in so much contempt at our last interview. She was an English woman, but attached to the church of Rome. I spoke of forgiveness of sin through the blood of Christ. She said she had just been confessing to the priest and had received absolution, but she found no relief; her guilt rested upon her like a mountain weight. I directed her to the Lamb of God, who is exalted to give repentance

and remission of sins, and urged her to pray. She said she could not. Her throat was so much inflamed as almost to deprive her of the power of speech, and her mind was greatly troubled in view of death, but after conversing with her a little longer, she broke out into one of the most affecting prayers I ever heard. Her husband sat by, listening to all that passed with apparent anxiety, lest she should be induced to abjure the catholic faith, and die out of the pale of the church. He interposed frequently, saying, "Good lady, we don't want you to teach us; the priest instructs us all we want to be instructed." I replied that I had a message from God to her, and could not be prevented from delivering it. He left the room in anger. I have strong hopes, that this convicted sinner will soon place her trust in the sinner's only friend.

*Case of Lawyer F——.—18th.* Information was communicated this morning that gladdens my heart, and makes me willing to forget the trials of the way. Allusion is made under date of Jan. 16th, to a sick lady, wife of Lawyer F——. The family with whom they were boarding have kindly given me the following sequel to her story. After my last interview with her, she continued gradually to decline, until the messenger of death which had been long approaching, released her spirit from ts frail tenement. She repeatedly expressed

gratitude for my visits to her, and before her departure, was enabled, through the grace of God, to rejoice in a good hope of eternal life. Her husband received from an unknown hand the paper containing the portraiture of his own character; and, after reading it, exhibited a burst of indignation that threatened to expend itself, without mercy, upon "the old lady," as he called her, if he could learn her name. But the mild entreaties of his wife, as he saw her advancing to the grave, had more influence than he was willing to acknowledge.

His railings against "the old lady" were silenced, and as he had no means of knowing where she was, and the interment of Mrs. F. called him to the country, he went away without inflicting meditated revenge.

Not long since Mrs. —— received a letter from him, expressing his purpose not to return to the city, and also giving an interesting account of the present state of his mind. The letter states that the character given of him in the article alluded to, affected him greatly. He was not at first prepared to believe himself *so bad*—but on reflection found that the half had not been told. Once convinced of his guilt, he was resolved on a different course; had taken the advice of his dying wife and left this city of temptation and highhanded wickedness; and in the retirement of

the country was seeking that true peace which the world can neither give nor take away. He requested Mrs. —— to remember him affectionately to that *old lady*, and thank her for her faithfulness. This unexpected intelligence awakened emotions more easily felt than expressed. I hoped the poor instrument had been owned and blessed, and could truly say from a full heart, to God alone be all the praise.

*Painful case.*—

"Virtue and vice had boundaries in old time,
Not to be passed; and she that had renounced
Her sex's honor, was renounced herself
By all that prized it; not for prudery's sake,
But dignity's, resentful of the wrong.
'Twas hard, perhaps, on here and there a waif,
Desirous to return, and not received;
But 'twas a wholesome rigor in the main,
And taught the unblemished to preserve with care,
That purity, whose loss was loss of all."

COWPER.

20*th*. A pious lady called and requested me to go with her to E—— st., to assist in removing her sick niece from a house of death, to a place where she might with propriety be favored with Christian counsel, and efforts be made for the salvation of her soul. It was a sad errand, but we went together and performed the task. The house was large, and as we passed from room to room the looks of shame and sorrow that met us, were sufficient to draw pity from any heart that had

been wont to beat with a mother's or a sister's love. All the inmates were young—some less than 15 years of age. When the misery of their condition was alluded to, several wept, and expressed a wish that they had never been in existence, but said their case was now hopeless. They were told of a way to escape and urged to embrace it; but it was apparently as much in vain as preaching to the spirits in prison. It was a touching fact, that a majority of their number were orphans or fatherless. The poor sufferer whose case had brought us there was wasting away with consumption. To my inquiries respecting how she came here, her aunt replied briefly, that she was the only daughter of a beloved sister, long since laid in the grave; that she had now no near relations but herself, and that in this season of extremity she had desired her aid. When quite young she was extravagantly fond of balls, parties, and other vain amusements, and allowed to go and come as she pleased. Several years since she received the addresses of a young gentleman, and, under promise of marriage, was seduced and ruined. Her downward progress for a time was gradual, but recently it had been more rapid. She supported an infant son for a year or two, by means of her needle, but afterward abandoned herself to vice. This child is now seven years old, has been boarded in a respectable family by his moth

er, and knows not that she has ever swerved from the path of rectitude. The aunt seemed to be actuated only by Christian principle in her conduct toward this unfortunate relative. In speaking of her own children, she remarked that the fall of their poor cousin had ever been a beacon of warning, and she had only to point to her to produce aversion to the theatre or the ball-room, or to induce a ready compliance with her requirements. How many families may profit by such painful examples, if they will.

*Backslider reclaimed.*—Visiting S. street, during the month of January, I met with a young lady whose mind seemed to be bordering on despair. My efforts to encourage or comfort were apparently fruitless. She had been a professor of religion but had fallen into temptation, had lost sight of Christ as her only hope, had begun to neglect secret duties, and was even unwilling to kneel for prayer. On Monday, May 21st, I met her in the street. Her countenance beamed with joy as she communicated to me the precious intelligence, that she had returned to the Good Shepherd, and been received into his fold. The conversation which took place at our interview, had been the means of arousing her to a sense of duty, and the divine blessing had accompanied her efforts to perform it. She was rejoicing in being permitted anew to taste the loving kindness of her God.

The family referred to in the Advocate of April 15th under date of March 20th, as keeping a porter-house in Greenwich street, were visited this week. The woman who was then so low, has been numbered with the dead, and her husband has relinquished his establishment, and is now engaged in business of a most reputable kind. He met me with much kindness, and introduced me to his mother, who now has charge of his family, as a kind friend who had visited his wife in sickness, but whose visits he had not fully appreciated. Thus three children, in answer to the prayers of a dying mother, were removed from the baleful influence of this haunt of dissipation.

*Aged blind woman.—May 28th.* A pious friend called, desiring me to go with her to visit a very aged blind woman. She had been almost a hundred years a sojourner in this vale of tears. I found her surrounded by a large family of children and children's children, who were visiting her, with the expectation that she would soon terminate her pilgrimage. She expressed herself gratified with the visit of one who cared for her soul, and asked with much apparent earnestness if it was not too late for her to apply for mercy. I mentioned to her the case of the blind man by the way-side, and recommended her with my whole heart, to the same Savior, the friend of sinners, as willing and able to save to the uttermost

all that come unto God by him. I asked her how it was, that when surrounded by so many blessings, she could so have neglected the God of her mercies? She remarked that she had been waiting for some special influences of the Spirit to *constrain* her to repent; but she had found at this late hour that she must apply herself to Christ. She said that the preaching she had heard had not reached her soul, and she now desired to see some Christian female who knew by experience the value of a Savior, that she might open her heart to her, and obtain instruction. With strong crying and many tears she threw herself upon her knees and exclaimed, "Blessed Jesus, dear Savior, canst thou have compassion on such an old sinner as I am?" I prayed with her, and my faith took hold of the throne of the Eternal. A young man, who told me he was the great-grandson of this aged lady, entered the room immediately after the prayer, and I could not help inviting him, also, to come to the Savior. His case was the reverse of his aged parent. She seemed to be willing to be acted upon, while he was secure in the belief that he could at any moment repent and secure his salvation. I endeavored to be faithful to him, and left them with a firm hope that the old lady, at least, would make Christ her all.

*Lunatic restored.—June 1st.* I called on a poor family mentioned in the paper of May 1, in which

was a lunatic, who, when I asked permission to pray, caught the word and continued to repeat it at different times, until the Lord was pleased to restore her reason, and with it the communication of his Spirit. She died a few weeks since with her hopes centred on the Rock of Ages. The mother now seems desirous to know and love the Savior.

*Death of a woman who had been benefited by Mrs. Prior's labors.—July 15th.* Sometime last winter I called upon a sick woman, whose husband was so intemperate, that he made very little provision for his family.

The woman needed many comforts, and while I attempted to supply them, I inquired if she knew aught of the comforts of religion. She professed to be very good, but I soon discovered that it was her own righteousness in which she trusted; and so well satisfied was she of security by the deeds of the law, that the provision of the gospel in her view seemed quite unnecessary. I frequently visited her, however, and tried to pray; but the circumstances of the case seemed greatly to diminish the hope of usefulness, and prayer seemed a burden, until the Lord was pleased to send his Spirit to convict of unrighteousness, and to set her sins in order before her; then she earnestly desired that I would pray, and the Spirit gave freedom of utterance. She at length found peace in believing.

I state this for the encouragement of those who may be placed in like circumstances. Nothing is too hard for the Lord. In this case I was ready to despair of any degree of usefulness to this woman; and just while hesitating what step to take, that she should not die in this delusion, I was called out of town. While absent, as if to show that he can work and none hinder, the Lord sent his Spirit to operate savingly upon her heart. I found, on my return, a message for me to call immediately I went to the house, and found her dead.

The husband spoke of the funeral. No preparation had been made, except that liquor had been provided for the occasion. I told him if he would return the liquor, I would get a licensed preacher, and bring some pious friends, and he might invite the neighbors to hear a sermon. This he consented to do, and I attempted to perform my part. There was a liquor store below, where I went to plead that they would close their doors, and come in to hear the word of the Lord. After much urging, the bartender consented for *one hour* to withhold the cup from his neighbor's mouth, and listen to the truth. We had a solemn meeting, and the husband, who had not heard a sermon in twenty years, with many rough-looking companions, had solemn and important truth brought home to their ears. May the

Lord grant his word success, and snatch these hardened sinners from ruin, while they are where prayer may yet be heard.

*Influence of Fanny Wright's lectures.*—

"How shocking must thy summons be, O Death,
To him who is at ease in his possessions!
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnished for the world to come."

*Aug.* 11*th.* To-day, after calling on a family in —— street, I was led to visit others in several large dwellings near by. In one of them, after conversing with a pious mother, I was shown into a sick room, where her daughter (a merchant's wife, and the mother of five children) was lying in the last stage of consumption. As I entered the room, and observed her emaciated form and death-like countenance, the promptings of sympathy led me to speak to her of her precious soul. At this she uttered a shriek, and gave such a look as language can not describe. She was too low to speak; but her mother, understanding that she wished me to leave her presence, besought her earnestly to hear me talk for a few moments about her immortal interests. With an agonized countenance she listened, while I rehearsed the case of the rich man and Lazarus, and warned her with all possible tenderness *now* to make her peace with God. Again she shrieked in wild despair, and motioned toward the door, as if desirous I should depart. As I left the room, the mother fol-

lowed, and informed me with tearful eyes, that the state of mind manifested by her unhappy daughter, was the result of *Fanny Wright's lectures*. First, her husband's mind was poisoned, then hers, and now, as death approaches, she has no support, and there seemed to be such "a fearful looking for of judgment," that a bare allusion to it was almost insupportable. Poor dying woman! she had, like the rich man, long enjoyed her good things, but they are now no source of consolation. How many who, like her, have listened to the vain sophisms and corrupting principles of this heroine of infidelity, will find too late, that they have believed for eternity, but "believed a lie?"

*Conversion of a wine merchant.*—15*th*. Returning from my appointed district to-day, I was met at the door by an elderly gentleman, whose family I had visited, and with whom I had conversed and prayed many times. I had labored some for his salvation, but with so little faith, that I did not expect a favorable result. He had confessed in the presence of his wife, that he was not strictly "a temperance man;" and though he sometimes wept and trembled, as we "reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come," yet he would never sign the pledge, and therefore we could not believe there was much hope in his case. (He had been a wine merchant, and accumulated a large property by vending liquors.) He

called to-day to tell me he had found salvation, and hoped, through grace, to be enabled henceforth to renounce the world, and live only to serve his Redeemer. My heart was humbled because of my want of faith, and melted in view of the divine goodness in making me the unworthy instrument of such mercy. The injunction, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand," never seemed more weighty and important.

*Case of hopeful conversion.—Nov. 11th.* While engaged in calling on some friends of our cause to obtain signatures to a petition, I entered a house in P—— street, which I had before repeatedly visited. I was met by a young lady whom, at a former visit, I supposed to be in the last stages of consumption. At that time she confessed herself much devoted to the vain pleasures of the ballroom and the theatre, and acknowledged that her imprudent changes of dress on these occasions had originated her disease. She had a brother, who had shared these amusements with her. I conversed with her solemnly on the unsatisfying nature of such pleasures, and recommended those of a more substantial kind, which alone could support the soul in a dying hour, and in view of eternity. Now, with an expression of countenance which spoke peace within, she related to me the story of redeeming love and mercy, which had

snatched her from the jaws of temporal and spiritual death. A new song was put into her mouth, even praise to our God, and she was rejoicing in hope. Her brother too, though he did not give evidence of a change of heart, had forsaken the gay circles which they once visited together, and her mother seemed anxious for her soul's salvation. Oh, how this precious intelligence cheered my heart, and nerved me for my future work and warfare!

"If on my face, for thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be;
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If thou remember me!"

*Nov.* 16*th.* Called on a poor family, the husband a German, and the wife an American. The latter was very sick, and seemed to be near her end. She was unable to converse much, but I asked permission to pray with her. She was very deeply affected, and when I arose from prayer, she clasped her hands, and raised her eyes with the thrilling exclamation, "Oh, if such a friend had come before to talk and pray with me; but I fear it is now too late.—I can not talk—I feel that I am near the grave, and know not whither I am going!"

17*th.* Called to-day at the house of the poor German; but it was indeed *too late* to offer the message of pardon and salvation—the sick woman had gone into eternity, and her everlasting destiny

was sealed. Let us work while the day lasts; for both to ourselves and others the night of death is quickly coming, when no man can work.

*Nov. 28th.* I have spent a part of this day in searching for a lost girl. She had been placed by her mother at service in Reed street, and had eloped without the knowledge of any one save her destroyer. There was some reason to suppose she might be found in the vicinity of Grand street but my search thus far has been in vain.

*The orphan.*—

> "The stranger's heart, O wound it not,
> Deal gently with the stranger's heart—
> In the green shadow of thy tree,
> The stranger finds no rest with thee."—HEMANS.

In one house, where I entered to make inquiries, I found a good woman who seemed much interested in my errand. She told me she had the care of a sick girl, whose case had very much excited her compassion, and invited me to her room. She appeared very ill, and answered my inquiries in a subdued tone, and with an expression of countenance that at once interested and affected me. In answer to the question, "What ails you, my child?" she replied, "A broken heart." Learning that she was an orphan and a stranger I solicited further information concerning her case. She had resided till the last summer in Fredericksburgh, Virginia, was left fatherless at an

early age, and had one sister who was older than herself, for whom she ever felt the most tender attachment. Her mother married a second time, and although her stepfather was a foreigner, he treated the family with much kindness. After some years the mother died, and she was placed at service, and her sister was taken by the father to Georgetown. Two or three years elapsed, and she heard nothing from either, but at length was informed that they had removed to this city; when, without delay, she gathered her small effects, and commenced her journey in pursuit of these, her only earthly relatives. Here she found herself a lone stranger among a great multitude, where scarce one of a hundred have leisure to think of the wretched.

The stepfather was by occupation a gardener, and as his name was not in the directory, she supposed he was probably in the employ of some one, and might be found by persevering research. She accordingly explored the city and its suburbs, walking from morning till night, till her courage and strength were both nearly gone. At length, after many fruitless efforts, she succeeded in ascertaining that her sister and stepfather were married, and had taken ship for France some months since. Her grief at this unexpected intelligence was almost insupportable. Prompted by sincere affection, and the ardor of youthful attachment, she

had surmounted difficulties of no ordinary magnitude in pursuing her beloved relatives; but now the last hope was blasted.

Her first impulse was to sit down in mute despair; but she was sick and homeless. Summoning her wasted energies, she went again from street to street, inquiring for a service place. Not knowing where to go, and having none to guide her, she was unsuccessful. At length she met an elderly gentleman, who spoke to her kindly; and judging from his appearance that it would be safe to confide in him, she told her simple, but affecting story, and asked him if he would direct her to a situation. He assented, and immediately wrote an address upon a card, and directed her to go to the place specified. When she arrived and presented her card at the door, she was invited in, and shown to a darkened room on the second floor. As soon as she was left alone, being weary and exhausted, she sank upon the bed, and soon fell asleep. She was awakened with a fit of ague —and presently the keeper of the house came in, and observing her debility, made several inquiries that convinced the poor girl that she was in "an abode of death." At this she rallied her remaining strength to escape from the place; and as she was evidently sick, no obstacles were interposed. It was near night when she entered the house of the kind woman where she now is, and asked for

drink. It was given her, when she immediately fainted, and fell to the floor. The woman was a mother, and her sympathies were touched. She had the poor girl laid upon a bed, and when she recovered, tried to sooth her. She soon bled at the lungs, and though a physician was called, and efforts made to restore her, repeated attacks ren der it more than probable that she will not lon survive. She brought with her to the city a very good wardrobe, and some fifteen or twenty dollars in money. A part of this was expended, and she had no further means on which to depend. She seemed fully sensible of the kindness that had been manifested in "taking her in" when she was "a stranger," and not sending her away when it was known that she was helpless and dependant. I became so deeply interested, that I determined to go to some of the dwellings of the rich, and plead the cause of the poor. There was a block near by where I was well assured that a bountiful supply of earthly good was enjoyed. From the first six houses I was turned empty away, and could not even gain a hearing. The seventh was occupied by a family, most of whom were Jews They had learned to use "hospitality withou grudging;" and though they were immersed in the follies and vanities of life, had sufficient kindness of heart to listen patiently to my request, and then furnish what was needed. The lady told me

that they spent the Sabbath as a holyday, and frequently invited parties to dine with them. During our conversation I was affected to tears; one of the little daughters observing it, inquired anxiously why I wept. Hearing the name of Christ, she said, "Ma, who is Jesus Christ? you have never told me about him." The mother turned to me pleasantly, saying, "Perhaps you will convert my little daughter." Some further remarks were made, to which both the parent and child were attentive listeners. When I rose to leave, I was urged to "come again," and had some encouragement that a second call would not be "time lost." I returned to the room of the sick girl, and waited a few moments for the promised articles. Presently a bountiful supply was brought by a servant, the sight of which to the sufferer seemed like cold water to a thirsty soul.

*Dec. 2d.* To-day the afflicted one above alluded to has closed her eyes upon this dark world, and there is reason to hope that she found it "*gain* to *die*." I enjoyed opportunities of conversing and praying with her at several different times, and obtained a pleasing assurance that she was enabled to cast herself upon the mercy of God in Christ. The kind lady who watched over her to the last, and whose benevolence is indeed worthy of all praise, informed me that she requested portions of the Bible read to her from time to time,

and seemed to understand and love the truth. She expressed a wish that her sister might be informed of her early departure and the attending circumstances, and also manifested a willingness to die.

*Alliance of vice and misery.*—Another affecting scene witnessed this afternoon, was a family of five children, with a sick mother, in a damp, dark basement, left to suffer for the necessaries of life, because of the beastly intemperance of their natural guardian and protector. While endeavoring to sympathize in their distresses, the father was brought in so inebriated that he was as helpless as an infant; and yet his little ones were so agitated at his approach, that they crept under a bed in one corner of the room, trembling with fear.

If the Christians in our land could see at one view, the mass of unutterable misery that is endured in a single day by those who suffer from the intemperance of relatives to whom they are nearly allied, they would surely awake to the cause of temperance, and plead before the mercy-seat, as they have never done before, for the interposition of an Almighty deliverer.

*10th.* In one dwelling of the poor, I found a weeping circle who had just buried from their sight their only earthly dependance and head. The poor man was impenitent, and this was among his last expressions, "O! if there were some one

to pray for me." My heart was pained that such should be the exclamation of a dying man in a community of Christians.

15*th*. In W—— street I found a sick woman with several small children, who was anxious about her soul. She requested me, with much earnestness, to pray for her. To avoid interruption I had the door locked, and then engaged in prayer. Before rising, the father came and finding the door closed, rapped violently, at the same time demanding admittance. One of the children obeyed him, and he entered much enraged, came near me and asked what I was about; and because unheeded, talked very rudely. I did not mind him till my prayer was finished. He then said if I "was *a man* he would put me out of doors." I told him I was there about my Master's business, in a good cause, and not at all ashamed or afraid; his wife had asked me to pray for her, and I had done so, and should pray again both for her and her wicked husband, and the dear children. I told him I was old enough to be his mother, and I thought his conduct had been very unbecoming. At length he confessed, with some "confusion of face," that he had acted improperly, and asked me to come again. He also consented to let me bring his daughter a Bible that she might read it to her mother. (They had had none in the house

for years.) I carried one, and several suitable tracts, both of which were received kindly.

*Minister's daughter found in a house of infamy* —

"The brand of shame is on thy brow,
The fire of death is in thy heart,
And infamy hath made thee now
Of human things, a thing apart—
An outcast from each social tie,
Proud conscious virtue's mock and scorn,
Victim of guilt that may not die—
O better hadst thou ne'er been born."

19*th*. The case of Ellen ——, the minister's daughter, who eloped when very young and was brought here and then abandoned by one for whom she had left all, has greatly interested my feelings; and knowing the neighborhood of her residence, I have endeavored this morning to find her, and think I have succeeded. I had little hope of doing her good, but the bare possibility made me willing to attempt it. Her house is in the vicinity of a noted theatre; and among twenty adjoining dwellings, I found six of the worst description. A practical comment upon the *morality* of the theatre. The inmates of these different establishments, observing my tracts and papers, treated me with respect, and listened with some interest to my message. The house that had been pointed out as the residence of Ellen ——, was furnished with taste and elegance, and there was nothing in the appearance of the individual that would indicate the blackness of her character. She allowed me

to be seated, and I then told her that I was directed here to see a person named Ellen ——, who is a daughter of a minister at the south, but has thrown herself away, broken the hearts of her parents, and not only destroyed her own soul, but is leading a young man, much beloved by his friends, in the same road to death. He has been here from time to time for two years past, and it has come to the knowledge of his mother, and is breaking her heart; and if he is not reclaimed will bring down her gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. "But, my child, I should not think from your looks that *you* could be the one." Her countenance fell, she wept, and was apparently much overcome. The Lord enabled me to deal faithfully, and on leaving, gave me a consciousness of having discharged my duty. The parents of the young man I have learned are of the first respectability, and have spared no pains to win him back to virtue. Another thing also is true concerning him. Notwithstanding he was a Sabbath scholar and religiously educated, yet his mind was corrupted when a mere child by the influence of vile books and evil associates. Let parents inquire who are the companions of their children.

On my return I was induced to leave the paper and a certain tract at another house of infamy in G—— street. Supposing I should meet with no difficulty, I entered and presented them to the

women who composed the family. As soon as they observed the words "moral reform," the door was closed and locked by one of the company, who said at the same time exultingly, "You are our prisoner." For a moment my heart was tremulous; I said nothing till the risings of fear were quelled, and then replied pleasantly, "Well, if I'm a prisoner I shall *pray* here, and would sing praises to God if I were not so hoarse. Yes, bless the Lord! his presence can make me happy here or anywhere, and you can have no power to harm me unless he gives it. This is a dreadful place, to be sure, but it is not so bad as hell; for there, there is no hope. The smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever! What a mercy that we are not all there! What compassion in the blessed Jesus that he spares us, when our sins are every day so great!" I talked to them in this way till they were glad to open the door as a signal for my release. Indeed they seemed quite ashamed, and tried to apologize for their rudeness by saying that they had nothing at all against me, it was only the paper that displeased them. They thought *that* a bad concern, and that it was injuring a great many. * * * As I walked toward my home, it was sweet to meditate upon the words of the poet:—

"Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand has been my guard;
And still to drive my fears away
Thy mercy stood prepared."

*Visit at the house of an Infidel.—*

*" Salvation, life,*
*And death. Eternal life! Eternal death!*
Dread words! whose meaning has no end, no bounds."

*Jan. 26th.* Some days since a Christian friend requested me to visit a sick man who was drawing near the grave without hope, and so much opposed to Christianity that he would not permit a minister to approach him. He was a husband and father, but his example before his wife and children, has had a direct tendency to allure to death. He was emphatically "a Fanny Wright man," and had been a stated worshipper of the God of this world within the walls of Tammany Hall. I was allowed to enter his dwelling and gained access to his room. Several of his friends were about him, and it seemed to me a much greater cross than usual to discharge my duty. When I inquired kindly whether he expected to recover, he replied, it was quite immaterial to him whether he should get well or not. "But my friend are you prepared to die?" "None of your business," said he, roughly. "O yes," I continued, "the Lord makes it my business to care for the souls of my fellow-beings, and it is my duty to say to you that if you do not repent, and love the Lord Jesus Christ you will be lost for ever." He replied, "I do not believe in Christ." "Then," said I, "it is useless to talk to you, for you are now a lost man!" My heart was full and I turned

to leave him, but on opening the door, the conviction was so strong that the Lord would have me pray with him, that I turned back, and though the struggle was so great that my face was bathed in perspiration, I knelt by his bedside and gave utterance to the gratitude that was awakened in view of the fact that there was "peace and pardon to the sinner through the blessed Savior, that his blood was sufficient to wash away every stain, even from the vilest—the thief on the Cross, a blood-thirsty Manasseh, and a Saul of Tarsus, were saved through faith in his name:" indeed, the view of his love and mercy graciously given me at this time, was inexpressibly great. I went away filled with adoring gratitude, for hitherto had the Lord helped me. A day or two passed and I was inclined to go again, and after providing some dainties used for the sick, I called at the door and readily gained admission. The poor man gave me his hand, and spoke in a subdued tone of voice, and I soon perceived to my surprise and joy, that his heart was touched to tenderness. I was requested to call again and have since seen him repeatedly. He now professes new views and new feelings, and seems indeed clothed and in his right mind, sitting at the feet of Jesus. He talks to all that come in, and urges his impenitent friends to flee from the wrath to come. He says the allusion to the thief on the Cross, sent conviction to

his soul Truly this is "a brand plucked from the burning." To God alone be all the praise.

*Young man from home.—29th.* Passing through A— st., I called at a boarding-house where I had once been privileged to save a youth from pursuing the downward road. During my stay I had an interview with a middle-aged woman, who was employed as nurse for a sick man from the south. She was seriously disposed but not pious. Knowing my errand was to do good, she named to me the case of a sick man, and remarked that his state of mind was interesting.

Upon further inquiry I learned the following particulars. Mr. —— came to this city a few weeks since on business. Having heard much at the south respecting the publications of F. M. R. Society, he resolved to get them and read them at his leisure.

He accordingly called at their office and obtained a supply of tracts and papers.

Shortly after this, being at a dinner-party, it was agreed by himself and most of the company, to adjourn to the theatre in the evening.

On returning he was taken sick, in consequence of exposure to the cold after leaving a confined and heated atmosphere. His disease proved dangerous and my informant was employed to nurse him. She said his mind seemed to be laboring, and last evening he was unusually distressed.

Sometime in the night observing him extremely restless, she inquired if she could do nothing for him. "Yes," he replied, "you can take a tract from my coat pocket there and burn it." "What tract?" she inquired. "The one commencing, 'Run, speak to that young man,'" said he. "May I not read it first?" "*No*," continued he with an imprecation not to be repeated, "put it in the fire, I can not sleep for it, it is staring me in the face continually." After looking over the contents a moment, she complied with his request. Seeing the flame, he exclaimed "Have you burned that tract?" "Yes," was her reply. "Well," said he despairingly, "it will do no good, it is still before me as though written in a sunbeam." She was affected, knowing that his distress was caused by conviction of sin, and said to him, "Sir, I think it is not the tract, but the voice of God speaking to you, and you should listen to it, for you know you may not live but a little while."

After being silent some moments, he inquired of her if she could pray? She replied yes, with some hesitation. "Well," he said, "will you pray for me?" Not knowing just how to answer, but thinking she could in her heart desire that he might find relief, she said "Yes." Again there was perfect stillness for some moments. He broke the silence by saying, "Why don't you pray? I don't hear you." She told him she had never

prayed aloud, and did not know how to do so before a gentleman like him. He then spoke with tenderness of his mother, said she was a Christian, and had often prayed for him, expressed a strong desire to see her, and great fear that they should meet no more; and continued sleepless and restless through the night.

I found this a good opportunity to make a solemn appeal to the kind nurse, and she seemed to feel that it was important to learn to pray *aloud* before she should be placed in like circumstances again.

Continuing my walk till a late dinner hour, I became weary and faint, and entered a cake shop to obtain some refreshment. In one corner of the room an aged man stood fiddling. While his wife waited on me, to improve the present moment I remarked to him, "Sir, from your appearance more than seventy winters have passed over you, and to me it is a sorrowful sight to see one so old thus employed. O, how much better to be praying, and praising God, and preparing to praise him in heaven." He was angry, threw down his fiddle, and asked roughly what I called religion—asserting at the same time his infidel sentiments. Several children were standing near, and seemed to listen with eagerness. It was painful to think his words might make an impression that they would remember. If "one sinner destroyeth much

good," O how many of the beloved youth and children of our city are constantly exposed to destruction.

*Jan.* 12*th*, 1839. My heart has this day been gladdened by the cheering intelligence that the young man alluded to under the date of Dec. 29 is now indulging a hope of pardoned sin.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Death of Mr. F.—Visit at asylum for aged and indigent females.—Parental faithfulness rewarded.—Wife of the infidel converted.—Christ rejected.—The neglected child.—Dying faith.—Home of the profligate.—Deserted wife.—Orphan sisters.—Visit to straw factories.—Salvation of an orphan through means of the Advocate.—Interview with a convicted sinner.

*Jan.* 19*th.* I have to-day collected clothing, and supplied nine different families of the deserving poor. As I was passing from the dwellings of some of these to the relief of others, I providentially met with the lady whose case was stated in the last paragraph of the Visiter's report, in the Advocate of March 15, 1838. Her husband was with her, and as we met upon the side-walk, she caught my hand, and with an expression of countenance that would have been a rich reward for much greater kindness than I had rendered, said to him, "This is the lady who saved me;" and then both together began to testify their gratitude. I replied by saying, "It was the Lord who saved you; I was only the poor instrument that he saw fit to use." To this they assented, and then related with grateful emotions what God had recent-

ly done for their souls. They were both rejoicing in redeeming love.

*Death of Mr. F.*—21*st.* Mr. F——, the converted infidel, who has been twice alluded to, has at length departed this life. He was sustained to the last by that hope which is an anchor to the soul, and enabled, even in his dying moments, to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. After his conversion till his death, he suffered no opportunity for warning and entreating the impenitent, to pass neglected. As the result of his faithfulness, several are now inquiring what they shall do to be saved. His wife remarked to me that she was fully resolved to follow the example of Christiana, in the Pilgrim's Progress, take her family, and go on a pilgrimage toward the "Celestial city," where she was assured her husband had now entered to go no more out for ever.

*Asylum for the aged.*—This afternoon visited by request the new institution recently erected as an "Asylum for respectable aged and indigent females." The Christian friends who accompanied me were highly delighted. Indeed no one possessing the heart of a woman and a Christian could behold the goodness of God in providing this asylum for the aged, every way so comfortable and pleasant, without warm emotions of gratitude. The building, which is sufficiently large to accommodate one hundred individuals, has been comple-

ted at great expense, and is designed to furnish a permanent home for the infirm and destitute known to be worthy of its charities.

It will afford a calm retreat to many who have "borne the heat and burden of the day," and are left in the decline of life with no earthly prop on which to lean. Twenty inmates are already gathered, some of whom are over eighty years of age, and most of them are professedly pious. They had come here to spend their second childhood, and go down to the grave. As we stood within this pleasant dwelling, consecrated by the prayers and alms of the benevolent, we were impressed with the thought that here many a weary pilgrim may put off the robes of mortality, and exchange cares and infirmities, poverty and pain, for immortal youth and vigor, in "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Before leaving, we were permitted to unite in a season of prayer in which all seemed to participate with deep interest.

26*th.* Have to-day succeeded in placing the orphan girl, taken from the hospital, in a situation where it is hoped she may be kept from the paths of the destroyer.

*Parental faithfulness rewarded.—Feb.* 15*th.* To-day met with a friend of the cause, who has thus far acted in accordance with our principles in training her only son. As the result of this train-

ing a few days since he remarked to her, that the hired girl whom she had employed must be dismissed. She inquired why, and learned with surprise that her conduct in his presence had been exceedingly improper. He then referred to what his mother had taught him, as a reason for his using the freedom to tell her the unpleasant truth. She commended him for his integrity and filial confidence, and discharged the girl after faithfully admonishing her of her great guilt in the sight of a holy God. Had this mother neglected to give instruction on this all-important subject, her son might have been ensnared, and fallen an easy prey.

*Infidel's wife converted.*—19*th.* I have learned to-day that the wife of the converted infidel mentioned under date of Jan. 31, is indulging a hope in Christ, and has united with the church. The young man alluded to is also rejoicing in hope, has visited Tammany Hall for the last time, and feels that he is a brand plucked from the burning.

*Christ rejected.*—

> "Admit him ere his anger burn,
> His feet departed, ne'er return;
> Admit him, or the hour's at hand
> When at his door denied you'll stand."

26*th.* I was much affected this afternoon by an interview with an aged sinner. The woman was about 90 years old, and her state of mind was awful beyond description. As I ap-

proached her bed, after some expression of sympathy for her apparent sufferings, I tried to point her to Christ. She exclaimed in agony, "Don't call that name in my presence; I have rejected him, grieved his Spirit, and sinned against the Holy Ghost so as to seal my eternal doom." I tried to reason with her, but in vain. She continued, "Don't talk to me! it will do no good, I will not hear, warn others, spare your tears for those who can find place for repentance. If my voice could sound like thunder, it should warn the young not to resist conviction, or grieve the Spirit but for once. Oh, tell them to take warning from me—entreat, beseech them to make their peace with God while mercy may be found!" She stated that twice, while young, she was deeply impressed, and each time resisted the voice of the Spirit and put off the subject to a more convenient season. She knew the precise time when she rejected the last offer of salvation, and since this there has been but a fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation. It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of her expression of countenance during this conversation. A part of the time her whole frame was convulsed with spasms, and seemed to participate with the mind in the awful foretaste of the horrors of eternal despair. This painful interview gave me a point of observation not soon to be forgotten. The worth of the soul, the importance

of improving our day of grace, and the inestimable value of a good hope in Christ, filled the whole scope of vision, and all beside appeared as a mere mote in the sunbeam.

*The neglected child.—March 2d.* After spending an hour in social prayer with a few Christian sisters, who have set apart this morning to remember unitedly the interests of our cause, I visited a sick girl with whose wants I had previously been made acquainted, and also distributed about fifty tracts and papers. Passing through —— street, on my return, I observed a child ten or eleven years old, dragging a quantity of staves along the side-walk. Her tattered garments which scarce formed a covering from the cold, left her limbs entirely exposed, her feet were much bruised, and looked as if bitten by the frost. I inquired her name and residence, and also whether she was a colored or a white child. She replied that she was white, but said her step-mother did not take care of her, and very often she had not bread to eat. I followed her a long distance to her home, in 21st street. The place was too filthy to enter, and the wretched step-mother was lying stupid upon the floor. Three half-starved children were crying around her, but her senses were so locked up by the intoxicating draught, that she heeded them not. I sent the girl for some bread and soap, after which she took a more thorough washing than she had probably

had for years. The effect so changed her complexion that her true color was readily perceived. The bread was divided among them and served to appease their cries. The eldest, as I learned from the neighbors, was employed constantly in begging and gathering fuel, and when unsuccessful was beaten and abused by her cruel step-mother. Before returning to my residence, I applied to the proper authorities and obtained a promise that she should be taken the next day to the school at Long Island Farms. Her condition will be greatly improved, and the privilege of doing her good was in itself a rich reward for my care and labor.

*Dying faith.*—8*th.* In one house visited to-day, found a sick mother with a lovely infant, who was earnestly watching for the hour of her release from earth. Physicians had pronounced her past recovery, but her faith was fixed upon the Rock of Ages, and death was robbed of its sting. It was delightful to observe the heavenly smile that beamed upon her countenance. Her husband acknowledged that he had been an infidel, but said that the state of mind manifested by his wife, had convinced him that there was a reality in religion.

In another house the death of two only children, who had been suddenly removed, had resulted in the hopeful conversion of both the parents

Such instances seem like sunny spots in the midst of the surrounding darkness.

*9th.* This afternoon our heavenly Father granted us the privilege of rejoicing in his goodness, that another precious soul for which we had labored and prayed, was hopefully gathered into the fold of Jesus. These mercy drops call for unceasing gratitude.

*Home of the profligate.*—

"Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,
That to be hated, needs but to be seen."

*11th.* A tract visiter called sometime since, and requested that a family in Eldridge street might be visited, and means used to save the eldest daughter, a girl of fourteen years of age. Her wish was complied with, but the mother would not on any terms consent that she should be removed. Entreaties proving abortive, the case was considered nearly hopeless. The tract visiter was so deeply interested that she called again to see if something more could not be done. She stated that the mother was unquestionably a vile woman, and the children if not ruined would soon become so. I resolved to devote this morning to the case, and although my knowledge of the place made me shrink from encountering it again, yet faith in the promise, "as thy day is," &c., gave me strength to go forward. I will give a short description of the cellar, simply that it may serve as a specimen

of the miserable abodes into which we are sometimes led : passing up an alley, I came to a flight of steps, so broken and dark that it was almost hazardous to descend them. By a slow process I succeeded in finding the door, and on opening it, the first thing that presented itself was a huge dog chained to a post as a sentinel. A few panes of glass, encased in soot and dust, afforded light sufficient to discern the filthy objects about the room. On each hand lay a pile of rags, and on the opposite side were some broken stools, a bedstead and table partly cleared, which made up the list of furniture. Two ragged children were standing in a corner, and the eldest girl was sitting upon the side of the table, gaudily dressed, with several rings upon her fingers. One of the women whom I had seen there on my last visit was missing. I learned that not long since, being left one afternoon with the children, she sent for the usual supply of liquor. After drinking three glasses, she amused them awhile by singing songs, and became gradually insensible. At length one of the children observing she had fallen from her seat, tried to arouse her, but did not succeed. About 11 o'clock the mother came in, and saw at once that death had done its work, and she could sing and drink no more. This wretched woman, like the mother, had been living there in open profligacy, and her awful death seemed only to

have produced a hardening influence. The mother still continued to take her daughter with her to "the pit of the theatre to sell confectionery," and her intemperance was proverbial. I tried again to obtain her consent that the children should be removed to some better place, but found entreaties vain. The last hope remaining is, that the city authorities may be induced to enforce an existing law, and thus remove them.

*Deserted wife.*—

"I waive the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard of concealing,
But och, it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling."

I called on several living near, to ascertain whether their testimony would corroborate that of the tract visiter, above alluded to. In one house I found a Christian sister, who desired me to call at No. — in —— street, where she was assured that counsel or sympathy would be gratefully received. I did so,—and as a sort of introduction, stated that a friend had desired me to call, and also named the case that had brought me to this section of the city, remarking at the same time, that one object of our society was to seek out the wretched, and if possible do them good. The lady listened attentively, and was affected to tears, as she said, "You seem to me like an angel of mercy, for I am one of the wretched in heart, though not externally." She then informed me what had been their former

circumstances, and what they were at present. They had a lovely family of four children: the father had been in a flourishing business, but recently had abandoned his wife and little ones, and become a constant visiter at the house of the strange woman. She had followed him repeatedly to the door unobserved, and longed to enter and plead with his paramour to desist from her work of death, but could not summon courage. I told her my age and experience made it safe for me to enter these abodes when duty required, and if she desired it, I would go with her. She seemed glad of the opportunity, and we went together to G**** street. As we rang the bell at the door, the mistress came. Our plan had been formed by the way, and the lady immediately inquired if she took boarders, had vacant rooms, &c. We were answered in the affirmative, and requested to look at the rooms, and make such choice as she preferred. We followed her to the second floor, and casting a hasty look at several of the rooms, remarked that we should like to look at the dining-room. It was the dinner hour, but no objection was made to our wishes. Several girls were seated at dinner; the lady surveyed them for a moment, and then raising her hands, while her countenance expressed unutterable emotion, she addressed herself to the company in words to this effect: "I am a wife and the mother of four be-

loved children,—my husband is dear to me—some one of you, I know not who it is—you know, and God knows—has led him away from his home, weaned his affections from his family, and caused the innocent to suffer." Then falling upon her knees, she poured out her whole soul to her heavenly Father in a most pathetic and melting manner. The miserable women appeared utterly astounded, and one by one left the room silently, so that when we rose, there was none remaining except our conductor. She appeared willing to attempt some apology, and said, "We keep this house for gentlemen, and we never inquire whether they are married or single—that is their business."

*Orphan sisters.*—14*th.* We called this morning on two orphan sisters, whose peculiar circumstances entitle them to our sympathies and aid. They were both professedly pious, and were suffering from sickness and extreme indigence. They had obtained a bed-room a few feet square, but were obliged to occupy it entirely without fire, and pay one dollar per week for rent. We found them engaged in sewing on fine shirts, which they were making at sixty-two cents a piece, and by their utmost endeavors they could only pay for their food and rent. They had been tenderly educated, and a reverse of circumstances alone had rendered them familiar with want. It is painful to see the

deserving of our own sex, when dependant upon their own efforts, oppressed and doomed to unrequited toil. Their task is truly a hard one, and there needs to be a radical reform on this score, before the rich will cease to grind the face of the poor.

*Visit to straw factories.—April 16th.* Much of the past week has been spent in visiting the different straw factories of the city. I was led to this labor by receiving a note from a mother in the country, desiring me to find a situation for her daughters to acquire the trade, where their associates would be select, and their morals fully guarded. I have at length succeeded in complying with her wishes.

Yesterday and to-day I have visited twelve different factories, and conversed with about three hundred girls, and given them papers and tracts. Many of them expressed much gratitude for the visit, and an earnest wish that it might be repeated. In the early part of the week I called at one of these establishments, where about one hundred were at work. There had been considerable seriousness among the women during the winter, and some were recently converted. I found the agent an aged Christian. He treated me with much kindness, and allowed me a given time to converse and pray with them. The Lord gave me freedom of utterance, and the opportunity was

much blessed. When the allotted time had expired, each one resumed her work, and I was permitted to pass around and speak to such as I chose. After I had distributed fifty papers (which were all that I had), fifty more were wanted, and the applicants were obliged to wait till another time. One of the young girls, who manifested peculiar interest in the visit, pressed my hand as I passed her, and remarked that she had something she would like to say to me, concerning the usefulness of the Advocate; but as this was not a very good opportunity, if I would call on her sister, Miss ——, W—— street, she would give me, if desired, an encouraging fact.

*Salvation of an orphan through means of the Advocate.*—

> "A *mother's love* who can supply,
> Or guard thee with a *father's* eye."

Called this afternoon on the sister above alluded to, and received the following relation: The young lady stated, that after the death of her mother, her father married a gay young woman, who had been trained up in ignorance of household cares, and who had not the fear of God before her eyes. Soon after this he failed in business, and removed from Buffalo to this city; where he obtained rooms for himself and wife in an expensive boarding establishment near Broadway. At the suggestion of the stepmother, herself and sister were placed

at service. This was an unexpected descent. They had been reared in the lap of affluence, and now, in addition to the loss of a mother's love, to be deprived of a father's home and care, was a withering stroke. Their pride was deeply wounded, and their young affections chilled. There seemed to be no alternative, as they were both very young and dependant. Their utter discontent caused them to remain but a short time at a place, and my informant stated, that after having been thus situated for some months, she formed a secret plan for being revenged upon her unnatural father. She had seen those who made merchandise of themselves for gain; and although vicious inclinations were not yet formed, she resolved to make the same reckless sacrifice of herself the first favorable opportunity. Her strongest inducement to take this fatal step was the expectation that it would cause her father to regret that he had neglected his children, and left them to the care of strangers.

Her resolution was deliberate, and would doubtless have been carried into execution, but for the interposition of Providence. She was laid upon a bed of sickness, and there, had time for reading and reflection. A pious lady gave her the Advocate, and requested her to read it carefully. She did so, and her eyes were at once opened to her imminent danger; and those sins of heart, that

had not yet been breathed, in word or action, stared her in the face. She saw the loveliness of virtuous principles, and the utter deformity of impurity, and wept over her folly and guilt. Her former purpose was abandoned, and another took its place. She resolved, if spared to recover, she would immediately seek an interview with her younger sister, give her the paper that had saved her, and communicate her determination to preserve her virtue whatever might be her circumstances. Her health was restored, and the anticipated meeting with her sister proved an affecting season. Before parting, they entered into a solemn engagement to watch over themselves and each other, and also agreed to inquire for some suitable place of worship; and when they went out at all, go together to the house of God. In the church to which they were providentially directed, an interesting revival was in progress, and both soon became the hopeful subjects of renewing grace. They are now members of this church, and are using their influence, so far as it extends, in promoting the cause of Christ. They look upon the Advocate as the means, in the hands of God, of their temporal and eternal salvation.

*Scenes of temptation.*—19*th.* Visited a disreputable straw factory, superintended by a man about twenty-five years of age. Fifty girls were em-

ployed in it. I asked and obtained permission to distribute my tracts and papers, but to my surprise they were refused by every individual. I then began to speak to them kindly about the concerns of the soul, but was repulsed and taunted, and obliged to leave them with a heavy heart. I asked the agent to step aside, conversed with him faithfully, and stated that a sense of duty would oblige me to report his factory, and warn the virtuous to avoid it. He was rather mute, and probably glad to have me go my way. I knew one of the young women whom I saw there, and went to her mother to tell her my views of the character and influence of the companions of her child. She thanked me with tears, and said, M—— had been there but a short time, and she would take her away immediately. I recommended her to another place, that I knew to be respectable and safe. She gave me the address of two other mothers, who had daughters employed in the factory. I went also to them with the same message. One was absent, and the other replied indifferently, that "her children must get along as she had, they were old enough to take care of themselves." I resolved to distribute my tracts and papers in the neighborhood, and in so doing ascertained that this factory had long been an annoyance to the virtuous, that several of the girls made themselves very familiar at the grocery stores, and their con

duct was proverbially bad. At one of these places where they were said to go daily, I called and left some copies of the Advocate, and requested a man, who said he was a father, to give one to each when they came again. At a large house opposite, a lady, who was standing at the door, received a paper, saying she was unacquainted with it, but, as she had a family, she would like to read it. She observed that she had a daughter of seventeen; but she considered her *safe*, as she had been kept from bad company, and every evil influence. * * * * *

*Interview with a convicted sinner.*—20*th*. By request, called on a woman in P—— street, who was convicted of her lost condition, and ready to yield to hopeless despair. Her mind had been impressed by receiving a letter from her husband, who went south on business sometime since, and had been converted in his absence. The letter stated, that when no special means had reached his case, he was awakened by witnessing the depravity of his fellow-men around him. Profanation of the sabbath, dealing in "flesh, and blood, and souls of men," licentiousness in high and low places, and other abominations, led him to reflect, that as there was "a righteous God," the wicked could not go unpunished. It was pleasant to tell this distressed woman of the love of Jesus, and urge her with tenderness to go with her husband in the straight and narrow way.

## CHAPTER IX.

Second interview with Mrs. ——.—Painful case.—The Good Samaritan.—Visit at Bellevue.—Conversation blessed to a mother.—Encouraging facts.—Case of a lost daughter.—Another do.—Interview with female atheists.—A death-bed scene.—Visit at the city prison.—Good effect of right instruction.—Farther account of Ellen ——.—Case of conversion.—Family assisted.

*Second interview with Mrs.* ——.—22*d.* Called again in the neighborhood of the straw factory, and learned that the daughter of 17, who was considered safe by her confiding mother, had eloped with one of the men belonging to the store alluded to. He was a boarder in this family, and although he had betrayed and ruined two others, his character was not known or suspected by his hostess, till his deadly plot had been effected. I called, also, on the mother, and found her distressed beyond measure. She censured herself unsparingly, and said had she availed herself long ago of the knowledge I had recommended, her child, instead of being lost, might now have been with her, virtuous and happy. These were bitter reflections, and it was quite vain to attempt consolation. The father is in pursuit of the seducer, and has threatened his life if he succeeds in finding him.

*Painful case.*—23*d*. By request, accompanied a pious lady to an abandoned residence, where her niece had long been confined with sickness. We conversed with her solemnly, and were permitted to spend a season in prayer. There remains little probability of her recovery. She is the child of a Christian mother, has been tenderly educated and excessively indulged. After being left an orphan, she was soon in the road to ruin. Her life of infamy has been short and wretched, and her sun is about to set in the darkness of eternal night. She stated her brief history in bitterness of spirit, and when it was finished, entreated us to go on in the cause of moral reform, saying we were not aware of the good it would continue to accomplish. She observed she had heard many of her vile associates express a wish that this work had been commenced before their fall, as in that case, they might have been saved from their present misery and guilt. She said the men who came there all talked of it, and manifested, in various ways, their hatred and fear of the Advocate.

*The good Samaritan.*—24*th*. In the block visited to-day, I found a large building containing ten or fifteen colored families. I was kindly received, and, as I entered one room after another, the most perfect neatness, order, and industry, were apparent. Several of the women said they were mem

bers of different churches, and were always glad to get tracts. When they learned I had the Advocate, they were eager to tell me they had seen and read it, and presently an elderly woman came to me, saying, "Missee, God send you here," and then began to relate the case of a poor sufferer, that had come under their roof for protection.

The circumstances were these. A disorderly house near by, occupied by white persons, had been broken up by the watch and left tenantless, with the exception of a sick child, who was unable to get away. Hunger and thirst had impelled her to crawl to the door of this colored woman, and ask for a cup of water. Inquiries were made, and she stated the worst of her case. Compassion for her as a fellow-being, led the poor woman to take her in for the day, and, although she felt that she could not have her there, vile and diseased as she was, yet she would not turn her into the street, and was perplexed, not knowing what could be done with her. I conversed with her, and the purport of her statement was that her parents were intemperate and quarrelled, and that she was often sent away to sell radishes. Her mind was corrupted by other bad children, and finally a vile woman spoke flattering words—offered her a home, and made her an easy prey.

This was some two years since. She is now fourteen, and it is scarcely possible to conceive

a more pitiable object of crime, suffering, and wretchedness. She said the colored woman had talked to her kindly, and told her of her sin; but no one had ever done so before. She wept as she confessed that she had been a bad child, and expressed gratitude that any should try to do her good.

I sent for a carriage, defrayed the expense, and had her conveyed to the hospital.

*Visit at Bellevue.—May 10th.* In visiting the Bellevue hospital, we were pained to find the virtuous and the vicious placed together in the same apartments. In one room we saw on the one hand the abandoned and profligate, groaning under disease of body and remorse of spirit; on the other the sick and deserving poor, weighed down with personal suffering, but realizing that the bitterness of their cup was increased by a class of room-mates fitted *only* for the society of lost spirits.

These things ought not so to be. As we were leaving the room, a poor girl came to me weeping immoderately, and entreated me not to consider her guilty of crime because found in such company. She said she was an orphan, and while at service had the misfortune to scald her arm badly, took cold, and had suffered much. She had no home or friends, and was sent to Bellevue to be taken care of. Her arm and side were still in a dreadful condition, and her case sufficiently

wretched to awaken sympathy in a heart of adamant. As we retired from this scene of sorrow we were sad, and could appreciate the feelings of the wise man who said, "he praised the dead that were already dead, more than the living that were yet alive." Could forgetfulness or apathy remove or lessen human suffering, how much easier would it be to draw a veil before the past, and then divert or banish thought, than to continue to behold it as it is; search for the cause and the remedy, and though all that you can do, is but as a drop to the ocean, toil on, and while the world frowns and the spirits sink, look upward and press onward. An unusual number of the inmates of Bellevue seemed to be in a state of lunacy or idiocy, and were probably, in most cases, victims of that crime, which, more than all others, blots out mind and makes a wreck of reason.

23*d*. Two young women whom I had seen at a factory called on me this morning, wishing to subscribe for the Advocate. They observed that they thought much of what I had said to them, and that since my visit many of the girls were awakened. I had a season of prayer with them, and indulge the hope that they may be savingly converted.

*Conversation blessed to a mother.—May 25th.* By request of a friend, called on a young woman for whom some effort had been made, and who had at times appeared serious. There were obstacles

in the way of her conversion not easily removed. Insubordination to parental government had formed a barrier in a depraved heart, that enabled her to resist conviction, and press on in the downward road. She had exchanged a good situation, where she was surrounded by Christian influence, for one where she was exposed to manifold temptations. After kind expostulation and warning, and a season of prayer, I left her, assured that if she was finally lost, it would be of her own deliberate choice. At a former visit in this place, some time since, I found in one apartment, a family who were temporally and spiritually poor and wretched. The husband, on account of illness, was unable to move his limbs; and the wife had thus far paid their rent, and obtained a support by her needle; but her eyes were now badly inflamed, and most of their effects had been pawned, and the prospect before them was dark enough. My sympathies were enlisted; and when I spoke to them of the Great Physician, his compassion and love, and their perishing need of such a friend, the man was silent, and the woman seemed disposed to reply, but tears choked her utterance. I was surprised and gratified to meet this poor woman to-day apparently an humble Christian. She stated that the few words dropped at our first interview were fastened on her heart. She had since found peace in believing, and united with the church. Her

husband had recovered from his illness, and, instead of adhering to his infidel principles, was inquiring after truth.

*Encouraging facts.*—28*th.* In passing to our district this morning, met another girl from the factory in B—— street, who had just taken a final leave on account of the prevailing immorality of the place. Six others had left previously for the same reason. I was encouraged by this result, to continue to reprove sin, without regard to consequences.

Found during the day many children, who may be gathered into the Sabbath school; and enlisted the aid of several teachers, who will see that their case has the attention it merits.

*Case of a lost daughter.*—

"Saw ye not the bitter wo,
Such as parents only know,
When the boon most prized below,
Is for ever gone?

"Pangs like these have thousands felt—
While in anguish they have knelt,
Tears have flowed o'er shame and guilt—
But have flowed in vain."

31*st.* Knowing that a woman in —— street was anxious to place her daughter in a pious family, and having obtained a desirable situation, I called to inform her concerning it. The lady with whom we placed the child remarked, that an afflicted mother, to whom she had given employment, was in great distress about a lost daughter, who she had reason to suppose was incarcerated

in a den of pollution. At her suggestion, I called on this mother, and found the case as stated. She was a widow, and had several children dependant on her for support. Her business often called her away, and she had left this daughter in charge of the younger ones during her absence. Some vile girls in the neighborhood had sought her society, and took the opportunity to see her when her mother was from home. She left clandestinely, and, though immediate search was made, was not found, till her character was gone and her mind almost a wreck. The mother reproached herself for not giving early and faithful instruction, and attempted now to begin the work. Her labor proved ineffectual, for, in a short time, the reckless girl eloped again, and, with the aid of her seducers, laid her plans to elude pursuit. Many months have passed, and no traces of her hiding-place have been obtained till this week. A block of houses was pointed out to her mother where she had been seen several times. We first sought for an officer, but not succeeding in obtaining one, concluded to go through the block, and if she could be found, devise means for removing her. The buildings were chiefly three or four stories in height, and looked respectable outwardly, but inwardly were full (if not "of dead men's bones") of all uncleanness. Almost the entire mass was occupied by those "whose house is the way to

hell, going down to the chambers of death." We told our simple errand, and gave tracts and papers to those who could read, and no insult was offered us. At length we found the object of our search, and—*such an object!* * * * *

Though so young, and once lovely, she had been drinking and fighting, and her bloated face and swollen eyes bore but a faint resemblance of her former self. Her mother laid her hand upon her, and exclaimed, "O Maria! Maria!—can this be my child!" and then withdrew in agony, and covered her face from sight. After the first burst of feeling had subsided, we succeeded in taking her from this place to her home. Here was another scene of sorrow. The children gathered round, and wept at seeing their mother's grief. One inquired, "Has sister Maria been to the naughty place?" Another, "Why do you cry so, mamma?" While a third entreated, "Don't cry, mamma, I'll be good." We kneeled and prayed together—and the fact that there was a "mercy-seat," tended to relieve, in some degree, this hour of tortured feeling. Arrangements were made for placing her in the Refuge, and I left with a heavy heart.

Scenes like this are of common occurrence; and yet a heartless world, when requested to consider them, and inquire for the cause and the remedy, turn coldly from us, and perhaps treat our so-

licitude with derision: and the professed Christian too, when desired by a fellow Christian to feel and act, throws out some stale objection (in common use with the libertine) against the cause of purity; and, with an averted glance, seems disposed to inquire, Cain-like, "Am I my brother's keeper?" and some, too, who minister at the sacred altar, and yet are influenced more by the breath of popular favor, than the command to "declare faithfully all the words of the law," when urged to exert their unmeasured influence to prevent the unavailing tears, and sorrow, and anguish of heart, caused by the fall of the innocent! consider, hesitate, and finally exclaim, "Ah! it's a delicate subject, and we don't know how to touch it." The men, too, who make the laws, and those commissioned to enforce them, think the subject so very delicate, that when they know there are fifty houses in a single block, whose inmates, aided by agents in every portion of the city, are constantly laboring, with all the assiduity of demons, to *destroy*, do nothing effectual to disturb them, especially if they are careful to keep *very still*. No matter how many heart-broken fathers, and mothers, and sisters, are sent in sorrow to the grave by their instrumentality. "This is a land of liberty," say they, "and it is a question with us, whether anything can be done." If the public indignation were aroused as it should be, and a

correct public sentiment prevailed, methinks the question would soon be settled.

*Another.—June.*—This morning another incident was communicated, similar to the one recorded a few days since. H—— was placed by her widowed mother at a trade at the age of fourteen. She was naturally prepossessing, and when going out with hats, was noticed and marked by the panders of vice. Inducements were offered that proved a successful bait, and in a few days she was a voluntary and disgraced outcast. Her mother learned her sin and shame, and followed her even to the doors of the pit. With the aid of her seducers she evaded pursuit, and her distressed parent was doomed to the fixed conviction, that her condition, revolting as it was, would in all probability change from bad to worse. Said this mother, to one whose prayers she craved, "You don't know my misery! When I retire at night, I think my child may be without a shelter. When I sit down to my meals, I think perhaps my child may be destitute, or sick, and friendless; and what is worse, that she is sinning with a high hand against her Maker, and filling up her measure of iniquity. O! if I had taught her *early* to avoid this fatal course!"

A few evenings since, at midnight, this mother heard at her door a well-known voice, suing for admittance. She turned the key, and met the

haggard gaze of her recreant daughter. She was sick and friendless, and her guilty associates had left her to her fate. A mother's heart was still open and beat with intense desire to receive her as a penitent. But, alas! the fetters of sin are not easily broken. Wretchedness and want had alone brought her to her injured parent, and with returning strength it was manifest that she still possessed an unhumbled heart. The Refuge seemed to be the last resort, and measures were accordingly taken to confine her there.

*5th.* Was sent for this morning, to attend to the wants of a sick and destitute mother. The messenger who came led the way, till at the end of a tedious walk, after ascending three flights of stairs, we found ourselves by the sick bed of the sufferer. Several children, who looked to her for their daily allowance, had been deprived, by her sickness, of their food, and were faint with hunger. Present wants were supplied, and means taken to furnish further aid, till she should recover, or be removed where the weary are at rest.

*Female Atheists.*—*8th.* To-day called on a family, whom I had visited sometime since, and found to be Atheists. There were four intelligent young women, who boldly asserted that they did not believe the word of God, had no copy in the house, and had never read it. To-day I carried my bible, accosted them as a friend, and begged per-

mission to read it. They began to cavil and object to the truth. I told them I had not come to talk, but to read; at length they were silent, and permitted me to read aloud three chapters in the Old, and one in the New Testament. Their hearts seemed to be steeled against the truth, and yet it may gain a lodgment where arguments would fail.

*Death-bed scene.*—

> "The chamber where the good man meets his fate
> Is privileged beyond the common walks
> Of virtuous life, quite on the verge of heaven."

Another friend had requested me to visit a sick relative of hers, and being in the vicinity of her residence, I improved this opportunity. Her husband had left her a year since, to do business at New Orleans. He was a stranger there, and succeeded in obtaining the hand of a wealthy lady in marriage; while a worthy wife, two small children, and an aged mother, were left to loneliness and want. She was so affected by this unexpected trial, that her health failed, and she was now in the very last stage of consumption; yet clinging with all a mother's tenderness to her children, and though hoping in a risen Savior, unable to "read her title clear to mansions in the skies."

As I entered her room, I was struck with the solemnity, order, and quiet, that seemed to reign there. A few neighbors had collected, and were ready to express their sympathy, but could do

nothing more. The aged mother, with the infant in her arms, was bending over her dying child, and trying to cool her parched lips, and wipe away the death sweat. As we approached the bed, I was introduced by the relative, and after saying a few words, we engaged in prayer, and it seemed truly a favored hour, "just on the verge of heaven." As we rose, prompted by fulness of emotion, I sung, in a low voice,

"No chilling winds, nor pois'nous breath,
Shall reach that peaceful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more."

As the sound ceased, she opened her eyes, and exclaimed, "Where am I? It seems as though the room were filled with angels! I shall hear the music of heaven! I have ventured on my Savior—ventured all upon him. I can leave my helpless babes with my blessed Master!" These and similar expressions were uttered, till her strength was exhausted. Her anxious mother was greatly relieved and comforted, [illegible] her desponding state of mind had added much to this cup of sorrow.

*Visit at the city prison.—27th.* Visited the city prison for the purpose of distributing books and tracts among the prisoners, and ascertaining what disposal had been made of those given out the last month. We were happy to learn, that in

most cases the books had been read and used with care. Those to whom they were lent to-day also received them with apparent gratitude. One poor young man, who, from his own account, had been brought there by mixing with bad company, said with tears, as the book was presented, "And sure I'm glad to get it. It's dreary enough to be shut up here day and night, with no one to speak to, and nothing to do." Another—an intelligent female, imprisoned for theft, on returning the book lent the preceding month, said she had read it a great deal, and hoped it had done her good. She had formed some new resolutions, and intended to lead a different life. The book was one of the American Tract Society's bound volumes. Several were found reading the Bible, and one man said he had read it three times through since he had been in his cell. Five sabbath scholars were among the criminals, and gave evidence of possessing an enlightened conscience. One, a lad of seventeen, appeared to be enduring the pangs of remorse—said he had had a faithful teacher, and been considered a good scholar for *five years*. His mother was also a member of the church, and would be greatly distressed to know he was there. When in his sixteenth year, he thought he would like to be a sailor, went a short voyage, and on his return, some evil-minded companions persuaded him to drink, "*just for once*," and by this means

he was led into crime. An aged woman, who had come to see a recreant youth, was standing by the door of his cell. As we offered him a tract, we inquired if he was her son. "No," she replied, "my grandson, and I am the only friend he has left." The question arose in our minds, might not strict parental faithfulness, in the Bible sense of the term, have saved him and his companions in guilt from this gloomy prison. Before leaving, we made arrangements with one of the officers to have the books from the library exchanged, or given out among the prisoners as often as necessary till the return of the committee.

*Good effect of right instruction.*—

"Thrice noble youth! Like Joseph thou didst spurn
The tempter's arts; by heeding wisdom's voice
Didst shun that fatal rock where oft are wrecked
Peace, virtue, knowledge, life—yea *endless life.*"

*June 12th.* Some time ago I received a note from a patron of our paper, and on going to her house as requested, learned that she wished me to visit a dwelling occupied by those who lie in wait to destroy. She stated her reasons with much agitation, and yet with feelings of gratitude, that she had been early made acquainted with the principles of purity, and enabled so to inculcate them in her family that their effect has been saving.

She informed me that her son, who was a clerk in a store in —— street, received a call from a young woman a few days since, and after waiting

on her, as she was about to pay for the gloves and scarf which she had purchased, she remarked, that the only bill she had was quite large, and she would not trouble him to change it; and presenting her card, requested him to call at her residence with the articles. Not suspecting her purpose he assented, and soon after rung the bell at the door, and was shown to her room by the servant. As he entered, the key was immediately turned, and he was made to understand the character of the house. He was indignant at the duplicity that had been practised upon him, and demanded a release, assuring her that he utterly loathed and detested her character, and if she wished to avoid trouble she would at once unlock her door. Finding her purpose defeated, and fearing his threats, she allowed him to escape.

This noble youth came to his mother and acquainted her with the circumstances, thanking her with tears for having given him the Advocate, and for the faithful and judicious instruction that had prepared him for the hour of temptation, and enabled him to resist a device that might have ruined him for ever. He gave her the card presented by the temptress, and requested her to give it to the visiting committee of the F. M. R. Society, that they might see and converse with its owner, and entreat her to desist from her work of death. The mother gave me the card, and wished to accom-

pany me, but seeing her strong excitement, and fearing that the feelings of the parent might overcome those of the Christian, I advised her to remain at home, and called on another sister to accompany me. The card was a sure passport, and the young woman was taken by surprise. When her attempts to destroy an innocent young man were alluded to, and the folly and wickedness of her course pointed out, she confessed and wept, but said it was too late to talk to her; once she might have been saved, but now she was a reprobate—lost to virtue and lost to God. She was entreated in vain to forsake her sins and go to the asylum, or some place where she would lead a different life. She gave me the street and number where her mother and sisters lived, and desired me to go and talk to them, and warn her sisters from her, not to follow her steps. I have not found it convenient to do so until this P. M. The mother was at home, and treated me with respect and seemed grateful for the visit. She said, her "child had become vile through her neglect. She had indulged her in disobedience in childhood, and when in her 'teens' she *would dress* and have her own way, and she could not help it." I found her extremely ignorant of parental duty, and she confessed that she could not have been more so, had she been trained up among heathen. She seemed much affected, and said this was the first time in

her life that a Christian friend had ever come to talk to her. She said her daughter's conduct was breaking her heart, and she trembled for the others, and knew not what to do with them. I advised her to send them away, and proposed a plan, that with the blessing of God, may save them in future from a vile sister's influence.

*Ellen* ——.—*July* 19*th*. I have to-day, for the second time, seen Ellen ——, the minister's daughter alluded to some days since. The young man has been made a subject of special prayer, both in the closet and social circle, since our knowledge of his circumstances; and his anxious parents have of late been comforted by knowing that his visits are discontinued.

As I approached the house my heart sank within me, and I would fain have retreated, but a sense of duty impelled me to proceed. Near the door I observed a young man who had evidently marked my course for some distance, and who seemed disposed to move me by reproachful looks, to desist from my purpose. I rang the bell, and inquired for the woman of the house. Being informed that she had removed, I then asked to see the present mistress. A young woman who had heard my voice came into the hall, saying she was the person for whom I inquired. It was rather dark, and my sight being dim, I did not recognise her, and remarked, as if to a stranger, that "one whom

I saw last winter, a young woman, daughter of a clergyman from the south, lived here; she had proved the ruin of a promising youth, who was breaking the hearts of beloved sisters, and bringing down the gray hairs of his parents with sorrow to the grave. I wished to learn where she was, and have one more interview with her; can you tell me," said I, "where she has gone?" The woman did not answer, but asked me to walk up stairs. Leading the way, she beckoned me to follow, and I did so, but with a degree of fear not easily overcome. She showed me to a seat upon a sofa, and, placing herself beside me, remarked, "When I sit down by a pious person of your age, it occasions sad feelings. It brings to mind my early privileges, and awakens painful recollections."

I gazed upon her with astonishment, and said, "Is not this *Ellen* ——? Did I not see you last winter?" "Yes," she replied, "the same; and I remember your visit and your faithfulness." I then desired her to tell me what had induced young Mr. —— to forsake her house. She consented, and briefly stated that my conversation and tears, at our last interview, and the grief he was causing his worthy parents and friends, troubled her conscience, and she could not rest till she had made a fixed decision to remove him at once and for ever

She said her early religious impressions were not all forgotten, and bad as she was, she had yet some principle remaining—there had, as yet, been a point beyond which she could not go. Said she was resolved never again to accept or encourage the proffered friendship of any one who had a father, mother, wife, or sisters, to weep over his fall. She had also determined from the time she became mistress of the establishment, that the *innocent* should not be ruined within her premises. A case occurred a few days since that put this purpose to the test. A gentleman (!) called with a very young lady, and requested a room for an hour. She gave him the one where we were sitting. Presently cries for help attracted her attention, and she went to the door, and heard distinctly from a tremulous voice, "No, I'll *die* before I'll yield! Did you not tell my mother you'd take a walk to the gardens, and bring me home safe? and then you said you just wished me to call with you and see your aunt. This lady is too young to be your aunt. Did you mean to ruin me? O my mother! How shall I get to my mother?" Ellen demanded admittance, and on being denied, burst the door open instantly. (She pointed to the broken lock, which I readily perceived had been broken by violence.) The man threatened to kill her. She told him to retire immediately or he would be in the hands of the police, and his name exposed. He then offered

her a hundred-dollar bill to leave the room. She rejected it, and ordered him out of the house. He went reluctantly, after which she accompanied the child, who was but thirteen years of age, to her mother. * * * * When asked if she ever read the Bible, she replied in the negative, said she could not read it here; every word would be as a poisoned arrow, and would drink up her spirits. She professed to believe the Bible, and said it was not her intention to end her days in her present course.

To see one so young, possessed of such an intellect, and for whom nature and education have done so much, a voluntary victim of crimes that throw a pall over every trait of loveliness, affected my heart most deeply, and I felt constrained, had it been possible, to "pull her out of the fire." I entreated her to break off at once, and escape for her life! She asked what she could do. She "could not associate with the lower classes in society, and the virtuous of her own (former) standing, would not admit her to their presence; and to live alone," she continued, "without being a Christian, the ghost of my past sins would sink me in despair!"

I pointed out what I considered the only remaining door of hope. She thanked me respectfully for my plainness; and during our whole conversation her deportment was such as is very sel-

dom met with in houses of this character. There are many circumstances connected with her history that could not fail to excite interest, which must be omitted for special reasons. She admitted that the statements hitherto given concerning her were correct.

A long experience has taught me that in most cases persons of this class are not to be trusted. But in this instance, there is not a doubt on my mind that during our interview the naked truth was elicited without evasion or concealment. Her feelings were evidently tender, and my age and manner strongly reminded her of a kind mother and tender father, injured and bereaved by her parricidal hand. This favored opportunity has led me more than ever to yearn over her condition, and long for her rescue. As she is a child of the covenant, is there not a *possibility* that she may yet be saved? Shall she not be remembered at the mercy-seat, together with the deluded youth, whose course is already partially arrested, as we trust, in answer to prayer?

*Case of conversion.—July 24th.* Passing from —— street to Broadway, a lady just leaving her door came up and accosted me familiarly, saying with earnestness, "I'm very glad to see you." Not recollecting her, I inquired where we had met before. She replied that I had called upon her more than a year since with tracts and papers,

conversed, and prayed with her, and that the interview made such an impression upon her mind, that she found no peace or rest until, as she trusts, her heart was given to Christ. She importuned me to return with her to her house, and said she had often desired to see me again, but as I came and went as a stranger, she knew not where to apply to learn my residence. She had made a profession of religion, and was devoting herself to works of active piety; had also become settled in life with flattering prospects since I saw her. She now wished to subscribe for the Advocate, and was ready to aid the cause by her influence and her prayers. The circumstances of my first visit to this young friend were called to mind by this delightful and unexpected result; and, perhaps, it may not be amiss to state them, for the purpose of showing the connexion between the means and the end, and that with the blessing of God, "bread cast upon the waters is found again after many days."

I went out in the morning with another devoted member of the committee, and as our district was large, we divided the ground, purposing only to meet occasionally in the prosecution of our work. Soon after we parted, I entered a richly furnished residence, and inquired for the lady of the house. A young woman in deep mourning answered to the inquiry, and informed me that her mother had

been recently removed by death, and being the eldest daughter, she had charge of the family. I spoke to her of the voice of God in her affliction, her present responsibilities and need of divine grace to fit her for her important station. She seemed affected and wept. By this time a younger sister had taken a seat on the sofa beside us, and was listening with interest to the conversation. They accepted of a tract and the Advocate, and one remarked, that she had seen the paper and was pleased with it, but her father was unwilling they should read it, and they did not like to displease him. They seemed surprised that I should be willing to go among strangers as I had come there, especially when I told them that I went to every house, and made it also a part of my business to speak to each individual about the interests of the soul. The younger sister remarked, that she "should think it must be a very great cross to go into every house. There was a house the second door from them, where fifteen or twenty girls were kept, some of whom were young and very beautiful, but given up to vice." Speaking further of this case she said, "At first when we saw them in the yard, or at their door or windows, it was extremely painful to our feelings—now it is becoming rather a thing of course, and curiosity prompts us to watch their movements, and when

they are all dressed for the afternoon, their appearance is quite imposing."

My heart was moved by this brief narration and I spoke to them in words to this effect: "You say you've no mother, and your father is not a Christian—has no family altar; you devote much of your time to dress and reading novels. How you need the grace of God, to keep *you!* Nothing but his mercy makes you differ from those of whom you have been speaking, and nothing else can keep you from the same course. You acknowledge that curiosity rather than unqualified disgust is now awakened, and it is not impossible that a train of circumstances will place you where you may lose much of that abhorrence of sin which you now feel (unless you become Christians)." In offering prayer I had great freedom of utterance, and they were both tenderly affected. I entreated them to read their bibles and to pray for themselves, and as they valued their virtue, cherish the strictest purity of thought, and seek Christ and his salvation, if they would be found among the pure in heart in heaven. This circumstance, though interesting at the time, was nothing more than ordinary, and I had quite forgotten it, until it was brought to mind by the elder sister, who accosted me as before stated. Perhaps I should add, that the house where the girls were kept was twice visited, tracts and papers

given, the Bible read, and personal conversation held with most of the inmates. The creature who stood at the head of the establishment was the mother of the "Miss Missouri," well-known by report. The last time I called, she ordered me from her house with much anger, saying I had "set all her girls crazy, and she should not be able to keep them together if such visiters were allowed to come there."

As the daughter of the clergyman referred to in the last report continued to intrude upon my thoughts, I made my way to her house for the purpose of reading and prayer. Met with no obstacle—on the contrary, all the inmates were called together, and I was permitted to talk and pray with them, and to witness among them such a state of feeling as may sometimes be seen in an inquiry-room, when the impenitent have their sins set in order before them. But, notwithstanding their tears, the obstacles to their conversion are such as to try the faith of the Christian to the utmost. We find ground of encouragement only in the assurance, "with God all things are possible."

*Family assisted.—Aug.* 3*d.* Having occasion to revisit the block in G—— street, of which mention was made in the Advocate of July 1st, I learned that apartments occupied by a family from the country were kept so closely shut as to occasion remark. Suspecting *fear* might be the cause,

I went to the door, and by speaking through the key-hole, and giving assurance that I wished to enter *as a friend*, the door was opened. As soon as my motive was understood, my visit was welcomed with tears. I found an unhappy mother and several interesting children, who being aware of the character of their neighbors, had confined themselves so closely that they suffered for want of air and light. The husband and father was intemperate—had placed his family here in May, not knowing or caring about the immorality of the neighborhood. They had no means to go elsewhere, and were obliged to depend on their inhuman protector for a pittance barely sufficient to support life. The mother said, if she could get work it would help them some, but she was a stranger, and being destitute of clothing, her personal appearance was against her. Her eldest daughter was able to earn her living, but she found herself so surrounded by the vile, that she was afraid to trust her beyond her sight. The child needed clothing, which was provided—also a good place, where she could work and help herself and her mother. This seemed to afford some relief, and she went with a glad heart to a vacant situation in a pious family. She is amiable and prepossessing, and I am ready to believe will reward any effort bestowed upon her. It is enough to awaken sympathy in the hardest heart, to reflect

for a moment upon the condition of the hundreds of poor, but virtuous families, and helpless children that are thrown in among the vicious—and in addition to their other sufferings, obliged to endure a daily martyrdom of feeling, unpitied and alone. Shall no law ever be framed and enforced, that will shut up these gateways to death?

*8th.* Have seen the young girl for whom a place was provided last week. She gives satisfaction to her employers, and had received from her wages sufficient to pay for the shoes given her. She expressed many thanks, and on offering her dollar, and seeing me hesitate, said, "Do take it, ma'am, and when you find another poor girl in my case, give it to her."

## CHAPTER X

Conversion of a mother and her son.—A scene to make the heart ache.—Strength of vicious habits.—Efforts for an afflicted family.—Guilt betrayed.—Prayer meeting for mothers.—A ruined daughter.—Second interview with the family of an infidel.—Sanctified affliction.—Entreaties of a child—Pleasing result.—Example of Christian fortitude.—Care for the stranger.

*Conversion of a mother and son.*—A few days since met with a Mrs. B——, who had taken much pains to learn my residence, that she might communicate what the Lord had done both for herself and her wayward son. I first met her near two years since at a green-house, employed in the occupation of selling seeds and flowers. While conversing with her respecting her religious principles and manner of life, she confessed that she attended no church, but disregarded the Sabbath and made it a day of labor. When asked if she was happy, she replied, "Far from it;" and alluded to her only son as being intemperate and a great grief to her. She was advised to pursue a different course; and a plan suggested by which she could obtain an honest livelihood without breaking the command of God. She listened to this counsel, and as the son continued

incorrigible, he was left to take care of himself. Feeling the want of a home he went to sea. At length, on account of his misconduct he was dismissed by his employer, and went on board another vessel, commanded by a temperance captain. His mother had become deeply anxious about her soul previous to his leaving, and, in arranging his chest, had remembered to place a Bible with his other stores. Thus far it had been disregarded, and he continued a profane and reckless youth. But it pleased the Lord to arrest him in his mad career. A severe fall disabled him and confined him to his berth. In his trouble he called upon the Lord, read and believed his word, and was soon found at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in his right mind. He had recently returned and found a praying Christian mother, and both parent and child rejoiced together in that liberty wherewith Christ had made them free. The mother, after relating these and other interesting incidents, expressed, in the warmest terms, her gratitude that I was led to reprove and counsel her.

*A scene to make the heart ache.*—

Parents of the rising race—
Shield your offspring from disgrace,
Guide them in the paths of peace,
Paths to virtue dear.

In the wildering maze of life,
'Mid its hopes and 'mid its strife,
'Mid its scenes with danger rife,
Teach them to beware.

Bid them to be pure in heart,
Bid them choose the better part,
Bid them shun the envenomed dart—
Flee the tempter's snare.

*Oct. 8th.* A member of the church in —— street called this morning, saying she had just received a note through the post-office from one of her daughters, who had been changing places from one house of infamy to another for two years past, during which time she had not seen her, although she had taken every possible means to do so. She learned from the note that she was very ill, and was about to be removed to Bellevue to die. She expressed a wish to see her mother before leaving the world, and desired her to come to the place where she was. The afflicted woman was unwilling to go alone, and requested me to accompany her. We went immediately to the place, and found it a filthy miserable abode, occupied by about a dozen of the lowest class of the abandoned. Though our hearts sickened at every step, we went forward to the attic. Here the strength of the mother seemed to fail her, and she sunk down exhausted and overcome. When she could give utterance to words, she exclaimed, "If this is my child, I don't know her!" The change was indeed great. Her ghastly, bloated, diseased face, was a sad spectacle for a fellow-being to look upon, much more for a *mother*. The child wept, but was unable to speak. It would be utterly in

vain to attempt to describe the interview; it must be left here for the imagination to fill up the picture. The mother blamed herself for wrong training and too much indulgence. With the hope of making some reparation she was induced to take the poor object to her home—pray with, and for her—and while the remnant of life was wasting, try to benefit her undying soul. As the carriage drove up, an unmarried sister, who was a virtuous young lady, met them at the door, and with reproachful looks and words expostulated. The mother gave her reasons, and though her heart was agonized, was decided in her course.

*Strength of vicious habits.*—I returned to the place whence we came, for the purpose of taking one of the youngest inmates to the Refuge. She had professed a wish to abandon her wretched life, and go to any place where she might do better. I went with her nearly two miles, till we came in sight of the building, when suddenly she started, and ran from me with all possible speed. It was out of my power to overtake or bring her back, and I stood still for a moment, reflecting that I had honestly done what I could to save her. I now saw it had proved fruitless, but thought, perhaps, the motive would be accepted.

*Afflicted family.*—Before going into the country in August, I met with a poor, but respectable family, and found the husband and father in the

last stage of consumption. By means of a small donation that had been given to aid the visiting committee, I was enabled to relieve their present wants, and to gain their entire confidence. There were five small children who had been hitherto wholly dependant upon their father for support. I ascertained that the family knew nothing of the influence of Christianity, or the consolations of religion. I visited them frequently for several days —prayed with them, and endeavored to enlist some of their wealthy neighbors in their behalf, so that they might not be neglected after I had left. At one time, while there, a little child ran to his mother and began to cry for a piece of bread; he was told with tenderness that there was none for him. I was affected and thinking it best to improve the incident, turned to his mother, saying, "You know the Bible says, 'If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?' not only to convict but to convert. You love your child, would give it bread if you had it. Now here are the words of Christ; do you believe them?" She wept, and said she was convicted of sin, and felt her need of salvation. The sick man, who was listening to the conversation also seemed affected.

After this interview I was absent for some weeks, and on my return learned that the husband

was dead—that the last days of his life were spent in prayer and supplication, and expressions of deep regret that he had deferred repentance when in health. The wife professes to have found the Savior, and gives evidence of a change of heart. Her temporal condition was cheerless and her prospect still darker for the ensuing winter. A relative in the country had offered her a home, but she had not the means of going to the place. By application to a few benevolent individuals, sufficient aid was obtained to pay her fare, and the arrangements are now made for her leaving.

*Guilt betrayed.—Oct. 24th.* A lady called to solicit counsel and assistance. She had an unfaithful husband, and for the sake of her children and herself, she wished to take a judicious course, whatever might be the sacrifice. She had grieved over his guilt, but had sometimes told him his sin might find him out ere he was aware of it. He affected to despise the Advocate, and its disclosures, and often used reproachful language concerning it. She had watched him from time to time, and was well convinced that he made frequent calls at No. —, and had seen him enter at this No., on her way to my house. She wished me, if I had sufficient courage, to go with her, that she might meet him there before evidence. We went together, and gained admittance. The person who met us at the door, on inquiry, gave

her name, and proved to be the individual whom we wished to see. The paper and tracts were offered and received. The wife then remarked that she came to see her husband, and supposed he was within. His being there was denied, but we followed to her room. Here we found everything in proper order, and the woman put on the appearance of so much innocence, that, to a person not versed in the knowledge of corrupt human nature, she would have seemed above suspicion. However the wife was not easily satisfied, and frankly alleged her charges. Both were much agitated, but the woman maintained the stand first taken, viz., that she was *unjustly accused*. Finding the point at issue not likely to be settled, I proposed prayer. After we knelt, it was ascertained by the wife that her husband was concealed under the bed. A conversation ensued between them, during which he promised reformation, if his name might not be exposed; but refused to leave his hiding-place, till "that moral reform woman had left the room." O! that he may forsake sin and repent, "lest iniquity prove his ruin."

*Nov. 4th.* In a disreputable house, where I had visited before, and removed some of the inmates, I found a child thirteen years old, so ill that she could not walk; and on this account the mistress had beaten her, to induce her to leave the place, but she knew not where to go. I found, by inqui-

ry, that there were *six* miserable children of want in this den of vice, between the ages of twelve and sixteen. The woman who kept them, said she had so little patronage of late, that she could scarce give them their food; and as for the sick one, she was only a bill of expense, and she cared not where she went. I asked if she would go to the Refuge. The child wept, and replied, she "had a mother in New Jersey, and perhaps she would forgive and receive her." I took her in the stage to the ferry, and thence obtained a conveyance to take her to her home. The mother had not known where she was for the last six months. Her excuse was, that she considered her old enough to take care of herself; and she had put her out to a family in the neighborhood, who afterward moved to the city; and though she knew that she had gone from them, she could not learn her place of abode. The account given by the child is this: She was allowed to go out alone evenings, and one night was met by a milliner's girl, who had been led astray, and persuaded to go with her to the place where I found her. The mother seemed almost destitute of maternal feelings, and was unwilling to receive her, lest her stepfather should be displeased. Through much entreaty, she was permitted to remain until he should come home, and decide what must be done.

*6th.* Went over a large district, and obtained a list of signatures to the petition for the suppression of vice. Distributed a new tract, entitled "The Priceless Jewel," to many young women, who received it with avidity. In one family where I called, a child of five years old had been burned to death the day previous. The mother, who is unconverted, seemed weighed down with anguish of heart, and desired prayer. Oh, that she may find peace to her troubled soul, by casting her sins and sorrows at the feet of Jesus.

*Prayer-meeting for mothers.—Nov. 19th.* Visited yesterday an interesting district in O—— street. Found an aged sister in Christ, who had occupied her present residence for five years. She had become acquainted with many of her poor neighbors, and seemed willing to comply with my request to invite them to her room, for the purpose of holding a prayer-meeting on the following afternoon, provided she could afford the time. As she was very poor, by paying her in advance what she could have earned, the matter was settled, and the meeting notified. I was gratified at the hour appointed to find a room-full collected, most of whom were mothers. After reading the Scriptures and prayer, much freedom of utterance was given me, in stating to these poor parents their solemn obligations. They were ready to admit, that as they were situated, their daughters must

either go out to service, learn a trade, or become ruined; and that there was little safety for them unless they were converted in early life. Many wept, and four mothers, who had large families, said they had never given them one word of warning. One mother remarked that her own soul must be converted first, or she could not lead her children in the right way. She had an infidel husband,—never went to a place of worship, and no bible was allowed in the family. She entreated prayer, and fell upon her knees, apparently in deep distress. Others seemed moved by seeing her so much affected, and on the whole it was a season long to be remembered.

20*th*. Visited a sick woman in the last stages of consumption. She had sent for me to make the request that I would see to her three orphan children, and find good places for them when she was removed. The fear of death was taken away, and her last wish was gratified by my consenting to take this charge.

Entered this afternoon forty-four dwellings, and left tracts and papers. This district has been considered so degraded, that the tract agent could find no visiter willing to take it. Have had the privilege of praying with several, of giving bibles to some, and securing three young girls from a course of sin and shame.

*A ruined daughter.*—

"Him who lured thee and forsook,
Oft I watched with angry gaze,
Fearful saw his pleading look,
Anxious heard his fervid phrase.

"Soft the glances of the youth,
Soft his speech, and soft his sigh;
But no sound like simple truth,
But no true love in his eye."—COLERIDGE.

25*th*. Went by request to see an unfortunate young woman, from a country village not far distant. But a few months since, she left clandestinely the paternal roof, and came to this city with a man who had gained her affections, and promised marriage. Instead of fulfilling his engagements, after her ruin was effected, he provided her a home among the fallen, and here I found her. I was made the bearer of a letter to her from a near relative. She was too much affected to read it, and while it was read to her, wept excessively. She acknowledged the extent of her sin and shame, the kindness of her injured friends, her ingratitude in leaving them—and gave, as her only apology, the regard she felt for her destroyer. She was young, and previous to her fall, had been considered beautiful. At this house and the one adjoining, I conversed with ten young creatures who had been recently induced to come from the country and enter these chambers of death It was painful and heart-sickening to behold the wreck of so much youth and loveliness.

I thought, if those who live so remote from this modern Sodom, that they often think and say, "Moral reform may do for the city, but here in the country we don't need it," could have beheld this sacrifice of victims furnished from the country, they would never again repeat the assertion.

*Second interview with the family of an infidel.*—*26th.* This morning had a second interview with the wife of the infidel alluded to above, and gave her a bible which she received with gratitude, but said she must hide it from her husband, or she would not be able to keep it. She appeared to be deeply sensible of her condition as a sinner, and promised to seek salvation. In one house visited, found in an upper room a sick mother apparently near her last change. Her poverty was distressing, and her children had suffered for food. From the woman I learned that she was famishing for the bread of life. She said that her mind had been much exercised for a long time and she earnestly desired to know "what she must do to be saved." Prayer was offered and she was directed to *believe* in Christ. She wept, and received all that was said with great eagerness. I have visited more or less for fifteen years, and never before have seen so much suffering for want of employment. Many worthy families are left destitute on this account—also many young women who have hitherto maintained themselves by trades

Numbers of these are now peculiarly exposed tc ruin. They are only acquainted with one kind of work, have not friends to teach or assist them, and know not what to do. If they had the good sense to leave the city, or be willing to attempt to do anything and everything that would insure them an honest living, rather than listen to the syren song of those who lie in wait to destroy, there would be less cause to tremble for the fate of many. I have heard during this week of the fall of six, who had sustained a good character until the present state of the times. Three of these were orphan sisters.

*Sanctified affliction.*—

"A shepherd long had sought in vain,
To call a wandering sheep;
He strove to make her pathway plain,
Through dangers thick and deep.
But still the wanderer stood aloof,
And still refused to come;
Nor would she ever hear reproof,
Or turn to seek her home.
At last the gentle shepherd took
Her little lamb from view;
The mother turned with anguished look,
She turned and followed too."

Called a third time this afternoon, at the house of the afflicted woman whose child was scalded (alluded to under date of Nov. 6) When I first saw her, the attendants were placing the shroud upon the lifeless body of her little one, and she was grieving immoderately, and refused to be comforted.

Taking her hand and inquiring tenderly if she was as well prepared to die as her beloved child, she said, "No." She was living without hope and without God, and it was easy to show her the wisdom and goodness of her heavenly Father in sparing *her* while unprepared, and taking the little one to himself. She desired me to pray for her, and that I would come again. To-day she professes a hope in Christ, and a desire to know and to do the will of the Lord. Says she feels entirely resigned to the dispensations of his Providence, and is full of gratitude that her affliction has been made a means of bringing her to repentance.

*Entreaties of a child—pleasing result.—Dec. 5th.* Called again on the woman to whom the bible was given, Nov. 26th. She related what had occurred respecting it with deep feeling. On the evening of the 26th, as her infidel husband returned from his work, his little son, a child of three years old, ran to him, saying with eagerness, "Pa! pa! ma has got *a bible!*" "Ah! how did she get it?" "A good lady brought it, pa." "'Tis well for the 'good lady' and her bible too, that I was not at home," said he, in an angry tone. He then commanded the trembling wife to bring the book; and on receiving it, commenced tearing its sacred pages and committing them to the flames. His little son kept pleading with tears, "Don't,

pa! 'tis the Bible, God's book!" but to no purpose. He went on with his work till it was wholly consumed. The wife had said nothing, although she felt intensely; but the artless entreaties of his darling child, though apparently disregarded, were not to be forgotten.

"Last evening," said the grateful wife, "my husband came home with a large family bible, and placed it upon the table, giving us permission to read it when we pleased." She observed that this unexpected favor so overcame her, that she fell upon her knees before him, and with uplifted hands and streaming eyes, ejaculated her thanksgiving to God. She seemed to feel that this blessed book had pointed her darkened mind to the way of life; and to rejoice in the hope that mercy may be in store both for herself and her household.

*Christian fortitude.*—10*th.* On arriving at my house last evening, I learned that several notes had been left, desiring calls on the morrow. In compliance with one of these requests, an early hour this morning found me in a cold damp basement by the sick bed of a sufferer. She was a member of the church, but had not made known her destitute condition, and was led to do so now only from extreme necessity. Her sister, who was also dependant on her own efforts, had left a good home to take care of her in her sickness. Two helpless children, with none to supply their wants,

added to this cup of affliction. And yet the language of the mother seemed to be, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in him." Faith in the promises afforded her unspeakable consolation. Those who possess a competence, and yet mur mur, might learn a salutary lesson from the inmates of this miserable cellar.

13*th*. Visiting in —— street this afternoon with petitions; while a lady was enrolling her name upon the list, an individual, whose interesting countenance was greatly marred with sorrow, fixed an earnest gaze upon me, and though she could not speak a word of English, evidently wished to implore sympathy and aid. I inquired her history, and learned, through an interpreter, that by consenting to an elopement and a clandestine marriage with the object of her choice, she had been induced to forsake her parents and native country, not knowing the things that would befall her. Her husband assured her that he had property in this city; and led her to suppose, that after her arrival here, every wish and want would be fully met. They had been here but a short period when she found that her "air castles" had vanished. He had not even sufficient to pay their board, and they were shifted from place to place, till he had pawned most of her wardrobe, and then he was suddenly missing. She learned that he had embarked for New Orleans, and in all

probability had left her for ever. She regarded him with all the ardor of a "woman's love," and this unexpected shock was almost overwhelming. Her landlady, finding that she was pennyless, turned her from her door; and here she had come as a friendless, homeless, stranger, to entreat counsel from a fellow countrywoman who could understand her language. Learning from this woman that her story was corroborated by other circumstances, and fearing derangement would ensue unless immediate aid was extended, I concluded to return to a sister in the church, in easy circumstances, on whom I had called this morning, and who assured me that she desired to know in what way to do good, and was ready to do it. Finding her in, I informed her of the situation of this young woman, telling her that I came to offer her the privilege of "doing good" immediately, by giving this erring and afflicted child a home, and suitable employment to divert her mind till her present anguish of heart was soothed. She consented at once to comply with my request, and desired me to bring her without delay. I thought, surely this was of the Lord, as Christian kindness, in her present state of mind, seemed to be the only thing that could probably save her from self-destruction. After retracing my steps, I found her in waiting, and more than grateful that a place was provided her. She said to her interpreter, as she was leav-

ing to go with me, "My heart is very big toward this lady," and her actions spoke louder than words. That her soul may be enlightened and saved, should now be our ardent prayer. To give temporal relief to the needy is a blessed privilege; but O! to be instrumental in saving a single soul! compared with this, the wealth of kingdoms is less than "the dust of the balance."

## CHAPTER XI.

Consequences of backsliding.—Child saved.—Prison scenes.—Intemperate families visited.—Beggar children getting warm in the sun.—Case of suicide.—Instances of hopeful conversion.—Influence of novel reading.—Wayward child.—Affecting case.—Sick youth.

*Consequences of backsliding.—Dec. 26th.* I attended the stated prayer-meeting held in my district this afternoon. A poor woman invited me home with her to see a suffering family, living in the basement of the house where she resided. The steps were so broken that I found it impossible to descend without assistance. On entering the apartment, and beholding its emaciated and sorrowing inmates, my heart grew sick. In one corner sat a feeble mother, with tattered garments bending over her sick infant, who was apparently near its happy release from want and wo. On the other hand was another little one, nearly blind. Three other half-clad and half-starved children made up the group. And *here* was the helpless and hapless household of the drunkard. The father of this deserted family was in Bridewell, paying the penalty of his brutal violence and bacchanalian revels. The appearance of the mother indicated the anguish of her heart. She had seen

better days, had tasted the refinements of educated and Christian society, and the sad remembrance of her vanished blessings, rendered her situation almost intolerable. Before leaving England, her husband was a licensed preacher, and received from all classes the respect he merited. Beer-drinking was one of the established customs of those around him, and he, notwithstanding his high profession, followed the multitude to do evil. About five years since they removed to this country, and here he could not dispense with fermented and stimulating drinks; and thus, step by step, he has descended from the pulpit to the prison. Seeing no appearance of a bed about the room, I inquired where they lodged. The mother answered, "Upon the *floor*,—and these cold nights I have feared my children would freeze." They were now shivering with the cold, and their wornout garments afforded but a miserable protection from the inclemency of the season. The neighbors, of whom I inquired, spoke in the highest terms of this afflicted, uncomplaining woman, and all agreed that her case demanded immediate aid. My first business was to provide fuel, and then attempt, by application to the wealthy, to meet other pressing wants. Before night this object was accomplished. Through the mercy of God, the hearts of some to whom he has given more than a competence, were opened, so that present suffering is now relieved.

27*th.* My work to-day has been directed solely to the great object for which we labor, viz., the *prevention of crime.* My first visit was made, in compliance with the request of a Christian brother, at the house of a friend, who has painful reason to suppose that her daughter, a youth of seventeen, is on the verge of ruin. I conversed with this daughter kindly, but with much plainness of speech. The results of disobedience, idleness, love of dress, and vain company, were clearly pointed out, and cases of recent occurrence were cited, as a warning to this reckless girl. The visit seemed to be well received, and if followed with the divine blessing, will not have been in vain.

*Child saved.—Dec.* 30*th.* In passing from Tenth street to Waverley place, I observed a child some eight or nine years old with a bundle of shavings. Her cries of distress attracted my attention, and on inquiry, I learned that she was so chilled with cold that she could scarcely walk or stand. Her clothing was in tatters, and quite insufficient for ordinary weather. Taking her under my cloak, I proceeded to a hospitable dwelling near by, where she was warmed, fed, and clothed. It was evident from her whole appearance, that the chill of death would soon have come over her, if timely assistance had not been rendered. After she was sufficiently recovered, we proceeded to her home.

where we found a drunken mother and two other suffering children. They had no fuel except the shavings gathered by the oldest child, and were literally in want of all things. Were the weeping prophet to revisit the earth, might he not again exclaim "O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people."

*Prison scenes.*—A portion of this day had been set apart to visit the unhappy convicts at the city prison, whose life must soon be ended upon the gallows. The interview was extremely painful. A lady who accompanied us had been acquainted with John Smock in his early days. He recognised her, and seemed affected when reminded of the commencement of his downward course, of what he was, and might have been, but for dissipation and crime. Some of the keepers had told us that he was so hardened and reckless it was scarcely safe to enter his cell; but during the conversation his eyes were filled with tears, his lips quivered, and it was evident that death appeared to him as the king of terrors. On the 25th day of the present month he goes from before a human tribunal to the judgment bar of God.

In another cell, a short distance from him, we saw the inhuman husband who, in taking the life of his wife, inflicted eleven deadly wounds. He

received a tract, and was ready to converse or listen to a word of exhortation; but his heart was like the nether millstone, and his countenance and manner gave fearful indications that he must soon hold fellowship with the fiends of darkness.

Of the three others imprisoned for murder, the case of the young female from Bergen was most deeply affecting. In the opinion of all who have had intercourse with her, she is truly penitent. We found her with her bible, which is said to be her constant companion; and her anguish of heart seemed almost insupportable. The following are some details of her history, as given by herself. Her parents were in respectable circumstances, and she received early religious instruction, and attended the sabbath-school until she was about fifteen years old. Her father becoming dissolute, his farm was sacrificed, and she was sent to the city to maintain herself. After some time she became acquainted with young *Floor*, and two years since was married to him without the consent or knowledge of his parents. To comply with his wishes and deceive his friends, she continued to be known as "Phebe Simonson;" and had boarded or kept house, as he directed, from that time till his death. For some weeks previous to the poisoning, he had entirely neglected her. The delicacy of her situation demanded his attention and care, but she was left without means to

pay her rent or procure food; and more than this, he had taken her best articles of apparel, and given them to one and another of vile character. In view of these and similar provocations, a rich cake was prepared, with a quantity of arsenic infused and presented to him with seeming kindness. He received and ate, and in so doing met his death. She was suspected and arrested, and on her examination, with a full sense of the awful nature of her crime, confessed as above. During the examination of witnesses, *three* abandoned women appeared in court, *each claiming Floor as her husband.*

From these and similar statements the evidence is conclusive, that the crime and wo here depicted may be traced to licentiousness. The young man who has thus found an early and dishonored grave, was connected with a respectable circle of relatives, who are obliged to "mourn as those without hope:" and no considerations can be gathered, calculated to sooth or heal the deep wounds that have been inflicted by this unexpected stroke. The *mothers* of both these victims of crime are members of the *church.* Had they labored and prayed for the preservation and salvation of *these children*, as is the duty and privilege of the Christian, would *they* have so far departed from "the way they should go?" O, that others may take warning from this painful example, and while those

under their care may be restrained and taught, spare no pains in the discharge of their duty.

*Intemperate families visited.—Jan. 9th*, 1840. During the past two weeks, I have made it my business to follow to their homes numbers of poor, ragged children, found begging in the streets, and the scenes that have been witnessed in the dwellings thus visited surpass description. Every house, with few exceptions, was filled from garret to cellar, with the victims of drunkenness and its attendants, filth, disease, and every species of vice. In one hundred families visited, there were drunken parents, surrounded by numerous children, all of whom, who had attained sufficient age, were employed in begging for the support of themselves and their miserable parents.

In my walks I have found many families of the virtuous poor suffering from cold and hunger, and in most instances have been able, through the assistance of neighbors on whom I called, to render them comparatively comfortable. In one instance, a tract distributor directed me to a dwelling in B—— street, where she told me I would find an object for benevolent effort. I went, and found a young woman, who, though she said little of her sufferings, was evidently the companion of a dissolute husband, and the victim of poverty and an aching heart. Her circumstances had induced disease, and she was confined to her bed in a

large empty house, with no one, within call, to render her any assistance. Her limbs were cold, and she had neither fuel nor food to render her comfortable. Several of the neighbors were induced, through my representation, to contribute to her wants. While recommending to her the way of salvation, and engaging in prayer, she seemed deeply affected, and, from subsequent visits, I have reason to hope she may yet prove a brand plucked from the burning.

*Beggar children getting warm in the sun.*—Being in the suburbs of the city, as I was passing on, my attention was arrested by a chime of infant voices. I turned to see whence the sound proceeded, and observed three little beggar girls sitting near a fence, with the sun shining directly on them, singing a sabbath-school hymn. I accosted them kindly, and inquired what they were doing here. "We were cold, ma'am, and are getting warm in the sun." "Where do you live?" "In Twentieth street, ma'am." "Why have you come away so far from your homes?" "To get some food, and something to make a fire." "Why were you singing?" "To praise God: we go to Sunday-school, and our teacher says, if we are *good children*, God will never let us want." These and similar questions were answered with so much artlessness and modesty, that I was induced to take them across the street and furnish each

with a loaf, which was received with expressions of gratitude.

*Case of suicide.—Jan. 28th.* Mrs. M——, sent for me, desiring that I would assist her in the attempt to call back a poor wanderer from virtue, who had for some time served her in her family. She spoke of the young woman as one possessing uncommon intelligence and extremely pretty. She had made a profession of religion, and for a time her conduct was consistent. But in an unguarded hour, she was led into temptation. By a sinful companion she was unsuspectingly introduced into a house of ill-fame in Mercer street, where her ruin was completed.

Mrs. M. had learned from some person who had seen her pass to and from the house that this was probably her chosen home. She went, with great timidity, to the house and made inquiries, but was not allowed to see her. She now desired me to go, and, if I could gain access to her, to tell her that if she would reform, she would again receive her into her family, and remember the past no more against her. I accordingly went, and finding its inmates in a state of extreme consternation was readily admitted. Inquiring the cause of the terror which marked every counte nance, I was told that one of the girls of the house had that morning taken laudanum for the purpose of destroying herself. I asked permission

to see her, which was granted; and there, in an upper room, stretched upon the bed of death, lay the poor unconscious girl for whom I was searching. I made some inquiries of the woman of the house, who told me that the cause of this conduct in the girl, was a troubled conscience. She said she had frequently spoken of respectable connexions, who, did they know her circumstances, would be distressed beyond measure, and of a mother whose heart would break. I left the poor wretches, who, thoughtless and reckless as they may be when they apprehend not the evil day is near, were now trembling and agitated exceedingly, as the thought of death was forced upon them.

*Instances of hopeful conversion.*—Another precious instance of encouragement, has lately come to my knowledge. Some months since, a young woman called on me, early in the morning, desiring me to procure her a situation. She had learned that I was connected with the Moral Reform Society, and that I would probably direct her to a virtuous family for employment. She remarked that her character was her only dependance, and to preserve this, she had refused to go to an intelligence office, lest she should be misdirected. I was interested, and invited her to come in and wait until my season of family worship was over, as my little adopted daughter and myself were just preparing for it. She did so, and I took the

opportunity of recommending the precious Savior to her for a friend and protector. She said she felt that she needed a friend, and seemed much affected during the interview. She recently called on me, and with a full heart pressed my hand in hers, and said that that morning's prayer and conversation had been blessed to her eternal salvation. She gave delightful evidence of a saving change.

*Feb.* 14*th.*—We learned to-day that the afflicted mother, alluded to in a former report (whose husband was in prison, and herself and five children left in a state of destitution and suffering), has been led to cast her sins and sorrows at the feet of Jesus, and gives good evidence of a saving change. The bible is now "the man of her counsel," and she feels so much reverence for its sacred truths, that she reads it daily in a kneeling posture and no other, both in the closet and in her family. This is the second instance of conversion that, in the providence of God has resulted from the "prayer meeting for poor mothers." It is also our privilege to record two other cases of conversion of recent occurrence, resulting as we have reason to believe, from the blessing of God on our feeble efforts. To his name be the praise

*Influence of novel reading.*—

"A novel was a book,
Three-volumed, and once read; and oft crammed full
Of poisonous error, blackening every page;
And oftener still, of trifling, second-hand

Remark, and old, diseased, putrid thought,
And miserable incident, at war
With nature, with itself and truth at war;
Yet charming still the greedy reader on,
Till done, he tried to recollect his thoughts,
And nothing found but dreaming emptiness."—FALLOW.

18*th*. Several instances of the baleful effects of novel reading having recently come under my observation, I feel constrained to lift a note of warning against the indulgence of this pernicious habit. I have seen family connexions sundered, husbands estranged, children scattered, and the wife and mother as much a victim of this unnatural mental stimulant as the most confirmed inebriate is of his debasing practices. Its tendency is to disqualify entirely for all the ordinary matter-of-fact duties of life, and to the mothers of this, and those who are to be the mothers of another generation, I would solemnly say, avoid this pernicious practice, yield not to its excitements. Nothing tends more to destroy virtuous principles, or promote the growth of unholy appetites and passions. It is a real barrier to all useful acquirements, and if persisted in, will effectually counteract the most faithful religious instruction. It especially unfits the wife and mother for the duties of her station. Nothing can be more uncongenial with the nature and character of domestic duties and relations than novel reading.

In mentioning the object of our petition to a gentleman of respectability a few days since, he

remarked, "I approve the design, but I wish, while you are seeking to promote this laudable object, you would not fail to do all in your power to prevent the equally prevalent, if not equally destructive evil of novel-reading." This gentleman's wife had indulged in the practice until she seemed entirely unfitted for any important duty. Her nervous system had become so excitable, and consequently her temper so irritable, that except while drinking in her favorite stimulus, as she pored over fictitious scenes, or perhaps, under the influence of morphine, to which in the extremity of excitement she found it necessary to resort, she seemed but one remove from insanity. Other cases might be cited equally painful.

*Wayward child.*—23*d*. My mind has been led much to the contemplation of parental influence upon the characters of children, from being called upon to assist in getting a wayward child into the house of refuge. This child's father had, in his day, been an open infidel, and though he had now gone to his own place, the influences of his principles seemed operating still upon the life and conduct of this juvenile sinner. Already had she more than once set fire to the house of a friend and benefactor, who had taken her in charge hoping to save her from ruin.

At the same time, at the desire of her mother, I placed another child in the house of refuge, who

had been convicted of stealing, and had manifested other vicious propensities

*Affecting case.*—

"Loathing thy polluted lot,
Hie thee, maiden, hie thee hence!
Seek thy weeping mother's cot,
With a wiser innocence.

"Thou hast known deceit and folly,
Thou hast felt that vice is wo;
With a musing melancholy—
Duly armed, go, maiden, go!"—COLERIDGE.

*March 2d.* How many and various are the temptations to which the poor of this city are exposed! My heart sickens as new cases in evidence of this, come up before me.

A Christian mother called on me a few days since, desiring advice in reference to a daughter whom she mourned as lost. She seemed borne down with grief, and emaciated with the deep sorrow and solicitude occasioned by the mysterious absence of her loved one for the last three months. She knew of no vicious propensities in her child, and had considered her the pride of her family. No suspicions of her ruin had crossed her mind but she had supposed her murdered, or that some great evil had befallen her. In the height of this suspense, a small, neat-looking boy called upon her with a note from the daughter, desiring her to send a suit of clothes which the mother provided; and then, as she could learn nothing of her resi-

dence from the boy, she followed him at a distance. This the lad discovered, and succeeded in avoiding her, so that she lost sight of him. Days passed on, and no daughter came, and the mother's anxiety was increased almost to phrensy. She neglected her family, and traversed the streets continually, hoping again to see the boy who had brought her the note. In this she succeeded, and entreated him with tears, to tell her where she might find her daughter. He said they had made him take a solemn oath that he would not expose her, and they paid him well for everything he did at the house in which she was, that he worked there every day and received better wages than anywhere else. The mother's eyes now began to open in regard to her daughter's situation, and by tears and entreaties she obtained from the boy a knowledge of her residence. He said she was at a boarding-house where there were a great many ladies—that his mother washed for the ladies, and they paid him very liberally for doing errands. He said his mother's family were not so poor as they used to be, before they got work at this place.

She learned from the lad that he knew it to be a house of ill-fame. Thus this child, though he was a sabbath-school boy, and afraid to break his oath, was familiar with vice and crime, and was actually coming in contact every day with the vil-

est characters; while on the other hand he was mingling with the boys of our sabbath-schools; and his mother, because better paid here than elsewhere for her labor, was exposing her child to contamination of the most revolting kind.

*Dangers of the city.*—In my walks of the past week, I have been constrained to lift a warning voice to parents with regard to their daughters. Why will parents send their daughters from the country to the city to learn trades, and thus remove them from the influences of home and parental restraints, and expose them to temptations which they could never know in the country? In visiting a number of degraded families, and finding one distressed woman in a garret, I remarked that I had seldom met with such a case of destitution. She told me that if I went into the cellar I would find a case of equal, if not greater misery. Here I found a poor miserable young woman, the victim of loathsome and fatal disease; and as I listened to her tale of wo, my feelings were not a little agitated. She spoke of the time when she came to the city, unstained with vice, to get a trade and high wages, as she had been promised; but found instead, temptations to dress, allurements to associate with vain company, and, step by step, she was led the down-hill of folly, until pollution and death were implanted in her system, and there seemed nothing before her but a fearful looking for

of judgment and fiery indignation. She is to-day to be taken to the Bellevue hospital. Oh, that parents and guardians in the country would be wise, that they would understand, and be warned by these things.

*5th.* My heart has been comforted this day by the blessed experience of the loving kindness of a prayer-hearing God. The afflicted mother alluded to above was advised to state her case to her class-leader, and request him to apply to a police officer with whom I was acquainted, to go with him to the house where her daughter was staying, and demand her of the keepers, and if refused, see that the house was searched, and broken up if possible. She followed my directions, and was encouraged by her class-leader to expect he would attend to it immediately. Three weary days had passed, and the officer had disappointed her hopes, when she came to me again, weighed down with her load of grief, and entreated my aid. We tried to ask in faith, that the Lord would teach us what to do; and with the conviction that he would go with us, resolved to fix upon a suitable hour of the day, and enter and search the house, if possible. On arriving at the place, we separated and knocked for admittance at different doors. The mother gained access at the basement, and I was admitted at the door above. As we entered, the young women were leaving their rooms to dine,

and several were just at that moment passing through the hall. By requesting them kindly to stop a moment, and saying that I had some interesting tracts for them, their attention was arrested. They with one accord came forward to take them, and while handing one to each, I addressed them in words to this effect: "This tract is the Priceless Jewel; it contains just such counsel as you need. O, if you had read it, and obeyed it long since, you would not now be here in this place of sin and sorrow—and there is one of you, who came here about three months since, who has almost broken a mother's heart." After stating some of the circumstances, observing the face of a young girl suffused with crimson, I took her hand and said, "How could you, child, thus treat your kind mother? How could you occasion her such distress and anguish? Week after week she has sought you, till her flesh is nearly wasted; and she has felt that she must soon sink into the grave, if she did not obtain relief. She has been here again and again, and has been told you were not here; and to-day she has come once more, and now you must leave this place and go with her, or I have an officer at command, who will take you at once to the Refuge." By this time she was weeping immoderately, and begged to see her mother. She was then called from below, and the interview between them was most mov-

ing. The child entreated the forgiveness of her injured parent, and readily consented to leave immediately. We proceeded with her to her home, a distance of two miles, and had but just arrived, when the mistress of the place we had left entered the room, filled with indignation. Our movements were such that we had escaped the house without her knowledge; but she had learned by seeing an Advocate which I had left, and by the absence of her victim, the object of our mission.

We heard her expressions of rage in silence; but in our hearts were thanking the Lord that our object was effected. Among other things, she said with much emphasis, that it was well for me she did not know at the time that one of the moral reform women was in her house. She asserted that she and her husband kept the house, and presented her certificate of marriage, saying that they had a perfect right to board whom they pleased, and no one need interfere. Finding she could provoke no reply, and obtain nothing by prolonging her call, she left, exhibiting in language and manner the spirit that is from beneath. After she had gone, a consultation was held concerning the best course to be taken for the further rescue of the child. Learning that she had a pious aunt living in a retired country place, the mother was advised to employ an officer to obtain her clothes, and send her there without delay. She had an

elder sister who was a member of the church, and would accompany her, if means could be provided to pay the fare. Feeling that prayer had been heard thus far, encouragement was given to the weeping mother, that all that should be found necessary could be accomplished.

7*th*. Yesterday, by applying to a few friends, and availing myself of a small amount sent from abroad to aid the visiting committee, I carried to the mother, for whom I had felt so deep an interest, the funds requisite to take her daughter to a place of greater safety, and now have the satisfaction of knowing that with her sister she took passage this morning for her place of destination. The officer who was sent for her clothes succeeded in obtaining them, but could not be induced to make any efforts to have this rendezvous of crime abandoned. The mother, moved by the circumstances of trial that had wrung her heart, appealed to him in vain in behalf of others. His reply was that she might think herself well off that she had obtained her child.

There has been a train of circumstances connected with this case, peculiarly affecting, which it is impossible to relate as a whole, so that they will be justly appreciated. The mother was almost a stranger in the city, truly deserving, but with five fatherless children reduced to penury. Inability to satisfy the wants of all dependant on

ner, led this child to leave her home. After the fear arose that instead of being murdered she might be in a house of death, the mother recollected that she had some months since seen one number of the Advocate, and was told by the lady who gave it her, that the object of the ladies who published it was the prevention of crime. She then began to pray that the Lord would direct her to some one of this society for counsel; and by a singular train of providences she was at length led to my residence. Her child appeared truly penitent and it is hoped that the grace of God may yet purify her heart, and save her ruined soul.

10*th*. Some portion of the labors of this day has been truly delightful. It has been my privilege to read the word of God to a believing disciple, who supposes she has been converted, on her sick couch, through this instrumentality. She was never taught to read, and when I first found her, was groping in all the mental darkness of heathenism. I have visited her from day to day, and read to her the blessed words of life and salvation. She seems to have received the truth in the love of it, and to be rejoicing in that liberty wherewith Christ makes free.

*Sick youth.—June* 3*d*. Visiting this morning from house to house, in the upper part of the city, as I passed an open door, I saw a young man who was sick, sitting bolstered in his chair. His dis-

ease was inflammatory rheumatism, of the most excruciating kind. His youth and extreme suffering arrested my attention, and filled my heart with love and compassion. I proceeded to converse with him, and said, "My child, you are a great sufferer, but you have a compassionate Savior, and you must be thankful that you have your reason, and can pray to him." He was silent, and I proposed prayer, to which he objected, saying he never heard a woman pray. His sister, who was sitting by his side, remarked, "What matter whether it is a father or mother prays, so the Lord blesses, I am sure a blessing is what we need." On conversing with him farther, I found he was a Scotchman by birth, that he had been religiously educated, and especially taught to reverence the Sabbath. He came to this city and engaged in business which interfered with the proper observance of that holy day. It seemed, as he expressed it, that the judgments of Almighty God had followed him ever since, blighting his prospects and destroying his hopes. He was resolved to give it up. I left him without prayer, and shortly after called again. I now found him in an interesting state of mind. The Spirit of God had evidently been there, calling his attention to the concerns of his soul. *He now asked me to pray.* I enjoyed a very precious season, and left full of hope that the whole family, whose attention seemed called to the subject of religion, might be converted.

## CHAPTER XII.

Visit at Sing Sing prison.—Inhuman father.—Colored orphan asylum.—An honest hour.—Visit in the country.—Interview with a French lady.—Inebriate reclaimed.—Repentance delayed.—Family of Canadians.—Death without hope.—The Sunday scholar who loved his bible.—The aged saint who abode on Pisgah.—The sick-boy and his little friend.—Conversion of Mrs. R.—The German Sabbath school.—The coffin warehouse.—Faithfulness rewarded.

Passing through the Sound, a short time since, I presented the Advocate to the chambermaid, who hailed it as an old acquaintance, remarking that she used to have it left in the cabin of the boat, until requested by the captain to have it discontinued. He said he did not like to see it. She was surprised, though she complied with the request. She observed, however, that an occurrence on board the boat the past week had satisfied her as to the reason why he did not like to see the Advocate. She said a woman who was frequently a passenger, had requested her to call at —— street, No. ——, and receive a present for her kindness to her while travelling. She called and had an interview with her when she revealed the character of her house; assured her that on her arrival that morning she found the house well filled! that none but *respectable gentlemen* visited

it, and that among the number was the captain of the boat in which she was chambermaid. This explained to her the reason *why he did not like to see the Advocate.* This woman presented her a beautiful article of clothing, and placed in her hands a pack of cards with her name and number elegantly engraved on the face, and requested her to distribute them among the passengers of the boat, as she had opportunity. The girl was asked if she complied with the request; to which she replied in the negative, saying, "the Advocate had taught her better than that." Thus the painful evidence is forced upon us from every quarter, that all the avenues leading to and from the city, are infected with harpies in quest of prey. In view of these facts, let the unsuspecting beware!

*Visit at Sing Sing prison.—June 13th.* Visited the state prison at Sing Sing. Intelligence had been received of an interesting work of grace among the convicts, and a desire to witness the fruits of the Spirit in the case of those who for crime had forfeited their liberty, as well as the hope of being able to do something in the cause of benevolence, led us forward. Our hearts were much encouraged and our faith greatly strengthened by the visit.

The matron who has charge of the female convicts, seems to be a woman well qualified for her station. She appeared uniformly kind and affec-

tionate to those under her care; and this affection and kindness has led them to respect and confide in her. Thus they are induced to listen to instruction, and notwithstanding their former character, they now appear softened and subdued.

One colored woman who had before her arrest cast off all restraint, and gloried in her shame and wickedness—who would submit to no control even under severe discipline, by the steady kindness and persevering efforts of the matron, has been reformed, taught to read the book of God, and to regulate her heart and life by its precepts.

This case, and numerous others of a similar character, evince what may be done by the persevering kindness and faithfulness of a Christian woman. Every department of female labor was marked for the neatness and quiet order which prevailed, affording an example worthy of imitation in all similar establishments. Would it not be well if a judicious Christian female, forbearing and kind in her deportment, were placed in charge of the females in other prisons? Placed there as they are without any employment, with no one to speak to them the word of kindness, or look after their spiritual wants, it is no marvel that they prepare for deeper degradation and darker deeds of sin.

In visiting the female convicts at their cells on Sabbath morning, after sabbath school, which un-

der the customary regulations we were permitted to do, we found nearly all employed in reading their bibles. We conversed with them respecting the welfare of their souls, and as we knelt with them at the throne of grace, they on the one side of the grated door and we on the other, we felt that He who healed a Mary Magdalene, is still the same compassionate Savior, and our faith, we trust, apprehended him as the great atoning sacrifice, who bore our sins in his own body on the tree, and opened a way for the salvation of even the chief of sinners.

14*th.* We spent an hour this morning in walking over the department of the prison appropriated to the male convicts. These amount to nearly 800, confined for a longer or a shorter period, the safety of community rendering it necessary that they should be confined without the power to commit crime, and all employed in labors useful to others as well as themselves. The agent, and chaplain, and under-keepers, appear to be assiduous and unwearied in their efforts for the moral and spiritual good of those committed for a season to their charge. O! that Christians would make these convicts the subject of their fervent earnest prayers. The interest and safety of society require that they should be for a time shut out from those privileges which they have forfeited; and their situation is peculiarly favorable for reflection.

They hold no communication with any one; from solitude they are called to labor, and from labor they return to solitude. Thus months and years pass away. When not laboring they have nothing to do but think, think. These opportunities for reflection should be sanctified by the prayers of God's people, that imprisonment on earth may be, by the blessing of Heaven, the occasion of their being made free in Jesus Christ.

*Inhuman father.—July 4th.* When shall we learn to celebrate this great national festival as becomes rational beings! A few days since I called upon a poor woman, apparently dying with consumption; and of all the scenes of wretchedness I have ever witnessed (and they have been not a few), this was the most painful. The husband, that he might be in time, as he said, had already begun to keep the fourth of July, and was lying drunk on the floor. Not content with this abominable exhibition of depravity, he had made one of his children, a small boy, as drunk as himself. The poor emaciated wife lay there, compelled to witness this scene of wretchedness and degradation. She told me that her husband earned his dollar a day when sober, yet they were destitute of the most common comforts of life. Nearly all his earnings were spent at a certain grocer's in the neighborhood, and when his money was gone, he would trust him for liquor. My soul

was so pained at this sight of misery, that I resolved to go to the grocer, and plead with him to cease this horrid traffic. I found the wife waiting on customers in the absence of her husband, and addressed myself to her. I begged her to go and visit this wretched abode, and witness the fruit of her labors. She went and took to the suffering woman some of the comforts of life, and on her return, she told me that her resolution was taken, *solemnly*, never more to sell rum. Reader, this is one of the numerous cases of the kind which the visiting committee of this society are compelled to witness. The description falls short of the reality. If we expostulate with them, "I have my license, ma'am," is the reply, which we can not doubt, when we recollect that there are two thousand seven hundred and fifty-seven licensed liquor stores in the city. O! could these venders of "liquid poison" realize their tremendous responsibilities, how would they tremble in view of the righteous judgments of God. Could they take one look into futurity, and contemplate the scenes of the judgment, when the drunken husband, the abused wife, and the ruined children shall appear as swift witnesses against them, how would they call on the mountains and rocks to fall on them, and cover them from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb.

*July 24th.* I called to-day on the sick and afflicted mother alluded to above, and learned that her little son did not long survive the effects of the liquid poison. Sorrow and disease are fast hastening her departure, but through faith in Jesus, she is enabled to regard death as a welcome messenger. Knowing her destitution of the necessaries of sickness, I had provided several articles of food and drink, which were most gratefully received. A child had the care of her, and the filthy condition of her apartments, heated and confined in consequence of sickness, made the air almost intolerable. It seemed a deed of charity to employ a woman, and have the place thoroughly cleansed. I said to the sick mother, if she was a Christian, as we hope, she was soon going to a very clean place, and she must have a clean place to die. I remained by her till the work was done, and the smell of the lime was indeed reviving. While it was going on, I was permitted to sing to her the hymn, "The Lord will provide." She was much comforted, and her faith received new strength from the promises. In another poor family visited, where sickness and poverty had rendered the air of the apartments equally unhealthy, I found the application of lime and water indispensable. Those who have never breathed in the polluted atmosphere of some portions of our city, during this season of the year, can scarcely

conceive of its offensiveness. There are certain sections of almost every district that we visit, where the stench, arising from uncleanliness, is as disgusting to the natural sense, as the moral stench, that is so frequently manifest, is to the soul of purity. That plague and fever do not riot in the midst of us, is owing only to the forbearing mercy of our God.

*Colored Orphan Asylum.—28th.* We visited this afternoon the colored orphan asylum in Twelfth street. Had unusual liberty in speaking to the children and in prayer. It was pleasant to look upon this interesting group, gathered by the hand of Christian charity from cells of poverty and of crime, and feel that here provision was made for their wants, salutary restraints thrown about them, and such daily instruction given as will, with the divine blessing, fit them to act well their part in future life.

*An honest hour.—*

"The work, the mighty work
Of life so long delayed—
Repentance, yet to be begun
Upon a dying bed."

*30th.* In my walks the past month, I have been very much interested in the case of a poor, sick widow, who I learn to-day has gone to her long home. She had one son, a lame lad, about nine years of age, who was her only companion. I found her in a little cellar in V—— street. She

was a Protestant Irish woman, and appeared anxious for the salvation of her soul. In view of the near approach of death, she was led to inquire what she should do to be saved. Several times on visiting her, I found the little boy crying, and to my inquiry, "Why do you cry?" his reply was, "I am so troubled about mother. She cries all night to the Lord to save her soul, and it makes me cry too." During a season of prayer, when the mother pronounced "amen," as a testimony of her desire to be heard, the little boy would repeat it with an emphasis which showed that his heart was not unaffected. While engaged in prayer, he would nestle close by my side, and manifest the most intense interest.

*Visit in the country.*—While visiting in the country the past two weeks, I have been asked many times, "What is moral reform doing?" The answer frequently given has been, "By the blessing of God it is preventing sin and sorrow to some extent; it is arresting the attention of mothers of all classes, and leading them to inquire how far they have discharged their duty as parents, and what remains to be done; and is also leading some who have hitherto dedicated their children to the world, to dedicate them to God, and plead in faith that his unseen arm may 'shield them from dangers, and guard them from crime.'"

Some who have met me with objections, piled

mountains high, have been entirely silenced by a simple statement of facts I had witnessed, resulting from these efforts. Many have said to me, "Urge those that are laboring 'to go on.'" One brother says, "Never cease a warning voice against the theatre, till its shameless exhibitions are rightly regarded."

The auxiliaries visited in Derby and vicinity are actively engaged. In D—— the recent effort of our board in behalf of seamen met a warm approval, and one life membership was raised immediately, to aid this department. I remarked, wherever I went, that those Christians who were most engaged in the cause of the Redeemer, were also awake to the claims of moral purity, and ready to co-operate with those already enlisted to the extent of their ability.

*Interview with a French lady.*—Returning through the Sound from New Haven, I had an interview with a French lady, in high life, recently from Charleston, South Carolina. An incident occurred calculated to awaken the fears of the timid, and she became greatly excited. Seeing me composed, she inquired why I was not afraid. I told her I could always pray to the Lord to take care of us, and my confidence in him was so strong that I felt calm, if not happy, when in danger. She appeared surprised at this, and made many inquiries, showing her entire ignorance of the

truths of religion, or the blessed and soul-sustaining influences known and felt by the heart that is wholly yielded to its control. She said the idea of death was horrible to her. O! how I pitied this poor woman. The trappings of wealth adorned her person, but her possessions seemed to me of less value than dross, compared to a good hope through grace. She was open and ingenuous, and gave me considerable information about the state of morals in Charleston. Speaking of the observance of the sabbath there, she said many of the people went to some church in the morning, and then spent the afternoon in dancing, promenading, or other frivolous amusements,—"any way to kill time." "In winter they have good health and abundance of pleasure, but in the summer they die off by thousands." Giving her opinion of the theatre, she said at this age she was losing her relish for it, but loved to have her daughter go. It was, in her estimation, a fine amusement for young people. Poor woman! No wonder she looked upon death with such horror.

In answer to some of her inquiries, I informed her that most of my time was spent in visiting the poor, the sick and suffering, and in trying to save the youth of our sex from going in the way of the profligate. "All that is very good," said she, "except the last—you know there must be such people, madame?" "We are both mothers," I re-

plied; "now, if as you say, there must be such persons, why not let our children be among them?" "O Madame! what! my daughter? No, never!" But if this is "a necessary evil," there are parents whose daughters must be sacrificed, though dear to them as ours are to us.

"Do you Charleston ladies treat the libertine as you would his guilty associate?" "Not at all. Public opinion does not make it necessary." Her husband called her away abruptly, and thus the conversation ended.

*Inebriate reclaimed.*—15*th*. In visiting to-day some fifty families, I have met with much that was calculated to fill the heart with praise to the dear Savior. His mercy to those who trust him, and his forbearance toward those who reject his love, are alike, themes of adoring gratitude. I learned that the poor inebriate, living in this district, who caused the death of his little son by giving him alcohol last July, had become a sober man. He gave his dying wife a pledge that he would abandon his cups, and he has not since tasted of the poison.

A mother in this district with whom I had much conversation, informed me that the Advocates I had given her had opened her eyes to the danger of her child, and by conversing with her she had ascertained that the milliner for whom she worked, had sent her daily to carry bonnets to places

where no child should ever be sent. She has taken her away, and says she shall gain a living by gathering rags in the street, rather than be thus exposed.

*Repentance delayed.*—22*d.* Was sent for this morning to pray with an aged woman just on the verge of eternity, and writhing under the pangs of remorse. One year since I was in her house, and asked the privilege of praying with her but was refused. Now, as death approaches, she desires prayer to be offered, but evinces no penitence. A certain fearful looking for of judgment has awakened her from her dream of security, and she would fain seek relief, but knows not where to look. She informed me that about twenty years since, she was deeply convicted of her lost condition, and the offer of salvation was pressed home upon her, and she was almost persuaded to be a Christian; but she was then enjoying the world, surrounded with gay society, and found it difficult to give it up. While in this state of indecision, after she had retired one evening, her sleeping thoughts were arrested with the scene described in the New Testament, where our Lord was brought before Pilate and rejected of the Jews. The transaction had to her mind all the vividness of a living reality, and she realized herself an actor in the scene, and one of the number who silently consented to his death. On seeing the

great question decided, her reflections were so painful that she awoke, and exclaimed, "Why did not say, give me Jesus?" His salvatior was again presented by the Spirit, and her acceptance invited, but she again put it off till "a more convenient season," and she says from that time to the present she has felt an entire apathy with regard to religion; and now, in view of her last change, a darkness has come over her that is almost insupportable. In another dwelling found a mother with five fatherless children, who were entirely destitute of means to supply their necessary wants. Providentially I had with me three dollars, given me by a lady in Utica to be expended among the deserving poor, and the aid I was thus enabled to render, caused this widow's heart to sing for joy. Could the kind donor have seen the gratitude of this distressed mother, she would have felt that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

I called also to see the family alluded to above, and found the father as there represented, truly in earnest about a thorough reformation. As I entered, he remarked, "I believe you are the lady who visited my poor wife." I assented, and he sat down, and covered his face, and wept excessively. I inquired if he was not well. "Yes," he said, "but I'm a distressed man. My intemperance has murdered my child, and brought down my wife

in sorrow to the grave! and I know not as there can be any mercy for such a miserable sinner!" I encouraged him to apply to the Great Physician, assuring him that the promises of the gospel reached his case, and he need not despair. He entreated prayer, and, during the exercise, uttered several times with manifest brokenness of heart, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." Before I left him, he promised, vile as he was, to make an unreserved surrender of all his powers to the service of God. He had recently brought his mother from the country to take care of his five children, and the appearance of his family and his dwelling, compared with what it had been, was tidy and comfortable.*

*Family of Canadians.—Dec. 4th.* Several months since, while visiting in a destitute neighborhood, I became deeply interested in a family of Canadians. Both sickness and poverty made them objects of compassion. The mother was ill, and one of the six children had been for a long time a great sufferer from a white swelling. The father attended the Roman catholic church, when he went to any, and the mother had been brought up under the same influence, and in extreme ignorance. The fear of death, and her dark unhappy

* This man was subsequently converted, and has since led a moral and religious life, and also been the means of the salvation of others.

state, distressed her greatly, and she seemed to feel it a privilege to unbosom to me the sorrows she had hitherto locked in her own breast. She said she did not know the right way to serve God. She had been taught to pray to the saints, and to the Virgin Mary; but when she did so her mind was not satisfied; her sins weighed heavily, and she wanted to go to one that was able to help her. I directed her to Jesus, read to her from his own words, and endeavored to explain to her the great salvation. She wept, but her mind was still dark, and I could only commend her to God. On leaving I gave her my address that she might send for me, should she wish to do so. While I was in the country they removed to another neighborhood, and I lost sight of them. On Saturday last a messenger came to inform me where they lived, and request me to call immediately. I found the mother more deeply convicted. She said there seemed a mountain weight upon her heart, and she knew not how to get relief. I directed her to the Savior, assuring her none, however vile or degraded had ever gone to him "with a broken and contrite heart," and been rejected; referred to the case of the beggar, blind Bartimeus, the thief upon the cross, and the blessed promise, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

To-day went again to see her, and found her rejoicing in the hope that her sins are pardoned.

"Oh!" said she, "I have got such a load rolled off; I do love the Lord Jesus; that word, 'him that cometh unto me,' is enough; Christ has said it; I am happy, though I am sick and poor; I can trust these helpless children, and my all with the Lord." She expressed many thanks that I had so often visited her and given her kind instruction, and told me that no person had ever before conversed with her about the soul, and Christ, and heaven.

28*th*. To-day the poor Canadian woman has bid a last farewell to her little family, and gone to try the realities of eternity. Her poor husband sent for me, and seemed to feel that I could do something to comfort him under his severe affliction. He asked with streaming eyes, what he should do with his little babe (an infant of two months). He was too poor to provide a nurse for it, and its plaintive cries made his heart ache. I went out and found a woman who consented to take care of it, till some better arrangement could be made.

30*th*. Yesterday found a lady of wealth and piety, who was willing to adopt a motherless babe, and having obtained the father's consent to part with it, I went with her to take it away. A little prattler, who observed us wrapping up the infant, and was asked if she was not sorry they were going to take her away, replied in broken accents, "My ma stays so long in the ground, and baby

cries so, we can't take care of it." O what cause for gratitude have mothers who are spared to rear their tender offspring. Few that enjoy life and health, offer to God the daily tribute of praise for this blessing, that they ought. A neighbor who had come in to sympathize with the afflicted, requested me to go with her to see a family who were in distress. I went and found a poor woman in great suffering, both of body and mind. She felt that the king of terrors was approaching, and though she had once indulged a hope, and united with the church, she had so far backslidden that every prospect before her was shrouded. As I approached her bed, she looked up imploringly, and inquired if I could pray? My heart was deeply affected by her conversation, and feeling constrained to call on the Lord, notwithstanding her infidel husband was present, I asked him if he would stop his hammer for a few moments (he was working at shoes), saying I could not leave without prayer. He made no reply, but increased his noise. I told him with tears that he must stop that hammer for five minutes, and if he would not at my request, the Lord would make him desist; it was a house of death, and he too must in a little while lie down cold and still in the grave whither his poor wife was going. He was made to be still, and for a little season the Spirit from on high seemed to fill the room with his presence

*Death without hope.*—31*st*. To-day called again, and found the backslider had gone to render her last account. There is little reason to suppose that the righteous Judge has said of her, "She that is holy, let her be holy still." When in life and health, she had neglected her closet, dishonored her Savior, and disobeyed his commandments. Her last hours, as might have been expected, were filled with gloomy forebodings, and her sun went down in darkness. From her own account, her first departure from God commenced with marrying an impenitent husband. When they went to housekeeping, being poor, and having but one room, where she was exposed to constant interruptions, she made this an excuse for giving up secret prayer—and to this beginning of evil she imputed all her subsequent delinquencies. Her temptations were indeed very sore; but oh, how much easier would it have been, to have borne them like a Christian, than to bear for one moment the frown of an offended Savior. A Christian might as well think of giving up his daily food, and living on air, as to think of giving up secret prayer, and have his soul enjoy any degree of spiritual life. There are doubtless many of the Lord's poor who can not command a closet. Let such remember that the blessed Jesus compassionates their case; and if they love him supremely, they have only to ask in faith, and he

will give them some place where they may enjoy his presence. True, a closet is exceedingly desirable, and those who have a retired room, where they can at any time be alone with God, can not be sufficiently grateful; but if, in the providence of God, this privilege is denied, it need not destroy the peace of his children. There are promises adapted to every case; and the command, "Pray without ceasing," contemplates the state of heart in which the Christian should be found at all times, and under all circumstances.

*The Sunday scholar who loved his bible.*—In another family met with a mother very ill with inflammatory rheumatism, with no one to take care of her but a little son some nine or ten years old. She was unable to help herself: and as I entered the room, the little fellow was feeding her, with care and tenderness. During the interview, she stated that her husband had left her for another; by over-exertion and exposure, she had brought on disease, and but for this dear boy she would be very desolate. She had no hope in Christ; but she said her child went to the sabbath-school, and he loved his bible, read it to her every day, and was a great comfort to her. Her mind seemed tenderly impressed, and I trust she will soon become a subject of renewing grace.

*The aged saint who abode on Pisgah.—Jan. 12th,* 1841. Met an aged sister over seventy, living

*alone* in a low basement. She said she had trusted in Jesus forty years, and he had never left her to want for bread. Since the infirmities of age had come upon her, and she had been unable to work, the Lord had provided for her, by opening the hearts of the benevolent, and inclining them to "supply her need" without solicitation. I said to her, "Are you not lonely?" "O, no," was her eply, "Jesus is near me all the time." "Are you wholly dependant on charity?" "Yes, but I am happy—I want no *good thing;* and I have such manifestations of the love of Christ, that I abide on the top of Pisgah." "Is your faith always strong?" "Yes, always; and this is what makes me so happy. Oh, that all would believe, as I do, the precious words of Jesus."

My heart was warmed, and filled with praise, by this interview; and though I was cold and tired, I wanted to retrace my steps, and tell to the ungrateful, the hard-hearted, the dissatisfied, and the sorrowful, with whom I had been conversing, what *religion* could do for one who had no more of earthly good that she could call her own than themselves.

*The sick boy and his little friend.*—15*th.* Called again on the sick mother alluded to at the close of a late report. Both herself and child manifested much pleasure at my coming. At my first call, the filial tenderness exhibited by the dear

boy led me to offer him, by way of encouragement, a penny for every proof-text he should learn from his bible, till I came again. Soon after I entered, he came to me, saying he had committed thirty verses, and repeated them at once very accurately. His promised reward was presented, and received with gratitude—when away he ran up the alley, indicating by his haste, that he had some favorite plan to accomplish. "I suppose he is gone," said his mother, "to divide his money with one of his little class-mates, near by, who is very sick." Before I left, he returned again, with "cheerful air and smiling face," though I thought I perceived a shade of sadness on his otherwise happy countenance. Calling him to me, I took his hand and said, "Where have you been, my child?" "To see little James," he replied, "that has the scarlet fever; and the doctor says he can not live—and his little brother and sister are both very sick with it. He told me yesterday he wanted a baked apple, but his mother was so poor, and had so much to do, he did not like to ask her for it. I told him, when I got my present from the lady who came to see my mother, I would divide it with him; and so I have been and got him some apples, and I'm very sorry for him." A word of approval was uttered, and the inquiry made, how he came to be so thoughtful of little James. "Why," said he, "he is about my age, and we are in the same

class in Sunday-school, and I love him very much. Our teacher says we must love God with all our heart, and our neighbor as ourselves, and I love James like myself." "Do you pray every day?" He replied, very modestly, "I've prayed a great deal since my mother has been sick: one of the neighbors said, if she died, I would be sent to the poor-house; and I've prayed all the time that God would make her well—and for little James, too, that he may get well."

His dear mother was indeed much better, and was still inquiring the way of life. With many entreaties that I would come again, and also remember her at the mercy-seat, she bade me good morning. Wishing to see the poor sick family alluded to above, I requested their young visiter to show me where they lived. He led the way, and, when we entered the house, walked directly up to the sick bed, and said to little James, "This is the good lady who comes to see my mother, and gave me the money—and she has come to see you." This was a house of sorrow. The mother showed that she had *a mother's heart*. She knew that two of her children were given over, and must die soon—and she had no God to go to in this hour of trial. Her dear sick child tried to comfort her, but his tenderness only increased her weeping.

18*th*. Called again to see little James, but he

was "gone away"—the dear Savior had come to take his infant spirit, and shelter it in his own kind bosom. His little brother, too, had also followed him to "the world beyond the grave." The poor mother seemed almost inconsolable. It was truly a place of mourning, and the hour spent here to-day was a solemn, and I trust may prove a profitable one. It was a good place to pray—to get near the Savior's feet, and plead, with filial confidence, that he would pour the consolations of his grace into the broken, bleeding heart.

In conversation, I told the poor mother that my blessed Master had called me to follow seven children to the grave. He had made the death of each one a rich blessing to my soul. He had since made me a mother to the motherless and the orphan, and he had spared me, that I might come now and tell her how and where she might find relief and comfort in this day of adversity. She seemed soothed by the interview, and expressed a strong desire that this affliction might be made a means of preparing her to follow the departed.

Speaking of little James, she seemed very confident that his heart was changed, and that he owed his conversion to sabbath-school instruction. She related the following conversation that took place between him and his little class-mate, a day or two before his death. As the dear boy went to his bed one morning, to inquire how he did,

James informed him that he was worse, and was going to die. And how does death look to you, dear James?" "Oh," said he, "it looks cold and dark." "Well, you know our teacher says we must 'look to Jesus.' Death is not Jesus—don't you look at that." "I remember," replied the dying boy, "he said, 'Look, and live;' and he said, 'Jesus took little children in his arms and blessed them.' How he must have loved them! Our teacher said, the smallest or the poorest child might look to him and live." "You will look to him all the time—wont you, James?" said the weeping boy. He replied, "Yes, I will;" and from this time till he died, he repeated again and again, "Look to Jesus—look to Jesus." He urged his dear mother to look to him, and believe in him, and then she would soon come to heaven, where he was going. He said that he was happy, and that, "with his mind," he saw Christ near him, and was not afraid to die. This was his state of feeling till he could no longer speak.

In view of the above facts, what Christian heart will not bless God for the influence of the precious sabbath-school?

*Conversion of Mrs. R——.—Jan. 21st.* Called again to see Mrs. R——, the mother of little James. Found her rejoicing in the Lord, testifying with tears of gratitude that Jesus had become her Savior and Redeemer. The death of her children,

the state of little James's mind, his dying request that she would "look to Jesus," and, more than all, the words of Christ, applied by the Holy Spirit, "If ye die in your sins, whither I go, ye can not come," wrought conviction in her soul, that caused her to lie on her face before God At length she was enabled to repent and believe. She said she now found it very easy to give up her children and her all, and trust the Lord for everything.

*German sabbath-school.*—In a German family, who had been educated in the Roman faith, I learned, by conversing with the father, that he was inquiring what he must "do to be saved." His attention had been arrested by passing a German sabbath-school, and listening to the words they were singing. He said he was so affected by it, that he "thought his hat was coming off." When they had done singing, he walked on, and resolved to get a German bible, and read and search it for himself.

Since the 15th instant, have visited 100 families. In many cases, their starving condition, or extreme destitution, brought on by crime or sickness, made it necessary to report them to the aldermen, that they might have relief from the alms house provisions.

25*th.* This afternoon attended a female prayer-meeting, that had been appointed at the house of

Mrs. R——, for the convenience of the poor mothers in the neighborhood. It was well attended, and much interest was manifested.

*The coffin warehouse.*—A few days since, while from home without an umbrella, I was overtaken by a storm. Finding it necessary to wait for it to abate, I stepped into the warehouse of an undertaker, and asked the privilege of remaining a few moments. It was politely granted, and being fatigued, I sat down, and indulged in a train of reflections which the objects that met my sight were calculated to inspire. The room was lined with coffins of all sizes, made ready for the dead, not for the dead who are already dead, but for the living, those in life and health, but who will soon die. And *who*, thought I, will occupy them? Some of the giddy throng who pass along our streets, wholly unprepared for the summons of death. And will these coffins all be wanted? Yes! O, yes! more than five hundred have gone from this city during the last month, down to the place of silence. And this is less than the average number during some seasons of the year; and as it has been, so it will be. While sitting here, the uncertainty of life was deeply impressed on my mind, and the importance of having our preparation-work all done each day, as we would for taking an anticipated journey, if we were expecting the stage to call for us at a given hour.

As I was about to leave, an interesting youth entered from an adjoining room with his face much scarred and bruised. Feeling constrained to speak to him about the interests of his soul, I remarked kindly, "I'm sorry, sir, to see a young man like you with such a face." "Excuse me, ma'am," he replied, "I've not been fighting. I received this injury by a falling timber while I was at work." I begged his pardon for mistaking his case, and then directing his attention to the state of his heart, said to him, "The Bible has spoken more plainly about that, than I have about your face, and there can be no mistake there. Its language is, 'from the sole of the foot even unto the crown of the head, there is no soundness in it, but wounds and bruises and putrefying sores;' and if you are impenitent, this is just your condition." I entreated him to think of his moral maladies in the sight of God, and rest not till they were healed by the balm of Gilead. Before we parted, he appeared solemn, and gave his promise that he would attend to the subject of religion immediately.

To-day I have had a second interview with him, and find him hopefully converted to God. He said the conviction that his heart was really in a worse condition than his face, troubled him exceedingly, and he went, according to his promise, to a protracted meeting near by, and there, as he thinks found the Savior

*Faithfulness rewarded.—27th.* Passing to-day from Greenwich lane onward, I was accosted familiarly by a gentleman standing at his door, calling my name, and saying, "You used to be a tract visiter in this district, but I have not seen you this seven years." Learning who he was, I observed that he looked seven years younger than when I saw him last. "Yes," said he, "I now keep a temperance grocery, have seen the sin and folly of vending distilled liquors, and, I trust, found repentance and forgiveness." He then reminded me of my "preaching temperance," as he called it, in his store, seven years ago, and being much insulted by one of his rum-drinking customers. He repeated a conversation long since forgotten by me, and said the last text to which I referred him was this, "Wo unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that puttest thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken." This, and the abusive language that had been uttered in his store, because of faithful rebuke, stung him to the heart. He said he had a mother whom he loved and respected, and felt that it would be very painful to him to have her treated as I had been when discharging a manifest duty. He saw in this case the debasing influence of ardent spirits, and at length resolved to give up their use, and banish them altogether from his store. He had since become a converted man and a laborer in the vineyard of the Lord.

## CHAPTER XIII.

**"Sister s kind word."—Faith exemplified.—Visit at the hospital.—The living lost.—Further allusion to the Sunday scholar.—The mother of little James.—Effects of tight lacing.—An interesting case.—The state-prison convict.—The poor blind girl.—A scene in prison.—Blasted hopes.—A sad picture reversed.—Pleasing result of missionary labor on Long Island.—The infidel converted.—The drunkard's death-bed.—Temperance jubilee.**

"*Sister's kind word.*"—*March* 1*st.* Some three weeks since, while visiting from house to house, I met with a lady in whose appearance I was much interested. After considerable personal conversation, I gave her the Advocate and several tracts, among which was "A Sister's Kind Word to the Sailor," recently published by our society. The title of this tract seemed to fasten her attention upon it, and she remarked that she had an only brother out at sea, and she would reserve it for him on his return. The interview led me to feel deeply for her soul. I learned that though the family were in good circumstances, they were destitute of the Bible, and owing to the prohibition of her husband, the lady was never allowed to attend a place of worship.

When I called again, I found her in deep distress. Her sins were set in order before her, and

the veil that hides eternity had been so far removed, that she was led to fear and tremble in view of the coming wrath.

To-day I found her rejoicing in the Lord, "with joy unspeakable." She said that yesterday her anguish of mind was almost insupportable. She entreated her husband to permit her to go to the house of God. He not only refused, but locked up her clothing, and secured the doors, so that she was compelled to abide at home through the Sabbath. "Oh," said she, "I thought if the poorest, meanest being that lives, who knows the way to Christ, would only come in and pray for me, how grateful I would feel."

In this state of mind, she retired at evening to an attic, and there, while confessing her sins, and pleading for mercy, had a vision of the love of Jesus, as it beamed from the cross, and the mercy-seat, that caused her to cry aloud in thanksgiving and praise. She quite forgot that she was within hearing of any human ear; but her husband came to her, much agitated, and taking her in his arms, exclaimed, "My dear, are you crazy?" He hastened her to her room, inquiring further, "Do you know me? Do you know your child?" As soon as the fulness of her emotion permitted, she replied, "I know *the Lord*, and I am his, and I must praise him." He seemed surprised and much softened at this unaccountable change, as he evi-

dently considered it. Her appearance and conversation affected me, and I was constrained to join her in magnifying the name of our precious Savior. When I inquired what she considered the means of awakening her to a sense of her sins, she replied, "The tract 'A Sister's Kind Word to the Sailor.'"

*Faith exemplified.—24th.* Called this morning on a Christian sister, who, when in health, is accustomed to walks of usefulness. Finding her ready to accompany me for a few hours, our steps were first directed to the dwelling of one of the Lord's sick poor. On arriving at the door, hearing a feeble but very earnest voice, and thinking it might be the voice of prayer, we were deterred a moment from entering. Finding our mistake we proceeded, and were most cordially welcomed. The sick and dying man, it seemed, was repeating the promises of God to his weeping wife. The wife, too, was a Christian, but her peculiar circumstances just then overcame her fortitude, and she was finding relief in tears. The sick husband, as he sat bolstered in his bed (he was too far gone with consumption to recline long in any other position), inquired why she wept, and learned that she had put the last stick of wood upon the fire, and prepared the last food the house afforded for her poor children, and she had not a farthing to purchase more, or provide for the wants of sick-

ness. In reply, he was repeating to her the precious promises, and drawing such comfort from them as made his own face beam with a heavenly sweetness that affected us to tears.

"O!" said he, "'tis true—I feel it so—'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man to conceive, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.' *All the promises* are yea and amen in Christ Jesus, and in sickness or health, living or dying, they are for *me*, for *you*, for *all* who will believe."

"Why," exclaimed the dear sister who was with me, "this is just what *my* soul needs. I have been living more or less in 'doubting castle,' and if I could grasp one promise, and cling to it with a trembling hold, I have thought myself well off—but I see that *faith* brings all this blessedness, and if this sick brother may have it in such circumstances as these, why may not I?"

She was indeed greatly blessed by this interview; and, after a season of prayer and praise at the bedside of the sick man, we felt unitedly, that our blessed Jesus had truly

> ——"met, and fed, and blessed,
> And filled the enlarged desire."

On leaving them, my friend put a five dollar bill into the hands of the wife, and realized, as she said, more than ever before, that "it is more blessed to give than receive." Surely if every Chris-

tian could but witness the power of grace here displayed, the impression would be lasting. The appeal made to the hearts of the unbelieving could not be dismissed, without the personal inquiry and response—"Can I too have this same precious faith, and rejoice in the Lord, 'with joy unspeakable,' through all my heavenward pilgrimage? If so, how much I want it."

*The living lost.*—

"Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flowret of the rural shade,
By love's simplicity betrayed,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soiled is laid
Low i' the dust."—BURNS.

Some three years since, in my accustomed walks, I gave the Advocate to a lady who kept a fancy store in —— street. She at first refused it, but at the earnest solicitation of a friend, consented to read it, and give me her views of its merits when I should call again. She had at this time a young woman in her employ who had served her faithfully in the store for years, and ever merited implicit confidence. Finding it necessary to engage another assistant, she inserted an advertisement in a daily paper, and selected from various applicants such a one as she supposed would meet her wishes. But a little time elapsed, ere the faithful girl alluded to above, was ensnared by the latter, and induced to abscond on false preten-

ces. Her distressed mother heard from her indirectly, and soon had reason to conclude that her character was ruined. She made many fruitless efforts to find her, and at length, after nearly three years' absence, she ascertained the place of her abode. Feeling her need of counsel and aid, she called on me, and desired my assistance in obtaining her child. I could not then comply with the request, but directed her what course to pursue. Soon after, she called again, and related the circumstances of her interview with her poor daughter. She found her sick and nigh unto death, and in a state of mind full of anguish. The harpy who had her in custody was about leaving for Charleston, for the purpose of replenishing her stock of victims, and was about to send this poor creature off to the Bellevue hospital to die, but at the request of the agonized mother, did not object to her taking her home. She was also preparing a son and niece living with her for a distant boarding-school. The mother decided to remove her at once, and desired me to go with her to pray with the poor child before she started, saying she was so ill, she feared she might die by the way.

Some fifteen or more who had sold themselves to do evil, were in the same house, and gathered with us in the room with the poor sufferer, while we knelt to pray. Some were much affected, and others appeared hardened. I found it a good op-

portunity to appeal to the last remaining spark of feeling, and urge them, in view of the sad example before them, to retrace their steps, and flee from the coming wrath. One, whose feelings were much moved, exclaimed, "How can I ever go into virtuous society from a place like this?" Another replied, with seeming satisfaction, "O, we see plenty of gentlemen who come here from *virtuous* society, and we can hear from them all we wish to know."

The poor girl was taken upon a litter and conveyed with much care to the house of her mother. The language of Job, "I have said to corruption, thou art my father," was applicable to her, even before going into the grave. Seldom have we seen the ravages of one of the most horrible diseases in a form so frightful and appalling. And she died as she lived—an object of loathing, physically and morally—and so she commenced her eternity. Three years and a half since, she was innocent, and nature had bestowed upon her loveliness of form and feature. She also possessed wealth and friends, was well-educated, and had a fair prospect of long life and usefulness. Now, behold the contrast. One evil companion, and want of early instruction, wrought all this ruin "Oh," said she, when just about to die, "O! that I had been taught moral reform principles when I was a child. O! that you had come to me three

years ago, as you have now." But it was too late. Her lamentations, though bitter were unavailing. And this is but one of hundreds of similar instances. Mothers, we turn to you and ask, are the victims of Moloch any more to be pitied? If you could see what we see, and feel what we feel, you would surely answer "No," and you would not only speak, but *act*.

*Farther allusion to the Sunday scholar.*—20*th*. Had a pleasant interview to-day with a gentleman who has adopted the little Sabbath school boy, whose filial piety and uncommon promise were mentioned in a report published in the Advocate of Feb. 1. This gentleman saw that account, and the Lord made it the means of enlisting an interest in his heart in behalf of the mother and her lovely boy. He sought her residence through the visiter, administered of his abundance to her wants, imparted Christian counsel and sympathy, and when she was about taking leave of her earthly cares, solicited the gift of this dear boy whom she was about to leave a lonely orphan. The request was readily granted, and the prayer that the child had been offering for weeks (that if his mother should die, he might not go to the alms-house), was also kindly answered.

The mother previous to her death, seemed to exercise faith in that precious Savior whom her little James so much loved, and her end was peace.

The gentleman called to-day with the dear boy, to take leave of me; said he intended to educate the child and bring him up as his own; was going in the country to reside, and he wished once more to express his thanks, and bid me farewell. The dear boy also expressed his gratitude for my care of him, saying he should always remember me, and the "Moral Reform," too.

*Effects of tight lacing.*—25*th.* In passing through my tract district to-day, persuaded fifteen children to attend the Sunday school, and was much abused in one instance by a poor infidel. Found a young lady in consumption, who said she was fully aware that her malady was brought on by tight lacing. She added, "Had I seen the Advocate six years ago, and Dr. Alcott's communication, my life might have been saved." Surely this case should convey a note of warning to the thoughtless.

*An interesting case.*—

"One there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of friend,
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end."

21*st.* In crossing the ferry from Brooklyn to New York this afternoon, I presented the tract, "Do you want a friend?" to a lady whose dress indicated that she had been recently bereaved, saying to her at the same time, in a low voice, "The blessed Jesus is the friend here alluded to."

She gazed at me with a deeply pensive expression, and made no reply. Passing off the boat, she took my hand and said, "May I have an opportunity of conversing with you?" As we walked together, she relieved her burdened heart by giving a brief detail of her bereavements and trials, and evinced most clearly that the sorrow of the world, which worketh death, prevailed over every better feeling. She was well educated, of pleasing address, and had been accustomed only to refinement and affluence. A change had come. Her idolized husband was suddenly removed, and, dying insolvent, had left her with her children, penniless.

She had been for some days seeking a situation as governess—but had been disappointed once and again. She was in debt for rent, with nothing to pay, and her furniture was about to be sold, and herself and little ones turned, homeless, upon the cold charities of the world, without a friend to console or assist them. She confessed with tears, that she had been strongly tempted, and more than half persuaded to terminate by self-destruction an existence that had become a burden. Nothing but regard for her children had deterred her from so rash a deed. She said the reading of the tract, and the unexpected remark I had made to her, had awakened a different train of thought and a consciousness of guilt and danger unfelt before.

Such advice was given as the case required, and further aid promised on the morrow.

23*d*. By much effort, and the special goodness of the Lord, I have been enabled to obtain a situation for Mrs. ——, as governess in a pleasant Christian family. She expressed much gratitude, despair was driven from her bosom, and the resolution formed to seek an interest in the friend of sinners. As some apology for the strange purpose above named, she quoted the case of Hagar, saying "she thought her situation equally deplorable—instead of one, she had two dear children that were famishing, and it was more than a mother's heart could bear." I felt an unusual interest in this unhappy woman, and can not but hope she may be a brand plucked from the burning.

*The state-prison convict.—25th.* Was enabled to obtain a place this morning for a poor girl recently released from the state-prison. She had been confined there two years for stealing, but professed penitence; and as she was homeless and friendless, it seemed but right to offer Christian kindness, and try to guard her, if possible, from again offending against the laws for want of employment. She had walked the streets of our city, seeking a home, till her feet were swollen and blistered. She says she had inquired only for *Christian* people, and some had told her where to find them, and others, that there were "no

Christians in New York." Providentially she was directed to our office of direction, and retained there till this morning. We were surprised to learn that she was the same individual who had a few weeks since, been struck dumb for blasphemy. She entered the prison a perfect heathen, and versed in all manner of iniquity. No means were left untried to prevent her from taking the name of God in vain, but they proved ineffectual, till some few weeks since, after uttering a most horrid oath, saying that even the Almighty should not hinder her from using such language, she was suddenly struck dumb, and continued entirely silent four weeks. Various expedients were resorted to, such as electricity and other stimulants, in order to ascertain whether any deception existed; but the circumstances were such as to convince the chaplain and matron, and others who saw her most, that she was thus affected by a visitation from God.

When suffered to speak again, she was much overcome, and seemed to think she should never utter another oath. [The above statements are received from sources that may be relied on.]

*The poor blind girl.—June 30th.* Visiting in my tract district to-day, I met with a poor blind girl. She could but just perceive that I had a bible in my hand, and as I talked of the Savior there revealed, and the necessity of fleeing to him for

security from the wrath to come, she beggod I would read to her, for how could she obtain religion, she said, and know so little of the bible. She invited me to call at her home, and gave me her name and number.

*July 2d.* Called on the blind girl, and found her with an aged mother, whose daily labor was the only means of support for herself and two miserable brothers, both young and healthy, but so degraded, they were but one remove from vagrancy. The poor girl seemed to possess a degree of intelligence one would scarce expect to find amid so much degradation, and expressed a great desire to have the bible read to her; I read, and obtained permission of the mother to pray with her. Meanwhile the wretched brothers came in, and such an exhibition of depraved human nature I have seldom seen. When they left, I asked the mother why they were not apprenticed, and made in some way useful to her. "Oh!" said the unhappy mother, "they are entirely beyond my control. They sleep nearly the whole day, and are out all night, carousing and indulging in every vicious practice, and I never expect to be delivered from their impudence, and the burden of supporting them, until they commit some act which will throw them into the Tombs."

Passing from the door, a woman who had overheard my conversation below, desired me to go up

stairs and converse with her husband, who was confined to his bed with a sprained limb. I went up, not knowing what the Lord had for me to do, but found from the countenance of the man that he was intemperate, and was led to inquire if he had ever attended any of the meetings of the reformed inebriates. He said he had attended one, but did not think it would last long. I told him that I differed from him in opinion, I believed the reformation was of the Lord, and that consequently it would last until a great work was accomplished. I asked him if he had ever signed the pledge? He answered no, for he did not think he could keep it if he did, but if I thought it was of the Lord he didn't know but there was some hope. I told him I had a pledge with me, and would like to have him sign it; he observed, that since his late misfortune he had thought more of doing it, for it was in a drunken frolic that he had fallen and received the injury from which he was now suffering. He took the pledge, and as he placed his hand in the attitude of writing, with great apparent solemnity, uttered a whispered prayer, "Lord, help me to keep it." My heart was full, for I had never before seen an habitual drunkard pray as he put his hand to the pledge, and I was more than ever convinced that the hand of the Lord was in all this.

*Blasted hopes.—9th.* The situation of a friend-

less orphan, who had become the victim of misplaced affection, was communicated to me by a Christian sister, and at her request, I called on the unhappy girl, hoping, if possible, to save her from further degradation. She appeared truly penitent, and her artless tale was calculated to elicit sympathy. She had lived, from her childhood, in a family to whom she was committed by her dying mother, and had been treated as a child until recently. A son of the lady with whom she lived, professed an honorable attachment, and proposed marriage. Her regard for him was such, that she thought him incapable of deceiving her, and therefore continued to trust his word till convinced that her doom was sealed. The mother of the young man at length expelled her from her house, in feeble health, with a helpless infant, not even knowing where she would seek lodgings for the night.

A Christian neighbor, who knew that her conduct (with this exception), had ever been correct, gave her a temporary shelter. After conversing with her, I was convinced that it would be a deed of common charity to provide her a home among Christians, and try to lead her to the Savior. By some effort, such a place was provided. Previous to her going to it, the proper steps were taken to compel the young man to provide for the support of the infant—and to expose his name, if necessary, should other efforts prove ineffectual.

This poor girl had not been taught right principles from her early youth—and like too many others, fell an easy prey to the destroyer. It was painful to behold her youth and loveliness, and look at her blasted hopes.

10*th*. Found a young miss in my tract district, who consented, for a small compensation, to lead the poor blind girl to church every Sabbath. She was truly grateful, as she could go nowhere alone, and was deeply anxious to hear the word of God. While conversing with her about her lost state, she manifested intense interest, and said to me, while the tears were streaming from her sightless eyes, "You have told me—

> 'All the fitness He requireth,
> Is to feel your need of him,'

and I feel this, I am sure."

*A sad picture reversed.*—27*th*. Called at a house this morning, where the voice of joy and gladness greeted my ears. As I sat down and looked about the comfortable apartment, my full heart could only say, "What hath God wrought!" One year ago last winter, I called on this family, and found the woman sick, with few or no comforts, not sufficient covering upon her back to shield her from the cold, and their whole appearance said plainly, "This is the habitation of him who tarries long

at the wine." The wretched father came in, and the children in a fright secreted themselves under the bed.

Enough of this sad picture. To-day, yes, *to-day*, it is all reversed. A little girl came smiling toward me, saying, "I have got a new frock and bonnet, and go to church and sabbath-school." Little John added, "And I have got a new pair of shoes, and father says (as he brushed off the dust) I must not wear them every day, but save them for the Sabbath—[a good lesson this, for many a poor family, whose pride would compel the child to stay from the house of God, rather than be seen through the week without shoes],—and father says, if we be good, when we die, we shall go to heaven."

But what shall I say of the once miserable mother? Her heart was overflowing with gratitude, and her tongue filled with praise. "The Lord," she exclaimed, "has turned my captivity, and I am as one that has awakened from a long sleep. The voice of profanity is no more heard in my dwelling, and I need not now watch continually, as I have had to do, lest my children should profanely lisp the name of God in their common prattle. I have now only to take care of my house and children, instead of sewing early and late to keep them from beggary." *This is the blessed effect of a temperance pledge.*

*Pleasing result of missionary labor on Long Island.—August 28th.* In the year 1839, having occasion to leave the city during August, on account of health, I visited at Long Island, and spent a portion of my time in missionary labor among the destitute. The field was rather unpromising, but from "*the man of my counsel*" I was told, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days;" and this was a sufficient guide to make the path of duty plain. At the house of a friend on whom I called, I was requested by the cook, a poor colored woman, to go with her to H——, an adjoining neighborhood, and converse with her sick daughter, who was very low with consumption and unprepared for death. I went, as requested, had a solemn interview, and, when leaving, the wish was expressed by some who had come in, that I would spend the next Sabbath in the place, and read the Scriptures, and converse and pray with them. Nearly all in the settlement were colored people, extremely ignorant and immoral, and destitute of any religious instruction. In view of the circumstances, I engaged to comply with their wishes, and have seldom spent a Sabbath fraught with deeper interest. I was blessed with great freedom in explaining the commands and promises of the blessed gospel, and especially the injunctions concerning purity of heart and life. The poor people listened with

fixed attention. On this point they were deeply guilty, for virtue was scarcely known among them. So great was their ignorance and degradation, that they were unconscious of the extent of their sin. I was afterward informed that my labors among a class that others had considered so hopeless, were ridiculed by some in the vicinity; but this did not begin to shake my confidence in God, nor my determination to do still more for them. On returning to the city, a colored minister, to whom I applied, engaged to go and preach to them, in case his expenses could be paid. This was done, and subsequently further aid provided. The present month, after a lapse of three years, I have been permitted to visit them again; and have learned, with surprise and gratitude, that the result of the first visit, connected with the other efforts named, had been the means of the hopeful conversion of between thirty and forty precious souls. The happy change in the moral character of the people is remarked in all the region round about, and the order, industry, and quiet, observed among them, is as much a proverb as their indolence, discord, and every evil work, have been formerly. Truly, "God is faithful," and unspeakably good: to his name alone be all the praise.

*The infidel converted.*—While on the island, learning that a camp-meeting had commenced near by, and being desirous of having my spiritual

strength renewed, I accompanied a friend to the place. After the sermon, as I was leaving the ground, a lady, whom I had not seen for many months, accosted me familiarly, and desired me to go to her tent. The case of this lady and her husband was referred to in the Advocate of Nov. 15, 1839, and there seemed at that time a strong probability that the family would be separated. Grace had wrought salvation, and changed that infidel husband to an humble disciple of the meek and lowly Jesus. On entering the tent, she introduced me to him. He recognised my *voice*, and suddenly his countenance became deadly pale. The scene alluded to in the Advocate probably rushed at once upon his recollection; however, he soon became composed, and when a favorable opportunity offered, related with much frankness and apparent humility the circumstances of his conversion, and the means that had effected it. From the statement, it appeared that the *fear of having his name exposed in the Advocate* induced him to leave the city; and he was thus removed from the influence of his porter-house companions, and, through the infinite mercy of God, was placed where the saving power of the gospel could reach his heart. His expression concerning the paper was, "Its very name was as a voice of vengeance to my soul." Another trophy this, for which we should thank God and take courage.

*Temperance jubilee.*—13*th.* Truly this has been a day of JUBILEE. The temperance procession in our city, extending over one mile in length, presented a spectacle that has filled many eyes with joyful tears, and many hearts with gladness, and, we trust, sincere gratitude to the great Author of all good. Passing from house to house, the song of jubilee from this great and joyful multitude arrested my attention, and I stopped awhile to gaze upon the scene. It was such a spectacle as New York had never witnessed, and was well calculated to lead the mind of the Christian to that greater day, when the millions of earth's population shall be emancipated from the bondage of sin, and unite in the glad song of "Amen, alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

Perhaps it may be recollected, that in a report given some months since, I stated, that in the course of my visits for two winters past, I had followed to their homes between one and two hundred children, who had been sent into the streets to beg by their intemperate parents; and counting those at home, the number amounted to three hundred My object in doing this was to ascertain their true condition, and what could be done for them.

I had an interview with one of these families this morning, that has seemed like gathering up "bread cast upon the waters." During the severe

weather of the last winter, I met, while visiting, a little beggar girl, some ten or twelve years old, with filthy, tattered garments, no stockings, and a haggard and sorrowful countenance, soliciting charity. By providing her a loaf of bread, I persuaded her to go and show me where she lived. On arriving at the place, I found that the appearance of the child corresponded with that of the whole family—and while I was listening to the recital of their wants, a little boy entered with a *quart of beer*. My expostulations appeared to make no impression—the father was a confirmed inebriate, and the mother would not sign the pledge, because she thought "a *little beer* did her good." A few days after this, I was accosted in the street by the little girl, and requested to go and see her mother, as she was sick. I found her more accessible, supplied her present wants, and prevailed on her to sign the pledge. Subsequently the father did the same; and to-day, as I entered their apartments, the little beggar girl, neat and tidy, met me with a smile full of animation, and, as I inquired for her mother, exclaimed, "O! *my mother, and my father too*, have gone to walk in the procession, and I am getting the dinner. This is a great day, ma'am; didn't you know it? My mother says its thanksgiving day, and we're going to have a good dinner, and that, you know, we didn't use to have—and Mr. N—— is going

to take dinner with us, and he was like father was last winter; but now we all belong to the Washington Temperance Society."

The irrepressible joy of the dear child was a sufficient apology for her seeming forwardness and the improved appearance of everything in the house, told more forcibly than words, what had wrought the change.

## CHAPTER XIV.

The blind made to see.—Happiness found in religion.—Child convicted, and taught the way to be saved by the poor blind girl whom she led to church.—A painful case.—The aunt who took no interest in moral reform.—The orphan assisted.—the aged mother.—The widow's son reclaimed.—Living upon the will of the Lord.

*The blind made to see, &c.—October 20th.* Passing through O—— street, I called again on poor Susan the blind girl alluded to in the Advocate of August 2d and 15th, and found her rejoicing in the Savior. At my second interview with her, she manifested such strong anxiety to go where she might hear the word of God, that I was led to spend some time in the neighborhood in search of some child who might be induced, for a trifling compensation, to assume the task of leading this poor blind one, from Sabbath to Sabbath, to the sanctuary. The attempt, as before stated, was successful; an interesting little girl, of some ten or eleven years old, was found, whose mother consented that if decent clothes were provided, she might go with her to the church and attend the Sunday school. Her wants were supplied, and the arrangements made for two months, and, as I was about to go in the country

for a season, after commending them to God and the word of his grace, I left, with the fond expectation that if spared to return, I should find this sightless one gathered into the fold of the Good Shepherd. And, truly, my faith has been more than answered. The interview to-day has afforded pleasing evidence, that not only the blind has been made to see spiritually, but the dear child is also lisping the praises of Jesus. Bless the Lord, O my soul, for these manifestations of his love. Susan states that about a month since, she found peace in believing, and being anxious to hear the bible *read*, she often persuaded the little girl to come and read it to her; and while she was listening to the precious words she frequently wept for joy. The child, observing her tears, inquired why she wept, and, when told it was only because she was so *happy*, seemed surprised, and again inquired, "What is happiness, Susan?" "Why, to love Jesus with your whole heart," said Susan. After deliberating a little, Rachel replied, "Well, then I'm not happy; and none of us at home are happy, for not one of us loves Jesus." She said, further, she was "always afraid to be alone in the dark, and was sure she was not fit to die."

Susan told her she must pray to Jesus to give her a new heart. "O!" said the child, weeping, "I'm afraid he would not hear me, do you pray for me." They then knelt together, and Susan,

though she could not see, could look in faith, believing the joyful assurance that "Whosoever will, may come, and take of the water of life freely." The child went to her home, and when the morning came, the mother told her she must go out and buy bread. It being the Sabbath, she modestly refused, saying she had been told in the Sunday school that it was wicked. As a punishment for this offence, she was made to go without food till near night, and when it was given her, she was asked by her ungodly parent if she would ever refuse again to buy bread on a Sunday. "Yes," said Rachel, weeping, "for the Bible says we must remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy."

On Monday, while in school, her mind was so exercised that she could not study, and her teachers sent her from school, supposing she was ill. She went home and obtained permission of her mother to go and see Susan. To her she opened her whole heart, and again begged her prayers. Through the week she found no relief, and when the next Sabbath came, after leading her much-loved charge to the place of worship, she went to her class, hoping her teacher would talk to her about Jesus. In this she was disappointed, her teacher was not a Christian. Seeing her so much affected, and not knowing what to say to her, she allowed her to leave the class, and go and sit by Susan in the church.

The minister's text was, "Lord, help me," and, during the sermon, the dear child was directed to the Lamb of God, and found such peace in believing, that she looked up with a glad countenance to her blind friend, and said, "The Lord *has* helped me, and *I do love him.*" From that time to the present, the change in her has been so manifest, that there seems little room to doubt the power of saving grace.

The above is narrated in detail, with the hope that praise may be given to the name of Jesus; and also that it may encourage those who love to remember this department at the mercy-seat. May the disciples of our Lord learn from it the willingness of the Master to bless the feeblest efforts; and the impenitent Sabbath school teacher be led to reflect on the imperious necessity of an experimental knowledge of the way of salvation, that shall enable her to speak of the love of Christ to the lambs of the flock who would fain be taught the way.

*A painful case.*—

"Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman,
Tho' they may gang sae gronsome wrang,
To step aside is human.
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving *why* they do it,
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far, perhaps, *they rue it.*"—BURNS

24*th.* Being in the vicinity of Church street

this afternoon, I was led to spend an hour or two in distributing tracts and papers in the neighborhood of the theatre that was destroyed by fire some months since.

While about my work I observed, through an open door, a wash-woman hanging her clothes in the yard. Supposing from the appearance of the children about the premises that she might be a mother, I went to her, and accosted her with the inquiry, "Do you wash for these haunts of misery?" "I can do nothing better," she replied, "I've a large family of small children, and they must go to the poorhouse if I don't earn their bread in some way—and I've no trade." "But my friend, is it not better to put your children at 'the farms,' and go to a service-place yourself, than to receive the wages of iniquity, and lose your soul?" She looked at me with surprise and said, "Do walk in, lady; I've a very sick young woman here, she can not speak, but you can talk to her, and may do her good." I went as requested, and beheld upon the floor a sight that beggars description. A young woman, yet in her teens, was lying upon a mattress in a most horrible condition. Her head, face, and eyes, were swollen to twice their usual size, her tongue more than filled her mouth, and was so stiffened that she could not use it, and her sufferings seemed extreme. I learned that she had been but eighteen months in the house of her

"whose steps take hold on hell." On entering there she was considered beautiful; left beloved and justly-respected friends, a circle of refinement, and the endearments of virtuous society. The penalty of her short career had overtaken her at an early hour, and as she she lay there speechless, the expression of her countenance bespoke the anguish that struggled in vain for utterance. She listened to my message, and by signs expressed a wish to use my pencil. A pencil was handed her, and she immediately wrote the name and residence of an aunt, in a remote part of the city, who had brought her up, and signified her wish that I should make this lady acquainted with her situation.

It seemed that the vile harpy with whom she had boarded, when she became ill, took her room and clothing from her, and bid her take a carriage and go to the hospital. She could not do this, without making her case more public, and thus exposing her relatives—and therefore she begged her wash-woman to give her a temporary shelter. This poor woman, feeling under some obligation for the kindness she said the girl had shown her, when she had been in extreme want—gave her such accommodations as she had, and they were poor enough. Calomel had been administered to remove the worst of maladies, and exposure to the cold had rendered its effects dreadful. She was

suffering for clothing and nourishment—and viewing her as a fellow-being in distress, and finding my own purse empty, I called on a sister in the Lord, near by, who readily gave me the means to supply her immediate necessities. Having done this, I left her with a full heart, uttering mentally in bitterness of soul, "Oh, Sin, Sin, SIN! what hast thou done!"

*The aunt who took no interest in moral reform.*—*25th.* This morning went in search of the aunt of the unfortunate girl, and succeeded in finding her residence. As an introduction, I presented my tracts, and papers, and petition. She received them, and treated me courteously—but said, "she knew nothing about moral reform, and took no interest at all in it." After some conversation on the general subject, I told her that *she had an interest* in it, and ought to feel an interest that should lead her to take the paper, and do other things to promote the cause, and inquired if she had ever a niece? "Yes," she replied. "Well, do you know where she is?" "No," said she, with an inquiring look—"she has been absent for eighteen months, and I have heard nothing from her." "If you would like to find her," I continued, "and will go with me, I will take you to the place where she is." She seemed much surprised, and with trembling haste prepared to go.

As we entered the miserable abode, and beheld

the guilty sufferer, her emotions of surprise and horror almost overpowered her. When she could command language, she talked to her as the child of her adoption, who had once been the idol and pride of her heart, exclaiming at intervals—"Oh, can it be—can it be—that this is you?" The scene was most affecting. Before leaving, she made arrangements to have her properly taken care of, and returned to her home, with different impressions concerning the necessity of Moral Reform efforts, from those she had cherished an hour or two previous.

*Orphan assisted.*—Some five weeks since, a few days were appropriated to visiting the sewing departments of several of the manufacturing establishments of our city. Having obtained permission from the proprietor, I usually devoted a half hour or more to reading to them collectively, either from the Bible, or some of our tracts that might interest and benefit them.

In one instance, while reading the tract, "What can Young Women do?" to a large circle of attentive hearers, I observed one of the number appeared much affected. Before leaving, I sought an opportunity to converse with her, and found no difficulty in gaining her confidence, and learning her circumstances. She was young—her person and manners were prepossessing; but, as she was a friendless orphan, she was obliged to find a

home among strangers, and make her way through life as she best could. Her health was poor nd she had no interest in the Friend of sinners. She confessed that she was exposed to all the dangers alluded to in the tract just read, and wept as though her heart would break, in view of her desolate condition. The next evening after this interview, she called on me (I had given her my address), and asked if I would be her friend, saying she needed counsel and aid. Her earnest desire was to obtain board in a pious family. Her present boarding-place was respectable, but there were many boarders of both sexes; more or less card-playing during the week; and late rising and sumptuous dinners on the Sabbath, kept the family from church till evening; and she felt that she could not seek the Lord with her whole heart, till she could find a more quiet home. Such a place as she desired was immediately obtained. She was invited to a protracted meeting, which she has attended with deep interest, and, what is best of all, she has found peace in believing, and is now rejoicing in Christ her Savior. She says the reading of the *tract* first produced conviction of sin, and awakened in her mind the inquiry, "What shall I do to be saved?"

*The aged mother.*—While visiting in different families, I found some opportunities of doing good. One case was peculiarly interesting. It was that

of an aged woman, sadly afflicted with rheumatism She could not use her hands, or in any way help herself. The care of the invalid devolved upon a daughter, whose patience seemed well nigh exhausted by the extreme irritability of the afflicted mother. I inquired of the sufferer if her soul was at peace. She replied that she was very wretched, her mind was dark, and the future seemed darker still. I desired her to read the Bible whence she might draw consolation, and find peace. She said, "My sight is dim, and I could not read without spectacles—and even should they be provided, my hands are useless, and I could not hold the book." I was deeply affected with compassion for the sufferer.

Prayer was proposed. The poor woman seemed delighted at the thought, and remarked that it was a long time since she had heard the voice of prayer. We spent a precious season before the mercy-seat. When the children came in from school, she was much disturbed. I tried to sooth her, but soon perceived that some little trials in her daughter's family, rendered her quite unhappy. I felt that she did not suffer alone.

After finding my spectacles aided the sight of the aged woman, I left her to go in search of articles to relieve her necessities. For a trifle, I purchased a pair of spectacles, and then went to a carpenter, and desired him to make a stand, upon

which a book might be placed before the helpless invalid, so that she could read. The stand was made free of charge, for the maker possessed the spirit of Him who, when he lived on earth, was called "the carpenter's son.' With these helps, the poor woman was enabled again to read her long-neglected bible, the leaves being turned occasionally by her daughter and grand-children, as they happened to pass the chair on which she sat.

Thanksgiving day, I called again. "Oh," said she, "I have great cause for gratitude to God. I have been taught, by reading the blessed Bible, that my old hope was worthless, and I have thrown it away, and found Jesus a precious Savior—now I enjoy his presence, and the light of his countenance. My soul is grateful to the Lord, who has put it into the heart of our governor to proclaim a thanksgiving. O, what a happy thanksgiving this is to me. I desire that others, too, may be blessed, and that many souls may rejoice in his love." Her daughter remarked, "I think mother is very happy now in reading her bible—she seems to care more for it than anything else. She is not disturbed now, as she used to be, by the noise of her children, and little things do not make her peevish and fretful."

*The widow's son reclaimed.—Jan. 4th.* While engaged in my usual employment of visiting, I met with an old lady living in an attic room, whose appear-

ance was peculiarly neat and interesting. Upon presenting her the Advocate and some tracts, she dropped her knitting-work, and her countenance glowed with animation as she received them and said, "You may be the same lady who once visited a place where my son was." She paused, apparently deeply affected at the thought of her son, but soon continued; "I have had a most unfortunate child, and these tears are those of joy, mixed with sorrow on his account." She appeared for a moment at a loss whether to go on, or inquire who I was. She soon, however, proceeded to give me something of her own history, which was briefly this: she was a widow with two sons and one daughter. Twelve or thirteen years ago she removed from the country to this city, on account of her second son, whose constitution was naturally delicate, and she feared was inadequate to the labors of a mechanic. Her eldest son she early placed with a farmer in the country, who had brought him up to the same occupation, and he is now occupying a little farm of his own, a pious and respectable man. "Oh that I had placed my other son in the same circumstances," said the mother with deep emotion; "but I placed him in a wholesale and retail grocery. There he soon learned to taste the cup, whose dregs are wo and death After a while, he commenced business

for himself. His downward career was a rapid one. He derived his principal income from the sale of liquor. His place of business was the resort of the low and idle, who would hang around to a late hour at night; and after drinking freely, they would often quarrel For some act of violence in one of these seasons, he was committed to prison for thirty days.

After his release, he hastened to his mother, and told her he was going to his brother's, in the country,—that while in prison, two ladies visited the cells. One of them addressed him, and remarked, "My son, I'm sorry to see you here." "And I am sorry to be here," he replied. "Have you a mother?" asked the lady. At this question he was much affected. She remarked to him "There is hope in your case yet," and asked him to "sign the pledge." He asked her if she would take the pledge from him while he was locked up in prison. She replied, "Yes, for locks and keys will not make a good man of you, but your own will and efforts." He gave his name to the pledge, and received the Advocate and some tracts. And after relating the above, he said, "Now, mother, I am going to my brother's, for the words of the lady are continually following me, 'There is hope in your case.'" As soon as his mother could put his clothes in order, he went to his brother's, and although a year has elapsed, he still continues

there, and is doing well. He keeps his temperance pledge strictly, is very attentive to business, attends regularly upon public worship, and is quite seriously disposed. The tract, "Run, speak to that young Man," which he received in prison has deeply affected him. The mother says she never saw an Advocate till her son brought one from prison, but she was deeply interested in that She said she could most heartily bid us God speed in our work—she believed it was the work of the Lord. She is quite confined at home, for she is a cripple, and her daughter is subject to fits. But though thus afflicted, she seems to feel that she has great reason for rejoicing. She can not forgive herself for having placed her son in such circumstances as she did. She says, if she could make her voice heard through the length and breadth of the land, she would warn all mothers, especially widowed ones, against placing their sons in anti-temperance groceries. "Let them do anything," she said, "rather than expose them to such fearful temptations. It is almost certain ruin."

This incident comes home to the visiter's heart most cheeringly; for it is the first instance that has come to our knowledge, of a blessing attending our labors among the prisoners. We have long visited them, and for three years the society has had a library there; but our Master, in whose service we labor, has only known the results. We

desire to bless his name, that he has permitted this case to come to our knowledge for our encouragement. If one poor victim of crime and intemperance is saved from temporal ruin, restored to society, and his afflicted mother, it has not been in vain that we have encountered the loathsome air of the prison—we have not "labored in vain, or spent our strength for naught."

*Jan.* 11*th.* Soliciting a short time since, in behalf of the poor, I called at a large, genteel looking house, and was invited by a servant up stairs. I found there a most melancholy looking lady, habited in deep mourning. Upon presenting my errand, and remarking that "he who giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord," she replied, "I fear the Lord will have nothing to do with me or mine." She appeared deeply dejected, almost in despair; said she had just buried a beloved mother, and was an afflicted and sinful woman. She said she had been very gay and thoughtless, and had preferred any kind of reading that was decent, to the Bible. Her mother, with her dying breath, requested her to read the Bible—told her she would there learn what she was, and what she must do. "I have read it," she said, "and find it does tell me what I am; and I am almost in despair." We had a long and interesting conversation, and at her request, we spent a season in prayer. I endeavored to direct her to Christ, and to truth, and left her

with a degree of faith that the Savior would soon appear for the deliverance of her soul. Before leaving her, I advised her to fix upon some regular place for public worship (she said she had been running about from place to place), and to continue the reading of the Bible, and if she wished for other reading, to read hymns. Upon calling to-day, I found she was rejoicing in the Lord. The dark clouds of despair and unbelief were dissipated while she was reading the hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul." The family are very gay, and she starts in the Christian race alone. May she be kept by the great Shepherd. I inferred from her remarks, that she had been a great novel reader. She said, "O, if people could but realize the injury they do their minds, by reading such trash, they would cease, and read their bibles more." I could but think that this soul might long since have been rejoicing in the light and liberty of the gospel, had it not been for the infidelity and dissipation occasioned by novel-reading.

How carefully should mothers watch over the early tastes of their children, and pre-occupy their minds with that kind of reading that will strengthen and elevate. I do believe that the pernicious practice of novel reading has shielded from truth thousands of minds that might otherwise have been reached. Eternity alone can reveal the vast amount of evil done by such books. With moth-

ers rests a fearful responsibility with reference to this thing.

*Living upon the will of the Lord.*—Some weeks since, I was solicited to visit an aged saint, near eighty years of age, who was deaf and lame. While crossing the street a short time previous, in consequence of the carelessness of a driver, she was thrown down, and was unable to escape till the wheels of the conveyance had passed over her. I found her in an humble, but quiet home, receiving the attention and care of a poor widow, who was rich in faith and good works, and during the interview with them, witnessed with great satisfaction the consoling power of religion. After offering the pecuniary aid which I came to impart, I was led to express sympathy for her manifest sufferings, and also that a beloved daughter had that day been buried from her sight, while, owing to her indisposition, she had not been able to go to her dying couch, and take a last farewell. While speaking thus, she raised herself a little, and with an earnest look inquired of me, "Do you know the love of God? *I have been forty years living upon the will of the Lord, and I find it love.* In answer to my poor prayers, that daughter was at last converted. I had prayed many a long year that the Lord would convert her, and give me an evidence that the work was done—and my desires were fully answered. Before leaving the world,

though she had a family of little ones, she was so lost in the will of God, that she was as willing to *die* as to *live*." This dear disciple enjoyed a consciousness that "these light afflictions, which are but for a moment," were working out for her a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Since that interview I have been lying most of the time upon a sick bed—and during the wearisome days and nights that have been appointed unto me, I have found it sweet to dwell upon that expression alluded to above—"*Living* upon the will of God." O how blessed.*

* This was dictated after being confined to her room

## CHAPTER XV.

Remarks.—Shades of natural character.—Anti-sectarian spirit. Love of music.—Favorite hymn.—Manner of rebuking sin. Effect of witnessing scenes of sorrow and guilt.—Last day of active personal effort.—Special baptism of the Spirit. —Illness.—Submission.—Gratitude for mercies.—Views of heaven.—Interest in the cause of moral purity.—Faithfulness to the impenitent.—Preparation to depart.—Interview with a fellow-laborer.—Wishes with regard to her funeral.—Last conversation.—Death.—Singular appearance of the body.—Funeral deferred.—Services.—Concluding remarks. —Lines suggested by a review of her life.

"Is that a death-bed where the CHRISTIAN lies?
Yes! but not *his*; 'tis DEATH itself *there* dies."

COLERIDGE.

We have come now to the close of the last report dictated from those lips so soon to speak no more. After a few brief statements, we have next to take the reader to the quiet room where the clay tenement must crumble beneath the power of disease, and the messenger of death—disrobed of terror—gently dismiss the redeemed one from her work on earth, to her crown and inheritance in heaven. In the summing up of Mrs. Prior's earthly course, it may be proper to remark that the preceding pages give but an imperfect, though unvarnished sketch, of the labors in which, for the last

few years, she was made so abundantly useful. A faithful and unbroken record of her work from day to day, together with her exercises of mind and occasional rich expressions, exhibiting the enlarged and exalted views that sometimes filled her whole mental vision, it has not been in our power to give. In compiling these pages we have had no wish to exalt the creature, or give unmerited prominence to her "work of faith and labor of love." To our own mind the agency of the Spirit and the grace of God are conspicuously manifest in all the *good* she was enabled to accomplish; and the record of every pleasing result bears testimony to his love and faithfulness. When she dictated the preceding journal the conviction was ever clear to us that it was the deep desire of her soul to get *behind the Cross*, and from that point only would we wish the reader to view her Christian example, as exhibited in this little work. The *shades* in Mrs. Prior's natural character have been before alluded to. These were not prominent, but were occasionally manifest to those who knew her most intimately; they were, a keen sense of injuries; an acute sensibility, too easily wounded; a nervous temperament that sometimes induced undue carefulness and apprehension respecting the future; but these things were ever under entire control when her eye was directed to Jesus, and her soul stayed itself on God. She knew well the plague of her

own heart, and the devices of our common enemy, and warred with temptation and sin as one who had learned to "fight the good fight of faith." Her fellowship with the people of God was such, that Christians of all denominations were accustomed to regard her as ONE with themselves, in feeling and action. Where the love of Jesus was manifest, the points of sectarian difference seemed to her so trivial, that they were never named; and her special Christian attachments were as often formed out of the pale of her own church as within it. There were chords in her heart tuned to the finest melody; she frequently enjoyed the song of praise in the highest possible degree, and at times when joining in it her countenance would seem to respond to the lines—

"My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss."

We recollect her calling at one time after having had a delightful season of prayer and praise with a mother, for whom she had been laboring and who she had just found rejoicing in hope. In describing the interview she said she had sung for her the following hymn, and at our request repeated it. Never shall we forget the expression of devotion that beamed from her tearful eye as she sung—

"Religion is a glorious treasure,
It fills our souls with joy and love,
Affording peace and consolation,
It lifts our hearts to things above.
It calms our fears and sooths our sorrows,
It smooths our way o'er life's rough sea;
Gives peace of mind and holy virtue,
This heavenly portion mine shall be.

"My flesh and blood shall be dissolved,
My mortal life shall soon be o'er,
All earthly cares and earthly sorrow,
Will vex my heart and eyes no more.
But pure religion abides for ever—
And my glad heart shall strengthened be—
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heavenly portion mine shall be.

"While travelling through great tribulation,
In love and union we'll march along,
And not contend for non-essentials,
But in the Lord we'll all be strong.
'Tis pure religion unites together,
In hope and faith makes all agree;
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heavenly portion mine shall be.

"How vain, how fleet, how transitory,
This world with all its gaudy show,
Its vain delights, deceitful pleasure,
I'll gladly leave them all below.
But grace and glory shall be my story,
Since I in Jesus such beauties see;
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heavenly portion mine shall be."

These lines are inserted, not because they possess any poetical merit, but simply as an expression of the sentiments she used to delight to *sing*, and *speak*, and *live*, while she had her conversation in the world. Her maternal character was most kind and endearing. Persons have been frequently heard to remark, "If I needed severe reproof, I would rather receive it from Mrs. Prior than any one else." Her ability to evince her love for the *sinner*, while she faithfully rebuked the *sin*, was indeed peculiar. The following may serve as an instance:—we were one day passing together from this city to Brooklyn to meet an engagement at a certain hour. Being unavoidably detained, when we arrived at the ferry the boat was just ready to push off; supposing we could step on board, she made the attempt but was an instant too late. A coarse laugh was at once heard from the gate-tender who observed her disappointment, and turning immediately to him she gave him her hand, and said in the kindest tones, "My son, I'm a stranger but I want to speak to you as a *mother;* the thought came to me with great force as that boat pushed off, what an awful disappointment it would be to get *just one step from heaven's gate* and then *not enter it.*" The tears fell as she proceeded, "My son, you have a precious soul; you hope, perhaps, to go to heaven, but do you love the Savior? Have you made your peace

with God, and do you serve him with your *whole heart*, so that you are sure you will not be *disappointed* at the last day." Before she had done speaking, the fallen countenance and tremulous lip, indicated that her words had made an impression that would be remembered.

The strength of her emotions was peculiar. They were ever a great deep within, and the varied scenes of painful interest that so often passed before her seemed not at all to blunt the finer sensibilities of her nature. When these scenes were before her the reflection seemed to arise, "The eye of God is upon *this*, now how does *he* feel as he beholds it?" and then the prayer was breathed that her feelings might accord with *his;* and if there was anything for her to *do*, that she might be enabled to do it in obedience to his will.

Her gratitude to God for his mercies was almost unbounded. After visiting the Insane asylum at one time, she was so overcome in view of the fact that her *reason* was spared, when she had so many times forfeited the blessing, that for the time being strength to stand seemed almost to fail her. A similar effect was often produced by witnessing scenes of suffering or guilt.

Her last work was done, as usual, as though she expected it might be her *last*, although at the time she had no such apprehension. If the reader

has followed her thus far in life, we need not say to him "come and see how a Christian can die." Had we known her less intimately, had we loved her less, the associations that come rushing upon the heart at this point, would suffer the pen the more readily to do its office. Were there others left to fill the void occasioned by her departure—to care for the poor, the sorrowful, the wretched, *as she cared*, and labor with the same self-sacrificing love for the deathless souls for whom Jesus died—we might write with a dry eye and a heart rejoicing only in her joy.

> "Joy such as mortals can not speak
> And angels can not know."

But the Lord had need of her, and to one who had so long borne the burden and heat of the day, the message, "Child, your Father calls—come *home*," conveyed most welcome sounds.

The day previous to her attack of illness was one of toil. She walked to a distant part of the city for the purpose of visiting a sick impenitent woman, not expected to live, with whom she had labored much when in health. She conversed and prayed with her for sometime, as though she knew not how to give her up, then left, and met other engagements, and in the evening attended a weekly lecture. The subject discoursed upon was from the text, "My God will supply all your need." While listening to the sermon, she had

such an apprehension of Christ, as a Savior suited to all her necessities, and of the loveliness and ineffable glory of his character, that her heart was melted to tenderness, and oppressed with emotions to which no language could give utterance. She wept aloud, from inability to suppress her feelings; but though her face was suffused with tears, yet it beamed with a serenity most peaceful and heavenly, while, as if unconscious of all around her, she uttered audibly, "Praise Jesus! I must praise my Savior! I will praise my Savior!" A Christian sister who sat near her remarked, that the scene was deeply affecting, and when she parted with her, her face shone as did Moses's. In speaking of this occasion afterward, Mrs. Prior remarked, that she enjoyed that evening a most delightful foretaste of heaven. While looking at the Cross, her soul became filled with joy *unspeakable*, and full of glory, and she seemed to sink at the feet of Jesus, and *lose herself* in the great ocean of his love. That night she retired much fatigued, and was awaked before morning with severe pain from an attack of pleurisy. A physician was called immediately, and after a day or two, temporary relief was afforded; but she seemed to suffer much from debility. An inflammation of the lungs succeeded, and though checked somewhat, the cough continued, and was attended by a complication of diseases affecting the general

system, and producing much physical suffering. Her mind was kept in a sweet, delightful frame, and her communion with God was, most of the time, uninterrupted. One night, while we were watching with her, she conversed with great freedom about the work in which she had been engaged. She alluded to a severe illness that she had the winter previous, from which she did not then expect to recover—the respite that had been graciously given, and the goodness of God in permitting her thus long to labor in his vineyard, and giving her so many precious tokens of his love. Then, after being silent for some moments, she looked up with indescribable sweetness, and exclaimed, "O! what a vision of heaven I have had! Eternity rolls up before me like a sea of glory—and so *near*. O, that blessed company of redeemed sinners, and the *glorious* Jesus! what a Savior! and he is mine! O, what a speck of time is the longest life to prepare for that blessed world." At another time, speaking of her state of mind and body, she said, owing to debility, she was unable to fix her mind, or to pray and praise as much as she wished; but she could lie right in the arms of Jesus, and feel continually that the smile of his love was upon her. The work to which she had devoted her time and energies, almost exclusively, for the last five years, and in which her life was literally worn out, often occu-

pied her thoughts up to the last hour of consciousness. She remarked to us at one time, that she had been thinking how much was to be done in the cause of moral reform, before the millenium could come, in every heart, and that, if she could live over a hundred lives, she would love to wear them all out in this service. But her constant admonition to others was, in relation to this work, and every other, "Do what you do for Jesus—in everything praise Jesus." She felt deeply and constantly the importance and efficacy of prayer. When inquiring about our meetings, she would ask, "Had they much prayer? did they pray *in the spirit?*" and add, "*there* is your only dependance."

Said an attendant who was with her, her conversation savored so much of heaven, that it seemed a great privilege to be near her all the time. When suffering from paroxysms of pain, she would look up and utter in a suppressed tone, "Blessed Jesus! precious Savior! give me patience!" It was once remarked to her, after hearing her speak thus, "But, dear sister, you have it." "I'm afraid," she replied, "that I've not enough—not so much as Jesus had." She was grateful for every attention, and often spoke to Christian friends who called of the kindness of her children—especially her adopted daughter, of whom mention has been made before. She said

she could get no nurse who would *anticipate* her wants as did Mary." [It may interest the reader to know, that since her death, this dear child has become connected with the same church of which her mother was a member.] She continued to present tracts and papers to those who called to see her, till the day of her death, accompanied with a kind word of counsel or admonition. Soon after she was taken ill, an impenitent neighbor watched with her. When about to leave, Mrs. Prior took her hand in hers, and with her usual tenderness of manner, addressed her in words to this effect: "My dear friend, you have yet no interest in the blessed Savior, and you can never be happy without his love dwelling in your soul. Your life will pass away very soon, and you will come to the dying hour—and *then*, what can you do without Christ? And how can you spend your *eternity* in banishment from his presence? O! do not delay repentance another hour; give your heart to Christ *now*. Now is the accepted time. This is my *last* warning to you. Do, my dear child, let me meet you in heaven." This woman, though then in health, died in less than two weeks, without hope.

At intervals strong hopes were entertained of Mrs. Prior's recovery; but she often expressed the conviction, that she was almost done with earth. At one time, when she supposed her dis-

ease threatened a speedy termination, she sent for us, wishing our aid in committing her desires to paper respecting some business matters to be arranged after her decease. We found her in a tranquil, happy frame, and, after spending a few moments in silent prayer, she slowly dictated her wishes, and when they were transcribed and read to her, lifted her hands and heart in thanksgiving to God, that he had permitted her to *live* till this was done—and then, while the tears flowed freely, offered several ejaculatory petitions for her adopted child, her beloved son, and his dear family. A fellow-laborer in the same department in which she had been so long employed, writes thus: "My last visit to her was painfully interesting. She was near her end, but calm, and sweetly resting in Jesus. She looked up with much earnestness, and inquired in her usual kind manner—'My daughter, do you think the work is progressing? How do you get along in visiting? Are you winning souls to Christ?' When assured that the indications of Providence were favorable, and that my own soul was blessed while laboring for others, she clasped her hands, and looking up, exclaimed, 'Bless the Lord! bless the Lord! it is his own work, and *he will* give success.' Thus evincing in her last moments her deep interest in the cause of purity. It was the love of Christ shed abroad in her heart by the Holy Ghost, filling

her soul with disinterested love for every child of man, that so eminently qualified her for her work. She laid her all upon the altar—time, talents, reputation, yea, life itself. The beloved board with which she was connected knew her worth, and deeply feel her loss: that it is irreparable is indeed true, except as Jesus by his own presence fills the void. O! that her mantle may fall upon us who remain,—and like her, when the Master calls "Come home," may we have nothing to do but to die."

One day, when speaking of her funeral, she desired that it should be attended from the house of her son, and that there should be no funeral sermon—giving as a reason, that if it were at the church, there might be a large concourse, and then, if there were a sermon, the minister might perhaps speak in terms of *eulogy* about what the poor instrument had been, or done,—and then, she added, "if I were in heaven, and could hear it, *how bad I should feel*."

During her illness she enjoyed the visits of her pastor and other Christian friends, and always, when not too feeble, requested them to engage in prayer. When asked at one time, if she had any particular request to offer, she replied, "Only, *that the will of the Lord may be done*." Her departure was so sudden, that after a change was perceived, there was not time even to call her fam-

ily. She had been very feeble for several hours, but was able to be raised in bed, and to converse as usual—but the day previous she had walked across her room with some assistance. Just before her exit her daughter-in-law had raised her in bed, and was giving her some refreshment, when she requested that her son might be called in. A messenger was sent; she continued speaking for a moment longer, and desired that her family bible might be kept for a little grandson, to whom she was much attached, and, as if forgetful of her own sufferings, referred very tenderly to the ill-health of one of the family, expressing her thanks for their kindness and care. Being much pressed for breath, she desired her position changed: her head was laid upon the pillow, and, in an instant, she ceased at once to speak and live. Not a muscle was moved, or a feature altered; and it was sometime before her friends could be convinced that the spirit had indeed departed.

Thus died Margaret Prior, in the sixty-ninth year of her age, April 7th, 1842—a striking illustration of the fulfilment of the promise made to the righteous, "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

"Tears befit earth's partings," and they soon flowed freely among a wide circle. A breach was

made that was no sooner known than felt throughout the bounds of our city.

When we went to the chamber so lately privileged above the common walks of life, we found the clay tenement habited for the tomb. The countenance was placid, as if in a quiet slumber, every feature exhibited a sweet heavenly expression, and when we pressed the hand so often held before, it seemed to return the pressure, and cling as if loath to unloose its grasp. The hour appointed for the funeral arrived, and the people assembled, but her appearance had continued so much more like sleep than death, the limbs still flexible and the flesh scarce cool, that physicians present advised that the body should be kept till there were more certain indications that life was indeed extinct. This was on Friday, and the funeral was accordingly deferred till the following Sabbath; and during the interval medical advice was followed in relation to the corpse, until decomposition began to be apparent.

On the Sabbath, at the hour appointed, a much larger number convened than could get into the house, and after prayer, followed by a short address, the body was taken to the spot designed for its resting-place till the morning of the resurrection. On entering the cemetery the Methodist Episcopal service, so appropriate and touchingly applicable, was read by her pastor, and listened to

with such emotions as a scene like this could not fail to inspire. As we stood by the open grave the sentiment of the following lines seemed to us in unison with the feelings of all present:—

"This place is holy ground,
World with thy cares away;
Silence and darkness reign around,
But soon the break of day,
The resurrection morn appears,
To shine upon this scene of tears.

"Behold the bed of death,
The pale and lovely clay,
Heard ye the sob of parting breath?
Mark'd ye the eyes' last ray?
No! *life so sweetly ceased to be,*
*It lapsed in immortality.*

"Bury the dead and weep,
In stillness o'er the loss;
Bury the dead; in Christ they sleep,
Who bore on earth his cross.
Soon from the grave their dust shall rise
In his own image to the skies."

We thought of the last prayer offered by the compassionate Savior before he suffered, "I will that those whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory," and that in this case it had been fulfilled; he had "come again to receive her unto himself"—

* * "To unveil the glories of his lovely face,
And take the ransomed soul to rest in his embrace."

In imagination we followed the freed spirit in its upward flight, and beheld the blissful greetings between it and the company of redeemed ones who waited on the confines of the heavenly world to receive it into "everlasting habitations." Faith strove, but all its efforts failed to paint the blessedness unfolded to her immortal vision.—

"O glorious change! O blessed abode!
*Now* is she *near*, and *like* her God."

Instead of walking as formerly amid the confusion and turmoil, the scenes of guilt and wretchedness that vexed her righteous soul from day to day, a crown of resplendent glory adorns her brow, and she walks the streets of the New Jerusalem to go no more out for ever. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

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## TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION.

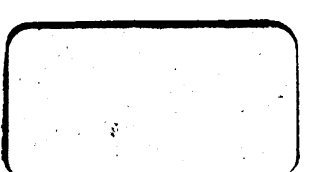
* * Dear sainted one! no sculptured stone
Perpetuates thy memory on earth,
But grateful hearts enshrine thy honored name;
Thy deeds of love for earth's afflicted poor
Have raised a monument of priceless worth,
To stand till time and death shall be no more.

Yes, thou didst "toil for other worlds than this;"
Thou didst not go to India's sultry clime,
To point the dying to the path of peace,

To lay thy dust upon a heathen soil,
Cheered in the god-like work by man's applause
Thy mission was at *home*, of humble birth,
Receiving aid from few, and scorned by most.

But thou didst walk with God the walk of faith,
Thou hadst *his smile*, the succor of *his arm*.
Unlearned and feeble, and "of none account,"
Leaning on him thou didst "confound the wise."
Strong in his strength, in peril's fearful hour,
If duty called, no fear deterred thy steps,
Faith nerved thy heart to face a frowning world.

The sneer that curled the lip thou heeded not
Save that a tear of pity sometimes dropped,
And then the tide of love, strong deathless love,
Rose high within:—and thou didst still endure
As seeing Him, who is unseen, but near.
His grace sustained thee, and his promise soothed;
'Twas grace alone inspired thy dying wish,
That "*self* might be abased—*Christ* all in all;"
'Twas *grace* alone that made thee what thou wert,
To *grace* alone our souls would give the praise.

THE END.

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